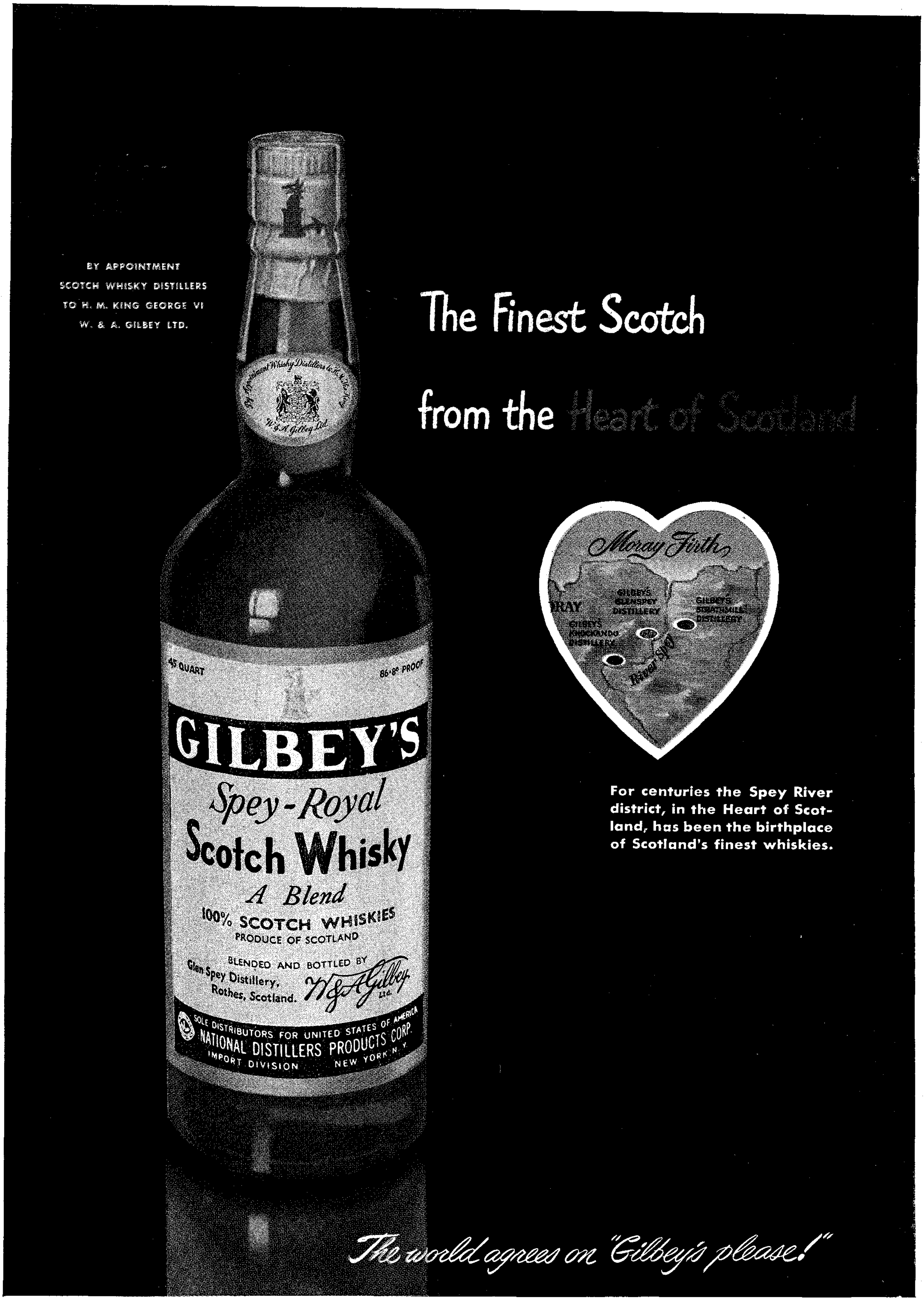
Dec. 16, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

ALFRED UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Dec. 16, 1950

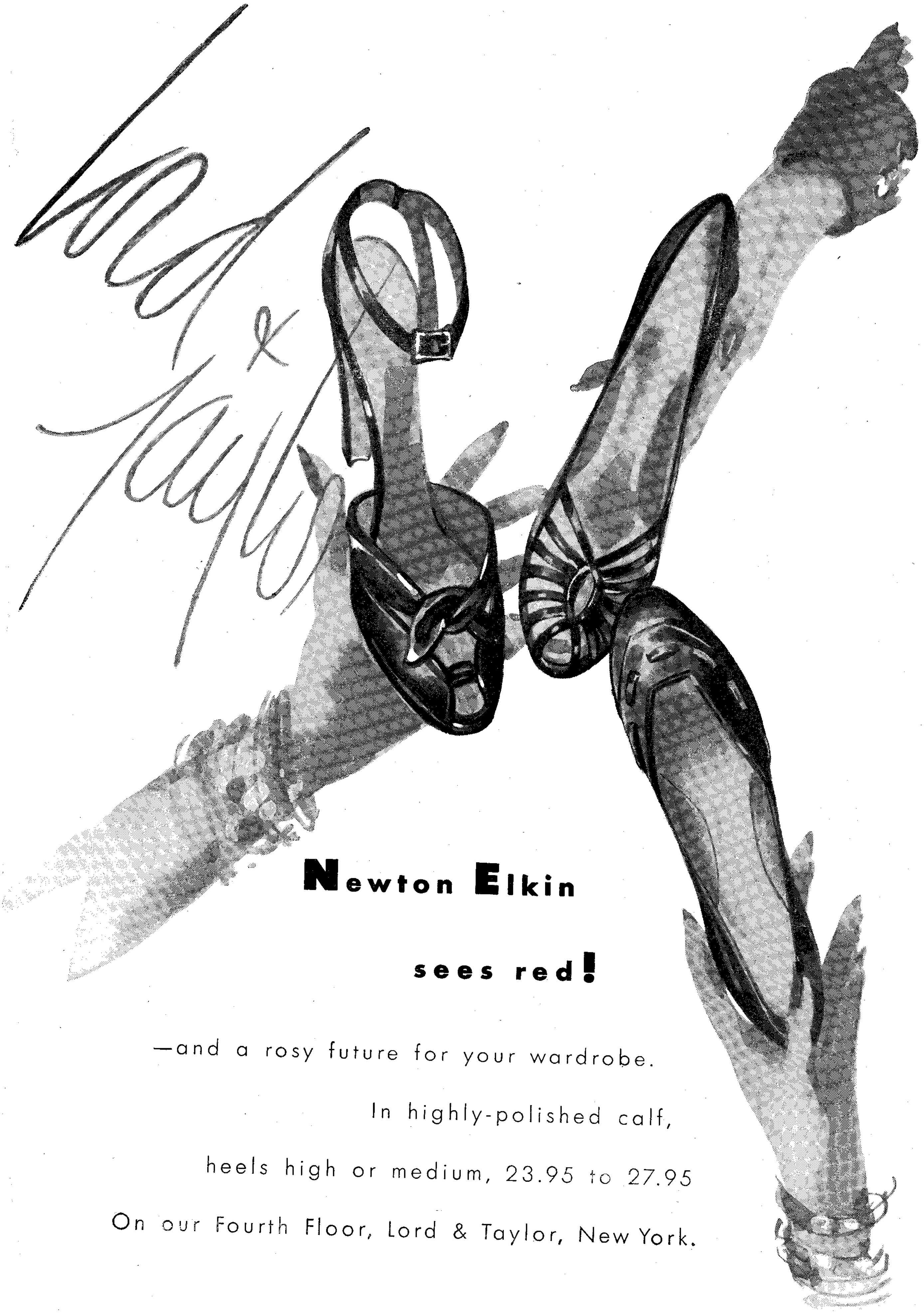

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
W. & A. GILBEY LTD.
By Appointment Whisky Distillers to H. M. the King
W. & A. Gilbey Ltd.
4/5 QUART
86·8° PROOF
GILBEY'S
Spey-Royal
Scotch Whisky
A Blend
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Glen Spey Distillery, Rothes, Scotland.
W & A Gilbey Ltd.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
IMPORT DIVISION
NEW YORK N. Y.
Moray Firth
RAY
GILBEY'S GLENSPEY DISTILLERY
GILBEY'S STRATHMILL DISTILLERY
GILBEY'S KNOCKANDO DISTILLERY
River Spey

The Finest Scotch from the Heart of Scotland

For centuries the Spey River district, in the Heart of Scotland, has been the birthplace of Scotland's finest whiskies.

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please!"

86.8 Proof. 100% Scotch Whiskies. Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.



Newton Elkin

sees red!

—and a rosy future for your wardrobe.

In highly-polished calf,

heels high or medium, 23.95 to 27.95

On our Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Lilli Palmer makes a fine amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Golden State—Josephine Hull and Ernest Truex are wasting their considerable talents on Samuel Spewack's thin and tiresome comedy about a gold strike in a Los Angeles back yard. Jocelyn Brando, John Randolph, and Lou Polan are also in the cast. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

Hilda Crane—A play by Samson Raphaelson about a girl who loved a college professor but married a lawnmower manufacturer. It will surely delight matinée audiences, but it may be a little too muddled and naïve for the public in general. Jessica Tandy heads a good cast, which includes Evelyn Varden, John Alexander, and Beulah Bondi. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy blank verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some appealing incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger—Sir John Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy is a remarkably uninhibited piece of work, but the humor and the plot show the wear and tear of two and a half centuries. Cyril Ritchard is the star and the director, and the cast includes Madge Elliott, John Emery, Ruth Matteson, and Jan Farrand. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's comedy, as translated by Christopher Fry, is as shapeless as a haystack but it contains a lot of hilarious moments. Gilbert Miller has arranged a strikingly handsome production, and Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Georgina Cookson, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott are all very charming in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tower Beyond Tragedy—Judith Anderson's Clytemnestra is almost as memorable as her Medea, but this time Robinson Jeffers' play is not quite as well suited to the stage. The supporting players include Thelma Schnee, as Cassandra; Marian Seldes, as Electra; and Alfred Ryder, as Orestes. The first of a series of subscription productions offered by the American National Theatre and Academy. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday at 2:45. Closes Friday, Dec. 22. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	93
THE CURRENT CINEMA	143
LETTER FROM LAKE SUCCESS	154
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: CHRISTMAS GIFTS	116
THE RACE TRACK	147
THE WAYWARD PRESS	78

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9~6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9~8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Long Runs—**the cocktail party:** T. S. Eliot's play about an unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the happy time:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda on the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Cellar and the Well—Dorothy Sands and Eda Heinemann in a play by Phillip Pruneau, produced by George Freedley and R. L. Stevens. The second of the series of subscription productions being offered by the American National Theatre and Academy. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Daily at 5:30. Matinées Friday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and in the subsidiary cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and George S. Kaufman's direction is superlative. Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pardon Our French—The audience participation in this new Olsen-and-Johnson frolic is not quite as violent as it has been in the past, but the abrasion of your nerves may still be considerable. The two heroes are abetted by Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and, for no reason in particular, six midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. After Saturday, Dec. 16, no performances until Sunday, Dec. 24.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw,

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 43, Dec. 16, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

MY SIN . . . a most provocative perfume!
ARPEGE
MY SIN
LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Dec. 17.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. After Saturday, Dec. 16, no performances until Monday, Dec. 25.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

LET'S MAKE AN OPERA—Norman Del Mar in an audience-participation musical with a score by Benjamin Britten and a book by Eric Crozier. Directed by Marc Blitzstein, and produced by Peter Lawrence and the Show-of-the-Month Club. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

BLESS YOU ALL—A musical, with a cast headed by Jules Munshin, Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Valerie Bettis. The music and lyrics are by Harold Rome and the sketches by Arnold Auerbach. Produced by Herman Levin and Oliver Smith, and staged by John C. Wilson. Opens Thursday, Dec. 14. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—A new Cole Porter musical, with Charlotte Greenwood and William Eythe. The book is by Dwight Taylor and Reginald Lawrence. Staged by Agnes de Mille, and produced by Saint Subber and Lemuel Ayers. Opens Thursday, Dec. 21. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ARMS AND THE MAN—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY TRIANGLE CLUB—Presenting its 1950 production, a musical called "Too Hot for Toddy." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 14-16, at 8:30. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the sedate ministrations of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing anywhere.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White, guitar in hand, singing his way down the glory road, the freedom road, and other American highways and byways. Fletcher Henderson's band plays for dancing. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. The rest of the show doesn't matter.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A Billy Rose-eye view of New York at play, with gags proving that he came from the Corn Belt, and girls proving that his eye hasn't lost its cunning. Some energetic foolishness is supplied by the Rigoletto Brothers, and Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are involved with the dance music. On Sunday, Dec. 17, Joe Howard, who sings his own songs, will join the show.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—An old favorite in a new and resplendent guise, now in the hands of Gogi, an expert at life-after-dark, and Ted Straeter, an expert at handsomely upholstered dance music. Gogi's faithful band of dreamy violinists are also on tap. Monday nights are recess; Friday nights are black tie, s.v.p.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A grandstand dedicated solely to seeing who's out with whom tonight. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band drown out most of the chitchat.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a new ice show, at dinner and supper. This one is mannerly and sedate. Alice Farrar, a fine figure of a skater, will arrest the average male attention. Dance music by Ray Robbins' orchestra. Peter Kent's band helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony and Sally De Marco do their well-bred nipups at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), and Robert Maxwell coaxes splendid sounds—some brash, some lyric—from his harp. The scene is the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sundays from four to six, with the same orchestras and the De Marcos as dancing hosts. Closed Mondays, and no wonder. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings, too.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Victor Borge thinks up all sorts of excuses, some of them quite funny, for not playing the piano. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands turn out jolly dance music. On Thursday, Dec. 21, Kyle MacDonnell, who sings, and the Beatrice Kraft dancers will replace Mr. Borge. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and sumptuous bower, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. . . . ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo, now its oldest inhabitant, holds court at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jane Morgan, a blond Circe lately returned from Paris, rambles through her bilingual repertory of songs, some of them old, some of them thought up for her by a tongue-in-cheek ballad-maker called Bud Redding. She operates in the Maisonette, which also has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, has dinner and supper dance music by a detail of Lester Lanin's musicians and a clutch of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Café bar, except Sundays, Don Abney's piano, from six to twelve.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—There's no penalty for cutting classes at this coëducational seminary, but, looking around here night after night, you'd never believe it. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing, and Suzy Mulligan pipes a few chanteys.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, in a basic little black dress and occasionally in far from Basic English, does those wisps of French ballads about heaven and earth and love and death with artfully artless perfection. Emile Petti's orchestra, a choir, and an accordionist smooth the path for her. Panchito's rumba band is also here.

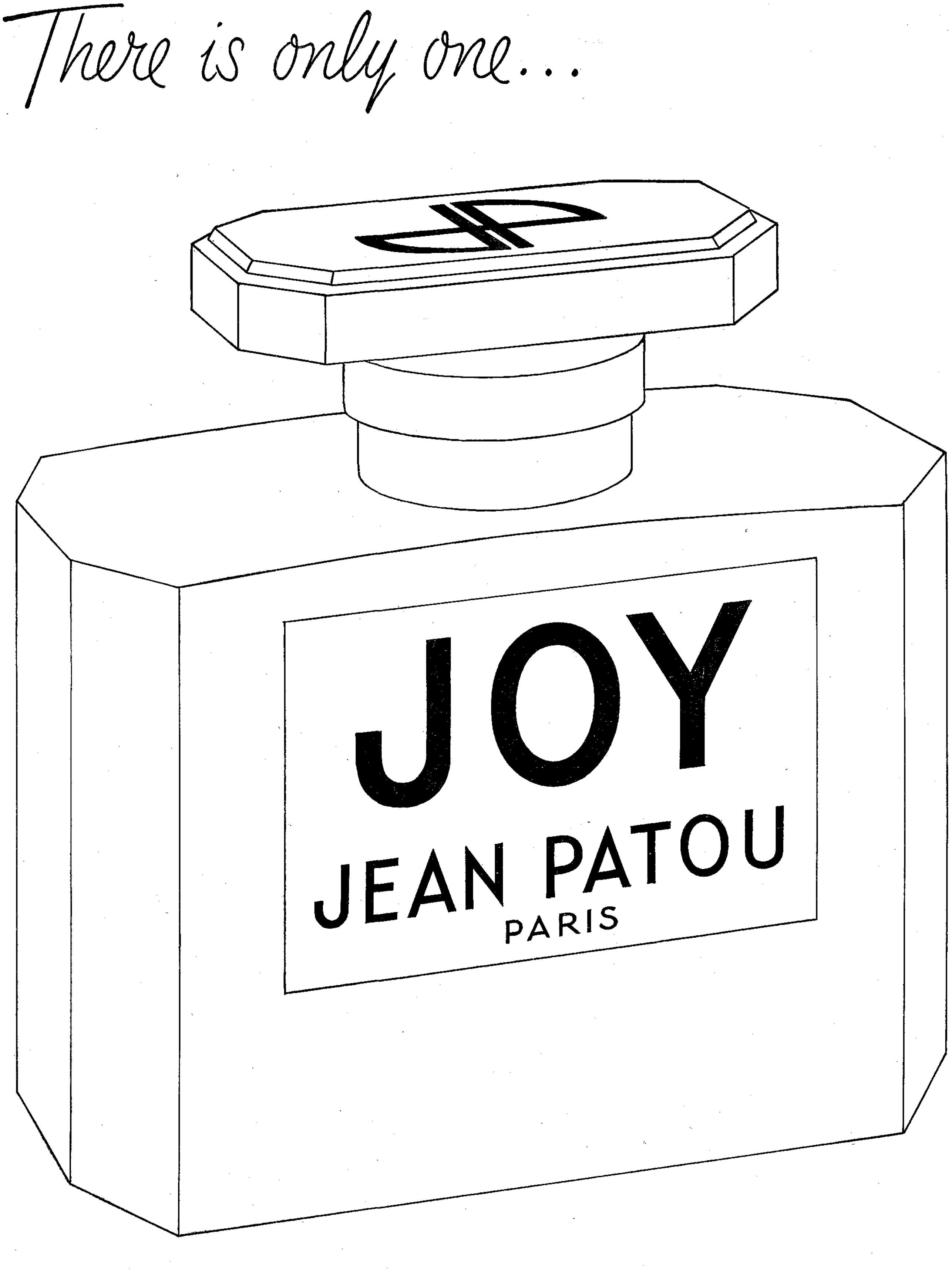
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lisa Kirk, girl menace, blaring forth her just-try-and-fence-me-in ditties at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay in the music department. On Sundays, no show, and Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until two. Closed Sundays.

NOTE: The Rainbow Room, considerably roomier than a baby flattop, is open for cocktails and listening music, the latter by Ford Harrison's trio. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800, and the hours are from four-thirty to nine every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is holding dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano every evening but Sunday, when visiting artists take over. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial throwback to the social habits of the Noble Experiment. Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A clubby hideaway, where everyone knows everyone else and seems delighted by the wonder of it all. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins, a persuasive and easygoing young blade, presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly upon his audience from cocktail time


There is only one...
JOY
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
... the costliest perfume in the world

ALSO FROM PARIS ∴ JOY SOAP AND JOY POUDRE IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES ∴ FOR PERFECT HARMONY

b.h. wragge

does the chemise dress for resort...

in Moygashel imported linen to take you south of winter.

Belt it snugly, or not at all. In baby pink, fair weather blue,

caravan gold, beige. Sizes 10 to 20. $49.95.

BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK
and other fine stores throughout the country

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through supper.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St.: (JU 6-9063): Portia Nelson's voice and Bart Howard's piano produce some beguiling supper music. Jim Mahoney's piano embellishes the dinner hour. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the this-should-wow-them school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A stretch of broken country where (for many of the tourists) the show is done entirely with mirrors. Henny Youngman, a cowboy from way out West near Lindy's; an appetizing creation called Luba Malina, who sings; and Dr. Giovanni, worker of magic, have the floor. The sweetest-voiced of the attending young ladies is little Betty Harris; the spriest is Jean Caples. Dancing.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Period-piece melodrama of no great moment, plus (luckily) Paul Killiam's impish commentary on senile movies and Jerry Bergen's roguish vaudeville act. Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, purveyors of burlesque ballads, help, too. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Connie Sawyer, a great big happy sunflower, provides a startling counterpoint to the delicate airs and graces of Susan Reed's folk songs. George Prentice's wonderfully rowdy puppets and Bill Hayes' persuasive ditties complete the bill. Luxurious background music by Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke.... ¶ In the lounge, a parade of eminent pianists—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at cocktails and dinner, and, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack after the theatre.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school of high comedy offers Ronnie Graham, the eminent brain surgeon, singing his Freudian fantasies; Bibi Osterwald, musing out loud about a girl's problems; and the Three Riffs, barking their complex foolishnesses. Hugh Shannon has come home from London and Paris with some fine new in-love-with-love ballads. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio, a whole school of modern music in themselves, make blithe noises. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey's freewheeling, free-associational lectures on anything at all; Hope Foye's songs about the male and female of the species. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, explaining succinctly why certain types have just got to go; Erik Rhodes, a performer rather new to night life, singing wholeheartedly. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is young-amateur night.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder and other modernist composers, is in her parlor upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar, where Spivy, when she's in the mood, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Closed Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): This hearthstone has two happy crickets—Laurie Brewis, who plays piano from nine-thirty on, and Jo Hurt, who starts bouncing her wayward ballads

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Toni Frissell

Few fragrances have the kind of urbane informality that makes them equally distinguished *outdoors* as well as *indoors*. Helena Rubinstein's Command Performance is one of the few. Madame Rubinstein imports costly essential oils from France, then compounds and bottles the perfume and concentrated eau de parfum here in America—thereby saving you a pretty penny in import duty. Command Performance perfume is 2.00 for the purse size, 6.75, 12.50, up to 45.00. The remarkably long-lasting eau de parfum is 1.75 for two full ounces, 3.00, and 5.50. ©1950 Helena Rubinstein Inc., 655 Fifth Avenue, New York. *Prices plus tax*

BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

One of a series of Christmas drawings by Paul Brown, famous American artist.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
Paul Brown

for the man who "has everything"

A BROOKS BROTHERS' GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR THESE EXCLUSIVE SUGGESTIONS

Our Famous Ready-Made Suits, $95 *to* $150

Our Own Make Overcoats, $115 *to* $200

Our Own Make Shirts, $5.50 *to* $12.50

Our Own Make Neckwear, $2.50 *to* $6.50

Our Hand-lasted English Shoes, $18 *to* $25

Our Celebrated English Hats, $14 *to* $18.50

Gift Certificates may be made out in any amount...and you won't have to worry about sizes and personal preferences.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about after eleven. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The splendid Mae Barnes bulldozes her deadpan way through what were ballads before she got hold of them. Jimmie Daniels, host of this parlor, sings, and so does Norene Tate. She and Garland Wilson also do double piano. Alice Ghostley does the comic songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's unfettered trumpet is always in the thick of the fray, valiantly supported by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo work, a pretty demonstration of hot piano. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer, bedlam. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is sounding off here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood—all definitely from Dixie. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Erroll Garner's trio, with Shadow Wilson and John Simmons. On Friday, Dec. 15, Ella Fitzgerald, the Billy Taylor quartet (with Jo Jones), the Bud Powell quartet, and the Ray Brown trio move in. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees are still going on. On Dec. 15, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Joe Sullivan, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, and Big Chief Russell Moore will break up the joint.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, serving up (on Dec. 15) Wilbur de Paris, Gene Sedric, Joe Thomas, and other thunderbolts. Dancing.

ART

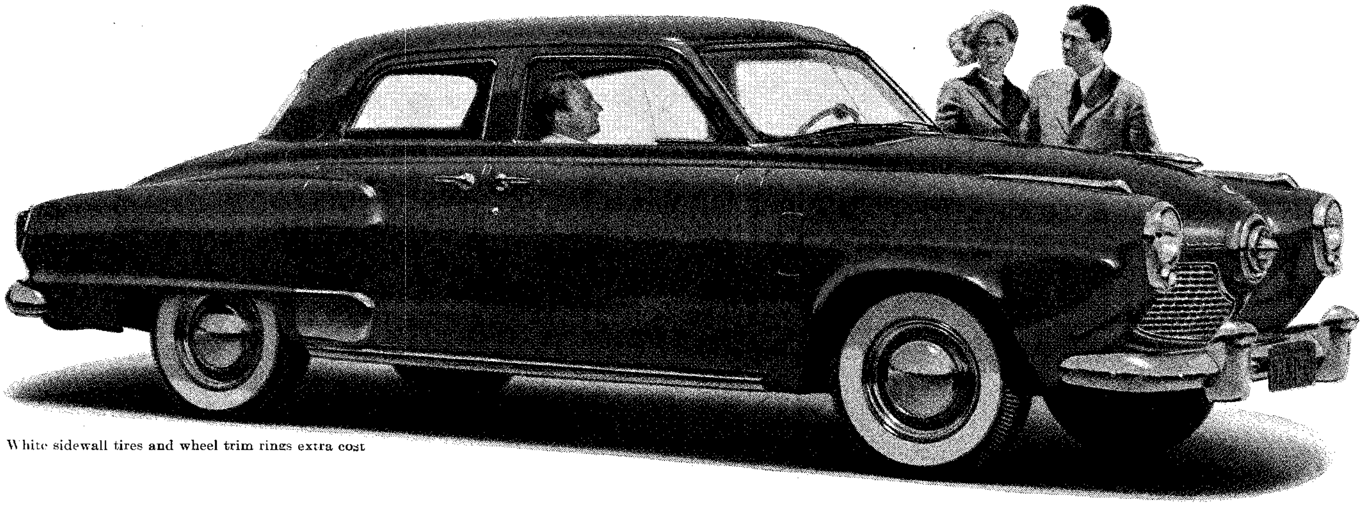
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURE AND CUBISM—Early paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Severini, and others, plus a handsome selection of African sculptures of the sort that influenced these artists so strongly. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

AMERICANS IN PARIS—Oils and sculptures by eighteen young artists working in Paris, interesting as an indication of what the rising generation is up to. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Dec. 30.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—A list of some of the galleries that are showing moderate-priced works for the benefit of holiday-gift shoppers—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and prints by, among others, Moses Soyer, Joseph Solman, and Gregorio Prestopino.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings, sculptures, prints, and ceramics by Frederic Taubes, Arnold Blanch, Thomas Benton, and others.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Small paintings by a group of Americans ranging from Ryder and Eakins to such moderns as Will Barnet and Jean Liberte.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by Virginia Cuthbert, Chris Ritter, Joseph Konzal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.... **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Recent work by contemporary American painters and sculptors, among them Marin, Shahn, Sheeler, and Zorach. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Wednesday evenings until 10. ... **GANSO,** 125 E. 57th St.: Paintings, prints, and ceramics by Milton Avery, Edward John Stevens, Ethel and Jenne Magafan, and others.... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Water colors and etchings by Henry Gasser, James Carlin, Gordon Grant,



White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings extra cost

A new driving thrill for you!
A new value!

Studebaker's great new V-8 Commander

Styled with new Studebaker distinction!
Engineered for sparkling new performance!
Outstanding in low-cost operation!

Studebaker Automatic Drive is
"no clutch-no gearshift" motoring at its finest
Available at extra cost

© 1950, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V
O
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V
O
To Wrap up a Year of
Good Will in a
Holiday Tribute to Friendship
1944
Seagram's
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE
SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT
ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and others. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: A selection of work by such gallery artists as Byron Browne, Xavier Gonzalez, and George Morrison. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors by Ogden Pleissner, Andrew Wyeth, and Joseph DeMartini, among others. . . . NEW-AGE, 138 W. 15th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Minna Citron, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Hecht, and others. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 2; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. . . . NEW GALLERY, 63 W. 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Hare, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays, 10 to 8. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt, William Lester, Hannah Small, and others, in a showing of paintings and sculptures. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Fourteenth annual holiday showing of modern French and American artists, including André Bauchant, Marie Laurencin, Darrel Austin, and Picasso. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Small oils by gallery artists, among them Maurice Sievan, Alex Redein, and Leo Quanchi. Weekdays, noon to 6. . . . SERIGRAPH, 38 W. 57th St.: Serigraphs by Morris Blackburn, Leonard Pytlak, Frank Davidson, and many others. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Italian and American moderns, including Afro, Mirko, Kay Sage, and Felix Ruvolo.

SALVADOR DALI—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a bit jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

MAX ERNST—New oils, many of them with Southwestern motifs, by a veteran French Surrealist living in Arizona. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Dec. 15.)

DEAN FAUSETT—Competent and attractive landscapes, figure studies, and other works. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

LES FAUVES—Early paintings, all done during their Fauvist periods, by Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Derain, and lesser-known Frenchmen, in a lively and colorful showing. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

FIFTEEN UNKNOWNS—Thirteen painters and two sculptors, none of whom has exhibited before, in this gallery's annual dredging up of new talent. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

GOYA—An unusually handsome and comprehensive loan exhibition of his paintings, drawings, and etchings. For the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Dec. 16.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A rather hit-or-miss but cheerful showing of paintings by Soutine, Vlaminck, and other artists more or less connected with the Expressionist movement; through Dec. 30. . . . DELIUS, 18 E. 64th St.: Paintings by William Ward Beecher, Rolf Gérard, Johannes Schiefer, and R. D. Kaufmann; through Dec. 23. . . . LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Otis Dozier, Everett Spruce, Charles Umlauf, and others. Each artist has contributed two works apiece, one dated 1940 and one 1950. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9:30; through Dec. 30. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Ryder, Mary Cassatt, Bellows, and Sargent; through Dec. 30. . . . PERIDOT, 6 E. 12th St.: Nice oils by Weldon Kees, James Brooks, Arthur Drexler, and others among the younger moderns; through Jan. 2. . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings by Alexander Brook, Franklin Watkins, Edward Hopper, and other Americans; through Dec. 29. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Dec. 30. . . . JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: A selection of color lithographs and other works by Ary Stillman, Hans Moller, Margaret Lowengrund, and others; through Dec. 23.

ERIC ISENBURGER—Smoothly painted and extremely competent, if unadventurous, oils and drawings, largely on Italian subjects. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 16.)

FREDRIC KAROLY—New oils, at times a bit brash

Tiffany to many is more than a name . . . it means jewelry of unusual distinction . . . unmatched anywhere in variety. Few gifts will give a woman more pleasure.

Rings

A. 14 kt. gold knot	*$ 38.*
B. 18 kt. gold and diamonds	*330.*
C. Diamonds, sapphires and platinum	*895.*
D. Emerald, diamonds and platinum	*3950.*
14 kt. gold wrist watch, 17 jewel Concord	*105.*
Diamond, ruby and 14 kt. gold watch bracelet, 17 jewel Movado	*900.*
Diamond and platinum watch bracelet, 17 jewel Hamilton	*6800.*

Prices include Federal Tax

Mail Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO. FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

ROGERS PEET HAS A GREAT REPUTATION FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN & BOYS

A reputation for complete dependability . . . with good taste, good materials and good workmanship adding up to an unsurpassed prestige!

Good-looking, long-lived, practical Gift Suggestions have never been more abundant and, in many instances, never more distinguished.

New importations of superbly fine Accessories from England and Scotland have arrived to supplement our domestic stocks. Outstanding quality is evident at every point. But prices nevertheless are definitely on the sensible side.

We think that you will enjoy a visit to any one of our stores . . . and find it quite rewarding.

Rogers Peet Gift Certificates are a perfect solution . . . whenever you cannot make a sure selection of something he really wants.

Rogers Peet Company

The label that adds distinction to your Gift

In New York: Fifth Ave. *at* 41st St. Thirteenth Street *at* Broadway

Warren Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

in color but technically adroit, by one of the younger abstractionists. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Dec. 16.)

Modern French—At the **carré**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Small paintings, most of them within the price range of the beginning collector, by Léger, Villon, Gromaire, and other contemporaries; through Jan. 13. . . . **niveau**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, Soutine, and others; through Dec. 30.

National Institute of Arts and Letters—Work by candidates for the Institute's 1951 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Milton Hebald, Edward Chavez, and Aaron Bohrod. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 15.)

Old Master Drawings—Examples by such European artists of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries as Tintoretto, Delacroix, Gainsborough, and Renoir. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

Jackson Pollock—Thirty-odd paintings, almost all of them done this year, by one of the most controversial of the abstract Expressionists. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Sculpture—At the **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Small pieces, excellently chosen, by a group that includes such varied artists as Maillol, Faggi, Barlach, and Lachaise; through Dec. 16. . . . **buchholz**, 32 E. 57th St.: A large and handsomely selected collection tracing the progression from Rodin to such later men as Lehmbruck, Calder, and Henry Moore; through Jan. 6.

Joseph Solman—Paintings, chiefly still-lifes and interiors, with a subdued but very effective charm. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 16.)

Cesare Stea—Oils and sculptures, the former depicting religious subjects, as well as some extremely warm and sympathetic family scenes. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Dec. 21.)

Mark Tobey—A new set of water colors, delicately abstract in style, by this artist from the Northwest. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Lena Gurr; through Dec. 30. . . . **american british art gallery**, 122 E. 55th St.: The American railroad in art; through Jan. 13. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Prints; through Dec. 31. . . . **laurel**, 108 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery; through Dec. 30. . . . **roko**, 51 Greenwich Ave.: Martin Nelson; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts and wood engravings, dated from 1670 to 1950; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ A large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as a group of model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ About fifty prints and drawings by Goya; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of close to seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's seventeenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, with a hundred and fifty-four works by as many artists, which is more radical in style than usual. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Margaret Harshaw, Paul Schoeffler, Set Svanholm, and Sven Nilsson. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Kurt Baum, Frank Guarrera, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Lucielle Browning, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Faust," with Eleanor Steber, Anne Bollinger, Jussi Bjoerling, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Fledermaus," with new lyrics by Howard Dietz and new dialogue by Garson Kanin. Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Nadine Conner, Erna Berger, Brian Sullivan, and Hugh Thompson. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Jean Madeira, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Giuseppe Di Stefano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Anne Bollinger, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Regina Resnik, Paul Schoeffler, and Eugene Conley.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2:45 (no soloists); Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 (all-Beethoven programs, both with Erica Morini, violin); and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:45 (no soloist).

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Szigeti and Mitropoulos—Joseph Szigeti, violin, with a group from the Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing, with John Langstaff, baritone. For the benefit of the Mount Holyoke Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:45.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with Ellen Faull, soprano; Lillian Chookasian, contralto; Donald Dame, tenor; and Yi-Kwei Sze, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Columbia University Chorus—Jacob Avshalomoff directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 2081.)

Trapp Family Singers—Two Christmas-carol concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 5:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Doda Conrad, bass; Jan Behr, piano; along with the Mannes Choral Group and a chamber orchestra, all directed by Sam Morgenstern. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 5:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—William Jonson directing. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

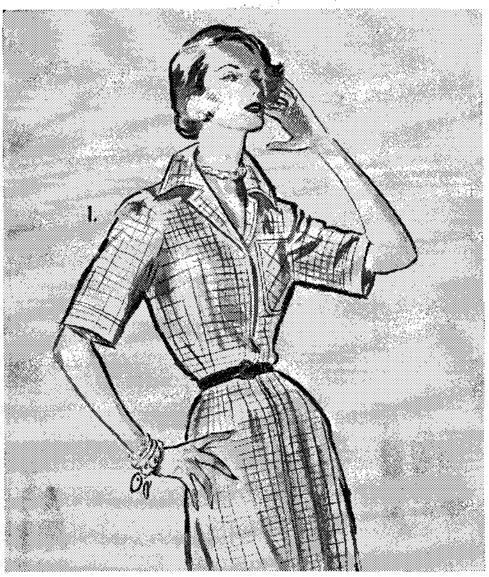
Frances Greer—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

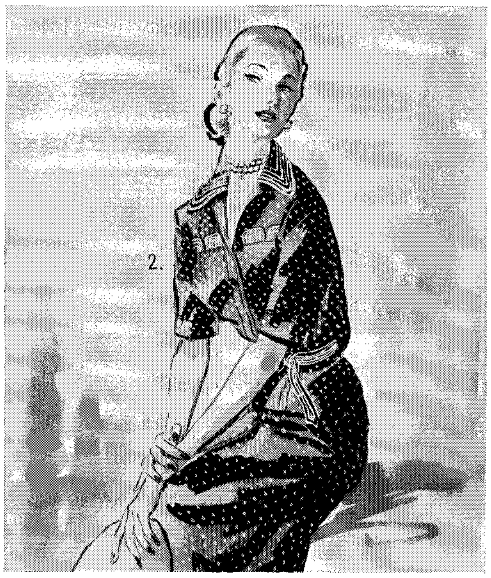
Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

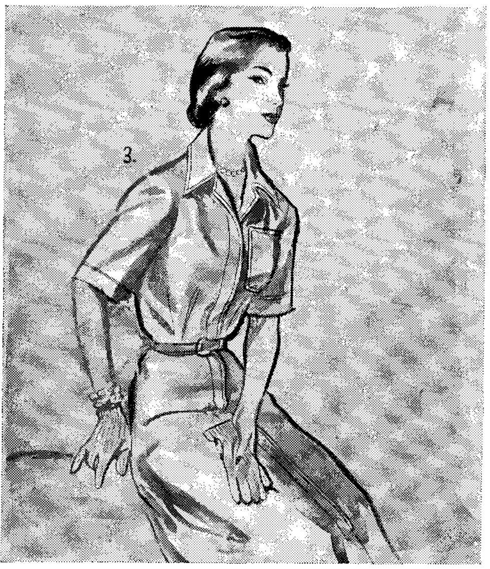
Ivan Jadan—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Ellabelle Davis—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

League of Composers—Works by William Schu-


1.


2.


3.

Ideal Sun Fashions!
Best's exclusive

***Shirtmaker Resort Classics**

Southern stars . . . and each a shining light for flawless tailoring, easy fit, the crisp, simple figure lines that smart women love. These are the beautiful slim-liners that our customers from coast to coast order in droves, and live in *everywhere* under the sun.
Sizes 10 to 20, 38 and 40

1. Tattersall checks in palest pastels. Wool-and-rayon, soft as down, cinched at the waist with stitched pigskin. Blue, white, pink or yellow. *N-38*, **45.00**

2. Polka-dotted rayon crepe with rows of crisp white stitching on collar, tie belt and smart snipped pockets. Navy, cherry, dark green, gray or dacia tan with white. *N-39*, **45.00**

3. Imported Irish linen fly-front classic. Pink, yellow, white, aqua, copen, raspberry, lilac, navy, dark green, dacia tan. *N-40*, **49.95**

British Sportswear,
4th Floor

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6 • Order by Style Numbers • Postage prepaid everywhere in the U. S.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.
AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

***Trademark**

Toujours Moi *always me*

Toujours Moi
il recrée pour lui
le miracle de votre présence,
la douceur de vos lèvres,
la caresse de vos gestes,
le parfum de votre sein.
Toujours Moi, le plus personnel
des parfums, Inimitable vous.

Toujours Moi
lingering . . .
whispering your name . . .
recalling your smile . . .
your touch . . . because
it's your fragrance.
Toujours Moi—the only perfume
in the world that defies imitation.

Other world famous fragrances
by Corday: Fame . . . Zigane . . . Jet.

PARFUMS
CORDAY
PARIS NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, Arthur Berger, Robert Moevs, and Pierre Boulez. With Joseph Fuchs, violin; Beveridge Webster, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Max Pollikoff, violin, Edward Ballantine, piano, and others in a program of music composed by, among others, Charles Ives and Robert Russell Bennett. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Y.M.H.A. Bach Festival—Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:40: Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 17, at 8:40: Saidenburg Little Symphony, Daniel Saidenburg conducting, with John Wummer and Mildred Hunt, flutes; Alexander Schneider, violin; and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8:40: The Dessoff Choirs, Paul Boepple directing, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456.)

Verdi Memorial Concert—The Italian Opera Company, with Stella Roman, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Paolo Silveri, baritone; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 15: Ray Famechon, of France, vs. Glen Flanagan, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22: Kid Gavilan vs. Joe Miceli, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 14: L.I.U. vs. Georgetown, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Washington State. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16: St. John's vs. Holy Cross, and Manhattan College vs. Texas. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 19: N.Y.U. vs. Yale, and St. John's vs. Utah. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21: C.C.N.Y. vs. Oklahoma, and L.I.U. vs. U.C.L.A. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23: St. John's vs. Kentucky, and N.Y.U. vs. Vanderbilt. (Games begin at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 17: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 20: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Plays—By the **national youth theatre:** "Marco Polo." (Master Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. RI 9-9279. Saturdays and Sundays at 11 and 2:30. The performances on Saturday, Dec. 16, will be for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund.) . . . **play-mart:** "A Christmas Carol." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.)

Junior Theatre—Presenting a musical, "The Cobbler of Fairyland." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:15.)

American Young People's Theatre—Musical-dance versions of "Robin Hood," "The Neighbors' Band," and "The Little Cowboy," with Tom Glazer as narrator. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 4.)

Puppets—By the **berkeley marionettes:** "The Magic Saltshaker." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 11.) . . . **folktale puppet studio:** "Grandma's Little Gray Goat," and a revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-art carnival for children of from four to eight, where the young fry can paint, make collages, play with mobile toys, create abstractions on a magnetized panel, or browse in a special gallery of modern paintings and sculptures. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335.

Exhibits—Electric trains, and such accessories as a coal ramp and hopper car, and an oil derrick and pump with oil that appears to flow. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ More trains, including a circus train and an Erector model engine that puffs smoke, whistles, and chugs; a cloud chamber showing vapor trails of the alpha ray; and, for juvenile nuclear physicists, an atomic-energy lab, complete with radioactive ores. Visitors can operate many of the displays by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Movies—"Tom Brown's School Days." For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 3.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly (which is tentatively set to adjourn Saturday, Dec. 16) is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

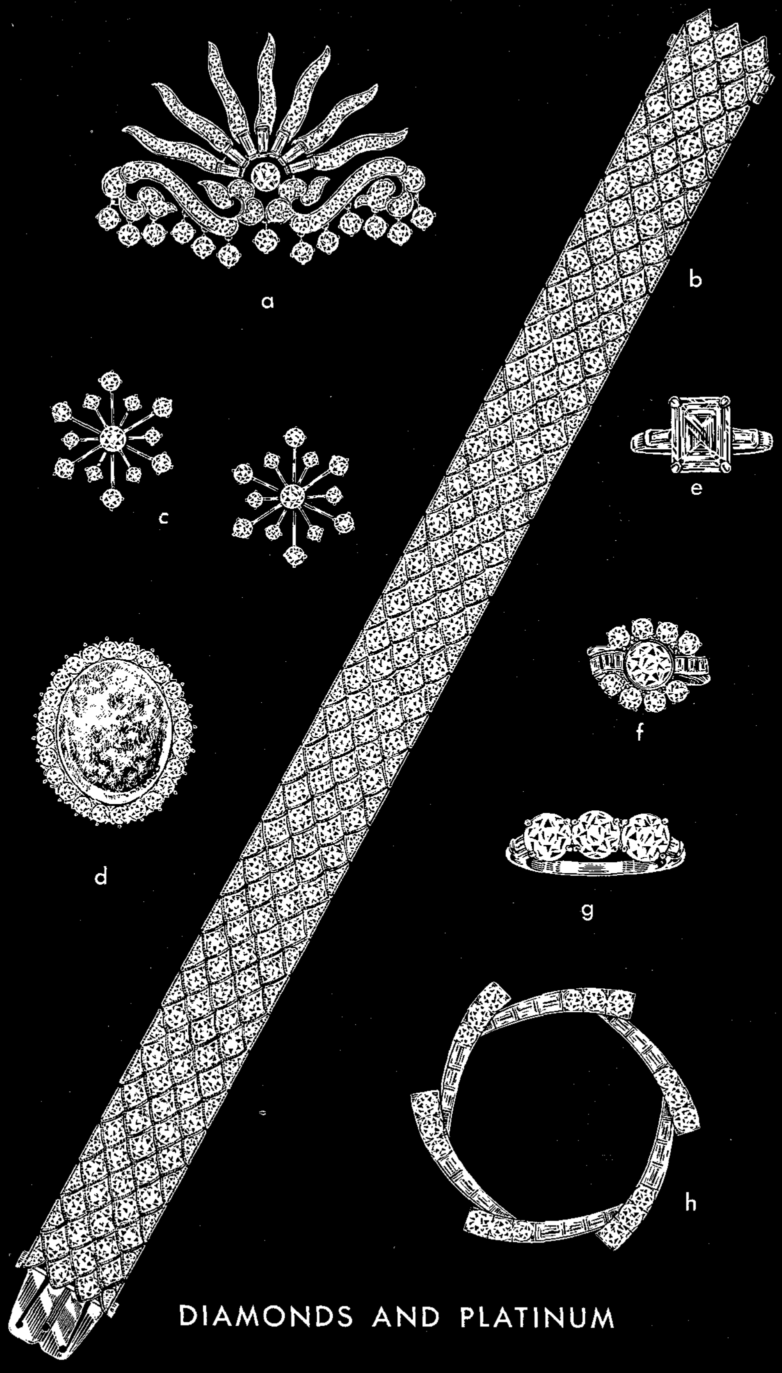
National Dog and Pet Exposition—Dogs, cats, fish, birds, turtles, monkeys, chinchillas, hamsters, and other domesticated fauna—even snakes, and ant colonies. The emphasis will be on man's best friend, and some dog heroes of the war and of 1950 news stories, as well as the ten best-dressed canines of America, will be among those present. Demonstrations of proper care and training of pets will be featured. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Daily, 1 to 11; through Sunday, Dec. 17.)

Ancient Toys—A dappled rocking horse, a dancing Jenny Lind, dolls, jumping jacks, horse-drawn fire engines and stagecoaches, and other toys, dating back to the eighteenth century, most of them from the collection of Mrs. Katherine Prentis Murphy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through April 30.)

Manuscripts and Letters—A display of the literary handiwork of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, among them William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

Mementos of the New York Theatre—Costumes worn by Ethel Barrymore, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Otis Skinner, and others; statuettes of such actors as George Arliss and Sarah Bernhardt; and posters, photographs, properties, and other items having to do with the theatre. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 31.)

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



DIAMONDS AND PLATINUM

a. brooch, $2875 . . . b. bracelet, $4400 . . . c. earclips, $575 pair . . . d. opal and diamond ring, $1600 . . . e. emerald cut solitaire, $5000 . . . f. ring, $1200 . . . g. ring, $2550 . . . h. brooch, $1600.

Shown Actual Size • Federal Tax Included

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and, by and large, highly satisfactory, though perhaps overlong. Among the participants: Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 17-20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 19-20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 20.)

Bitter Rice—A violent Italian account of the way the lady rice-harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—A wheezy adaptation of the old Rostand drama, enthusiastically, if footlessly, enacted by a large cast headed by José Ferrer. The picture is faithful to all the hokum, from rakehell swordplay to poetic gags about the hero's nose, but by this time none of it seems very interesting. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jackpot—James Stewart as a man who wins thousands of dollars in assorted commodities, possibly representing the American way of life, on a radio give-away show, and almost goes bankrupt trying to pay taxes on them. A comical business. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; Dec. 14.)

Mister 880—The story of an old counterfeiter who never attempts anything more impressive in his line than deplorably clumsy one-dollar bills. Edmund Gwenn is excellent as the diverting, though scoundrelly, ancient. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 20.)

No Way Out—A serious, quite moving, and often overly tense study of color prejudice in a county hospital. Sidney Poitier is memorable as a young Negro doctor. Richard Widmark is memorable, too, as a Negro-hater and one of the meanest and craziest men in the world. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 15-17. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 17-19.)

Orpheus—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, this has its antic moments. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of a bunch of devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Seven Days to Noon—The mad-scientist theme. This time, the distracted expert is loose in London with a sort of minuscule atom bomb and is planning to blow up most of the city if the government doesn't agree to stop making the weapon. A British picture, worth seeing if only because it shows how efficiently a modern town could be reduced to deathly silence by one well-equipped man. With Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Dec. 18.)

Trio—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Three short films by the French and Italian masters Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini. All of them are worth while, and Rossellini's contribution has the remarkable Anna Magnani in its leading role. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holiday. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 17-18.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 17.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in Occupied Berlin. With Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; Dec. 16-19. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 16.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Dec. 20, tentative.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 17-20.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 14.)

Pinocchio (1940)—A full-length Walt Disney, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796; starting Dec. 15.)

Quartet (1949)—The original collection of Maugham short stories in an English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 14, tentative.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead again, this time as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Dec. 20, tentative.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17-19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Dec. 17: "How Green Was My Valley" (1940), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 18: An excerpt from "The Golem" (1920); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Werner Krauss and Lil Dagover. Both are German pictures. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 19: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle.
From Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Harvey," James Stewart. (Première will be a benefit.)

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Watch the Birdie," Red Skelton, Arlene Dahl.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Dec. 14: "Woman on the Run," Ann Sheridan, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 15: **PINOCCHIO,** revival; and "Make Mine Music!," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Dec. 14: "Dial 1119," Marshall Thompson, Virginia Field.
From Dec. 15: "California Passage," Forrest Tucker, Adele Mara.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Dec. 18: "Lucia di Lammermoor" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival.
From Dec. 19: "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Mad About Opera" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Tito Gobbi.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Kim," Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Dec. 19: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire.
From Dec. 20: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Dec. 14: **THE JACKPOT.**
From Dec. 15: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Operation X," Edward G. Robinson, Peggy Cummins, Richard Greene.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Highway 301," Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE RED SHOES.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 20: **ALL ABOUT EVE.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 16: **ALL ABOUT EVE.**
From Dec. 17: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revivals.

Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through Dec. 15: "The Heiress," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift.
Dec. 16-19: **A FOREIGN AFFAIR**, revival.
From Dec. 20: "Paris 1900," a pictorial anthology culled from various sources and dealing with Paris between 1900 and 1914.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Dec. 14 (tentative): **QUARTET**, revival; and "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.
Dec. 15-16 (tentative): "Candlelight in Algeria," revival, James Mason; and "Daisy Kenyon," revival, Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews.
Dec. 17-20: **NIGHT TRAIN**, revival; and a second feature to be announced.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Dec. 17: "Prelude to Fame," Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron.
From Dec. 18: **SEVEN DAYS TO NOON.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TRIO.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Dec. 14: **ALL ABOUT EVE.**
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Rapture," Glenn Langan.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Dec. 14-15: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza; and "Southside 1-1000," Don DeFore.
Dec. 16: "Hills of Home," revival, Tom Drake, Janet Leigh; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.
Dec. 17-18: "Homicide," revival, Robert Douglas; and "Red Stallion in the Rockies," revival, Arthur Franz.
Dec. 19-20: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Dec. 14: "You Can't Fool an Irishman," Tommy Duggan, Shirl Conway; and two Irish short features.
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 16: "Gigi" (in French), revival.
Dec. 17-19: "I'll Be Seeing You," revival, Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple.
From Dec. 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 16: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza; and "Southside 1-1000," Don DeFore.
Dec. 17-18: **ADAM'S RIB**, revival; and "Tender Years," revival, Joe E. Brown.
Dec. 19-20: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 14: "The Breaking Point," John Garfield, Patricia Neal.
Dec. 15-16: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza.
Dec. 17-20: **ALL ABOUT EVE.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Dec. 15: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza; and "Southside 1-1000," Don DeFore.
Dec. 16: **IF I HAD A MILLION**, revival; and "Sinbad the Sailor," revival, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara.
Dec. 17-18: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.
Dec. 19: "Trial Without Jury," Robert Rockwell, Barbra Fuller; and "Change of Heart," revival, John Carroll, Susan Hayward.
Dec. 20: "The Suspect," revival, Charles Laughton, Ella Raines; and "Nightmare," revival, Diana Barrymore, Brian Donlevy.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 14: **PAISAN** (in Italian), revival; and "The Professor Takes a Wife" (in Italian), revival.
Dec. 15-17: **NO WAY OUT**; and "The Baron of Arizona," Vincent Price, Ellen Drew.
Dec. 18-19: "Scampolo" (in Italian), revival; and "A Yank in Rome" (in Italian), revival, Valentina Cortesa.
From Dec. 20: "Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr; and "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 16: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revivals.
Dec. 17-19: "Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal.
From Dec. 20: **MISTER 880.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Dec. 20 (tentative): **A ROYAL SCANDAL**, revival; and **LIFEBOAT**, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 16: **NO WAY OUT**; and "The Baron of Arizona," Vincent Price, Ellen Drew.
Dec. 17-19: "Pink String and Sealing Wax," Mervyn Johns, Googie Withers; and "Lost People," Dennis Price, Mai Zetterling.
From Dec. 20: **ALL ABOUT EVE**; and "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 16: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.
Dec. 17-18: "On the Isle of Samoa," Jon Hall; and "David Harding, Counterspy," Willard Parker.
From Dec. 19: "Copper Canyon," Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr; and "Union Station," William Holden, Lyle Bettger.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ORPHEUS (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
WAYS OF LOVE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 16: "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.
Dec. 17-19: **SHOE-SHINE** (in Italian), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From Dec. 20: "The Raven" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay; and "A Lover's Return" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

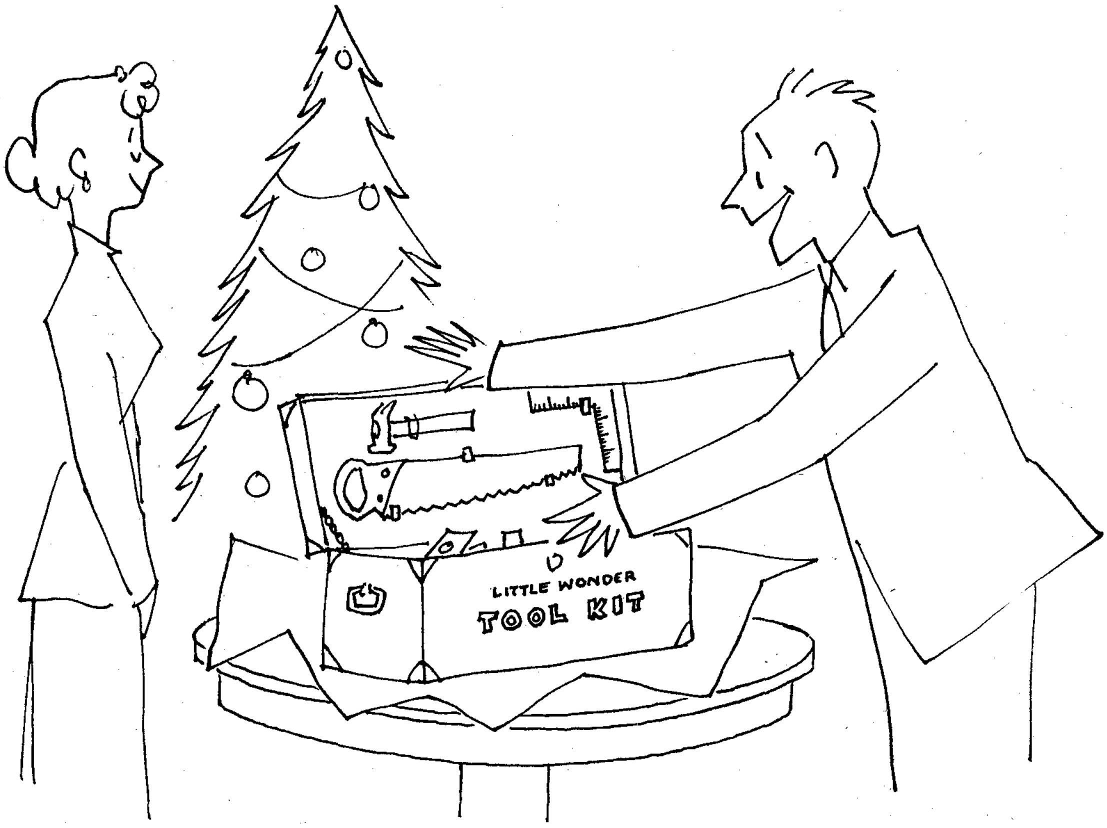
Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Dec. 16: "A Life of Her Own," Lana Turner, Ray Milland; and "The Admiral Was a Lady," Wanda Hendrix, Edmond O'Brien.
Dec. 17-19: **NO WAY OUT**; and "The Baron of Arizona," Vincent Price, Ellen Drew.
From Dec. 20: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza; and "Southside 1-1000," Don DeFore.

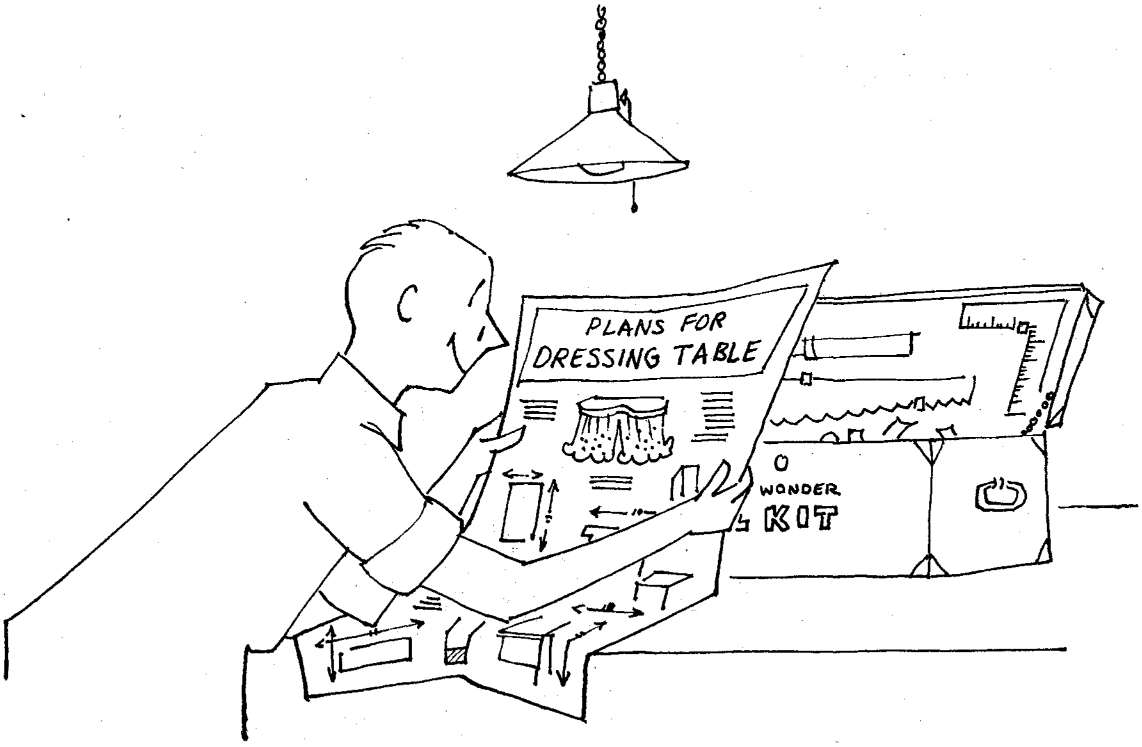
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Dec. 18: "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn; and "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.
From Dec. 19: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "Right Cross," June Allyson, Dick Powell.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey; Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 16: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan; and "Outrage," Mala Powers, Tod Andrews.
From Dec. 17: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable; and "The Fireball," Mickey Rooney, Pat O'Brien.

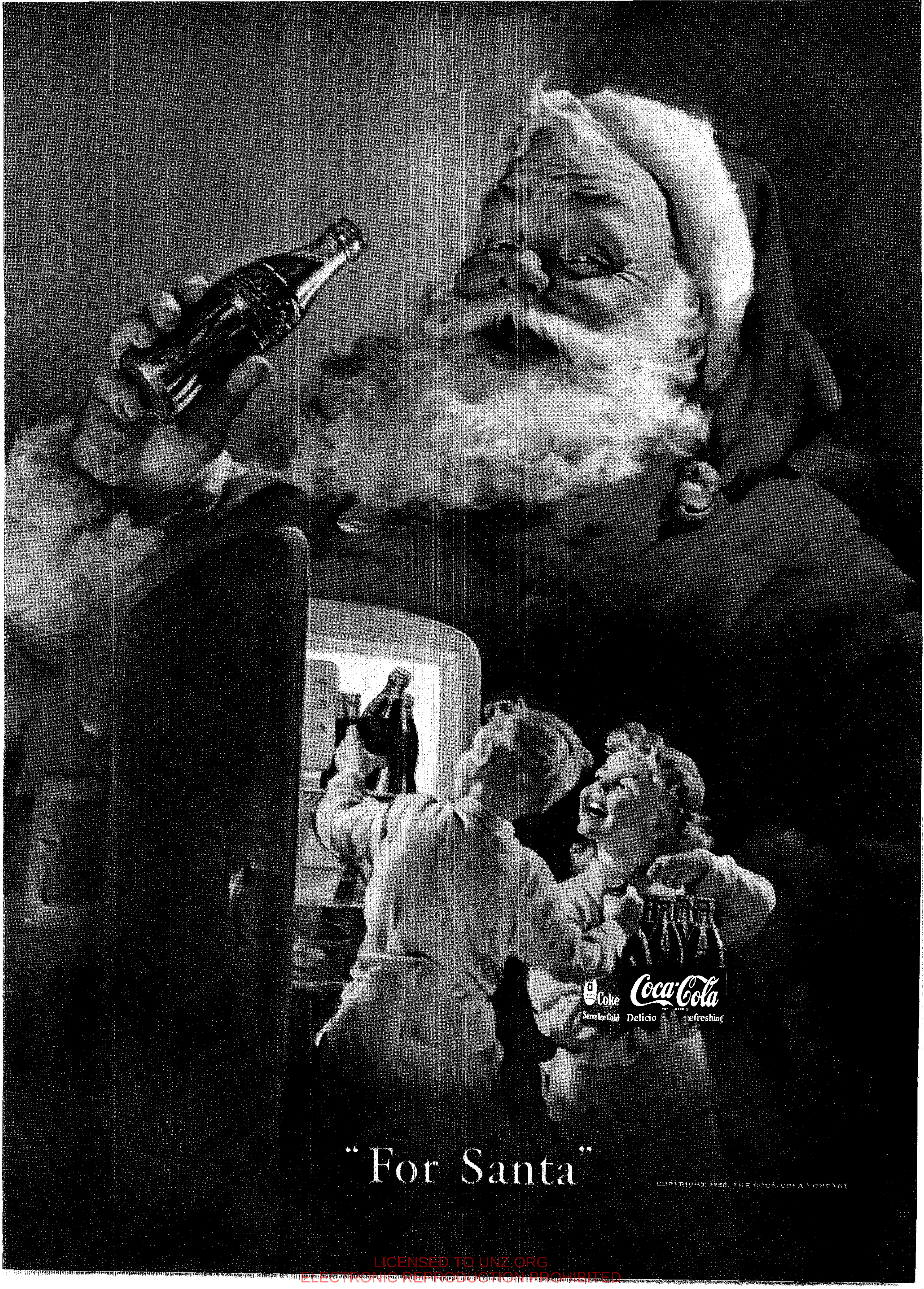
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


LITTLE WONDER
TOOL KIT


PLANS FOR
DRESSING TABLE
WONDER
KIT

CHRISTMAS 1950

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL


Coke
Serve Ice Cold
Coca-Cola
Delicio
efreshing
"For Santa"

COPYRIGHT 1950, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Three Cheers for Holidays!

(Fun, Fun, Fun with Puerto Rican Rum)

THEY'LL BE ALL AGOG FOR THIS RUM EGG NOG!

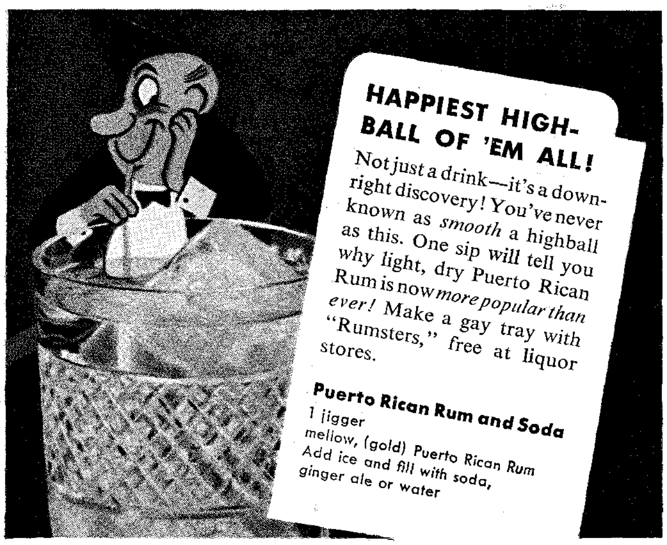
New, different—*smoother* than any Egg Nog you've ever served! Made with America's *favorite* rum, Puerto Rican Rum. It's the smart new holiday drink with host to host from coast to coast! FUN to taste, FUN to see when you decorate drinks with *FREE* "Rumsters" (above).

Puerto Rican Rum Egg Nog (for Party of 8)

6 eggs
5 tbsps. sugar
1 pint chilled milk
1 pint chilled cream
1 bottle (gold) Puerto Rican Rum

Separate eggs, beat yolks and whites separately. Stir sugar into yolks, add milk, cream and rum. Stir well. Add beaten whites over top . . . delicious!

*Offer void outside U. S. A. and where prohibited by state regulations



HAPPIEST HIGH-BALL OF 'EM ALL!

Not just a drink—it's a downright discovery! You've never known as *smooth* a highball as this. One sip will tell you why light, dry Puerto Rican Rum is now *more popular than ever!* Make a gay tray with "Rumsters," free at liquor stores.

Puerto Rican Rum and Soda

1 jigger mellow, (gold) Puerto Rican Rum
Add ice and fill with soda, ginger ale or water

Tom 'n'
Jerry
Tom & Jerry

HERE'S A MERRY TOM 'N' JERRY!

It's old, it's new, a praise-winner too! Give this old holiday favorite *new distinction* with popular Puerto Rican Rum . . . light, dry, smooth, no other rum like it! Decorate with Tom'n' Jerry "Rumster," free at liquor stores.

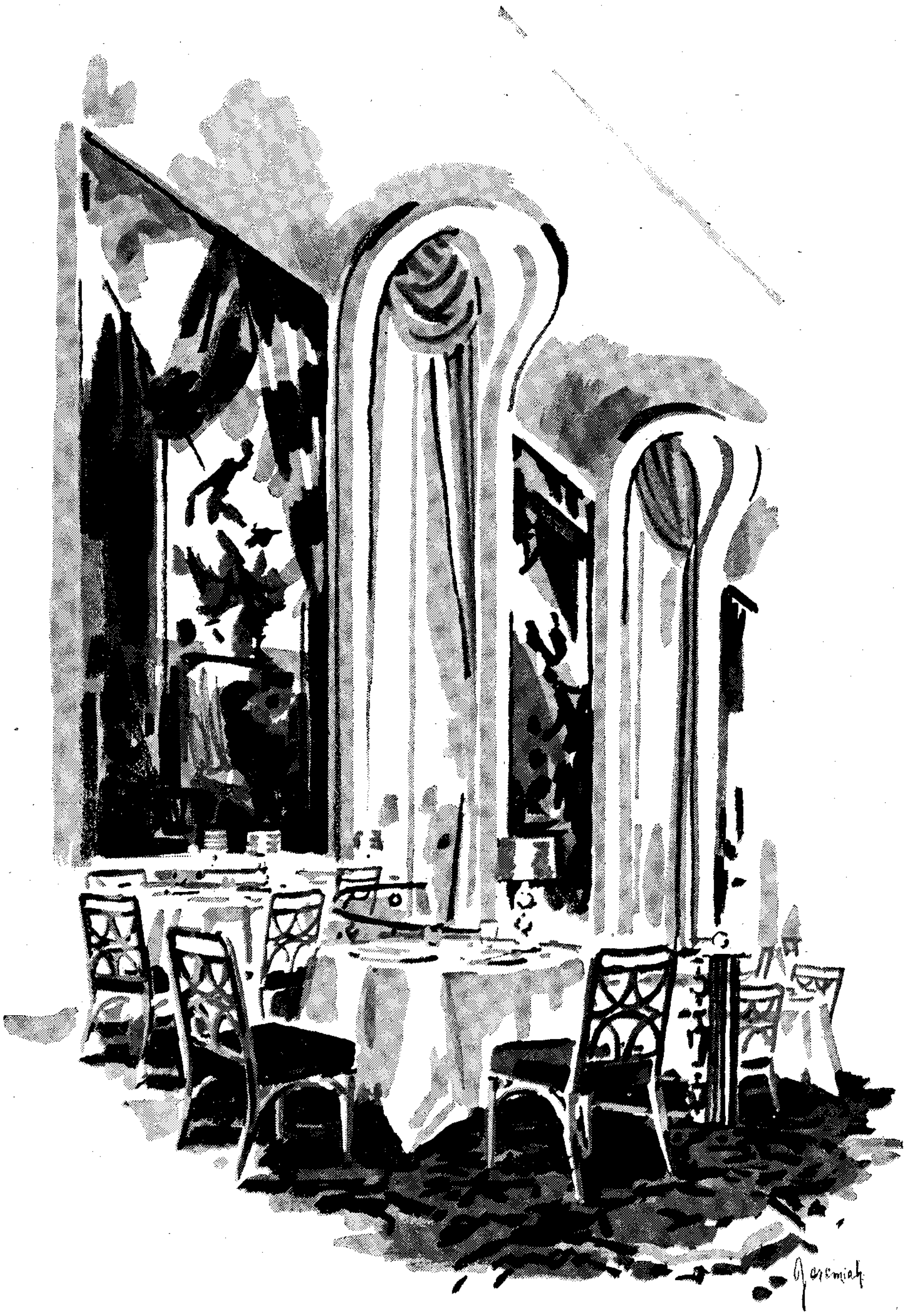
Puerto Rican Tom 'n' Jerry

Beat white & yolk of egg separately. Blend. Add tsp. sugar. Stir and pour in 1 jigger (gold) Puerto Rican Rum. Top with hot milk or boiling water. Sprinkle with nutmeg. It's so satisfying!

REMEMBER THIS! In all the world, the *smoothest, most mixable* of drinks, according to connoisseurs, is a fine light, dry rum . . . and in all the world no rums are *finer* and *lighter* than the rums of Puerto Rico. So look for the name *Puerto Rican Rum* on every bottle. . . . The most popular rums in the world today!

Enjoy the dry, light-bodied **Rums of Puerto Rico**

© 1950, PUERTO RICO RUM INSTITUTE, 500 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Sert Room
Waldorf-Astoria
New York

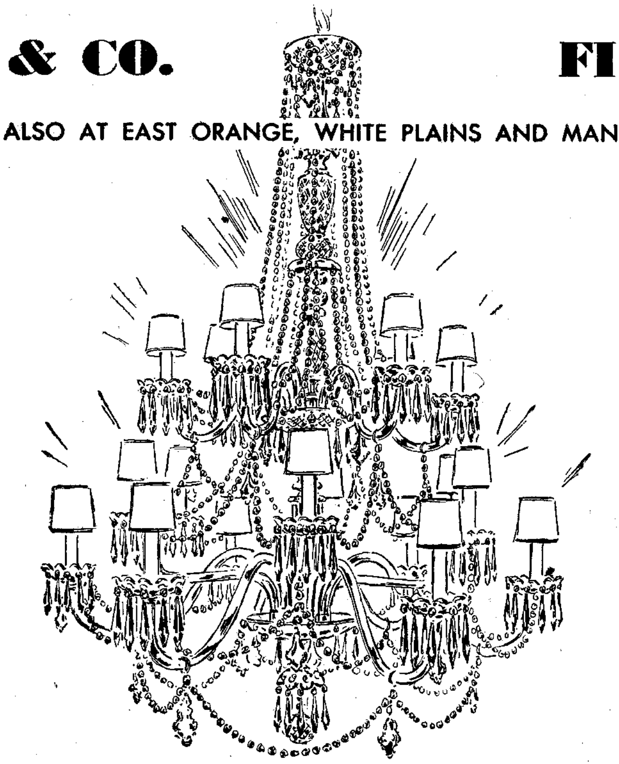
Entertaining Idea, Via the Waldorf. . . The good taste for which this hotel is famous is combined with particularly good economy in the choice of Simtex quality table napery. The exclusive Basco finish process keeps this napery fresh and lustrous after many launderings. And for your home, too, the Simtex label assures you wonderfully satisfactory table napery.

Simtex

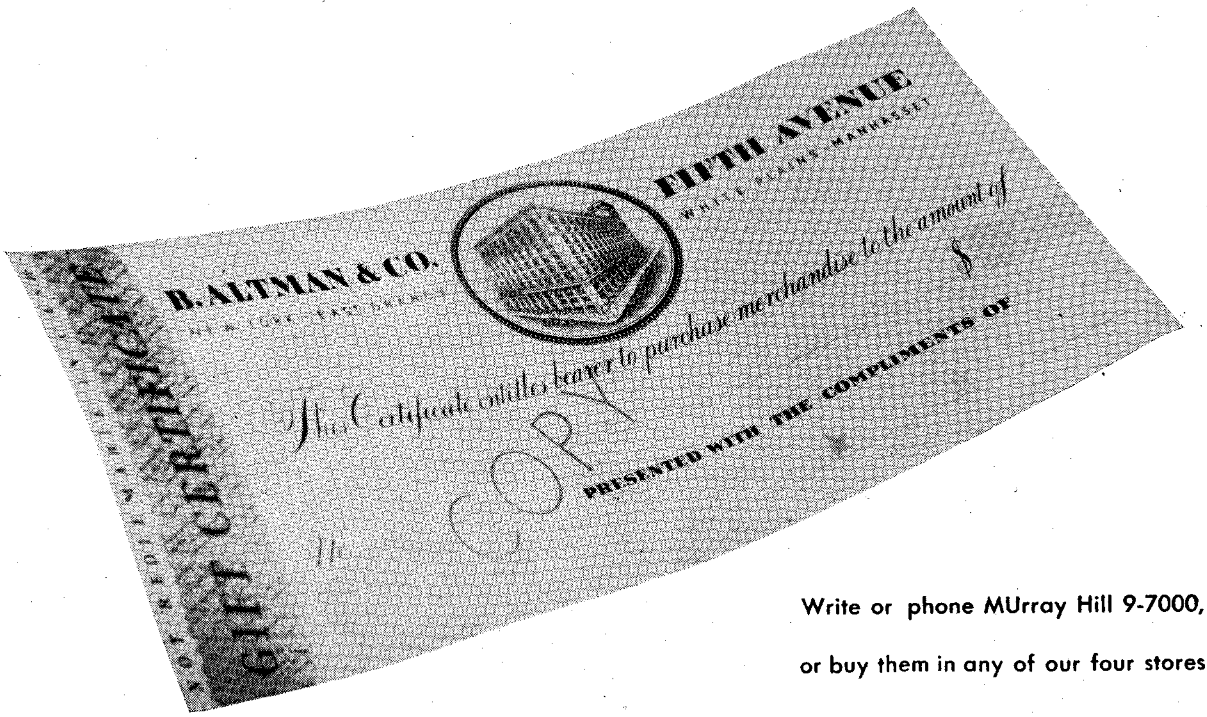
SIMTEX MILLS, 40 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y. DIVISION OF SIMMONS COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS

B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE**

. . . ALSO AT EAST ORANGE, WHITE PLAINS AND MANHASSET



An Altman Gift Certificate is truly the **ideal** Christmas gift. For it is one gift that will be enthusiastically welcomed by **everyone** whose holiday you hope to make brighter.



B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK · EAST ORANGE
FIFTH AVENUE
WHITE PLAINS · MANHASSET

This Certificate entitles bearer to purchase merchandise to the amount of
$

PRESENTED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

To

COPY

GIFT CERTIFICATE

Write or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000,

or buy them in any of our four stores

THE NEW YORKER

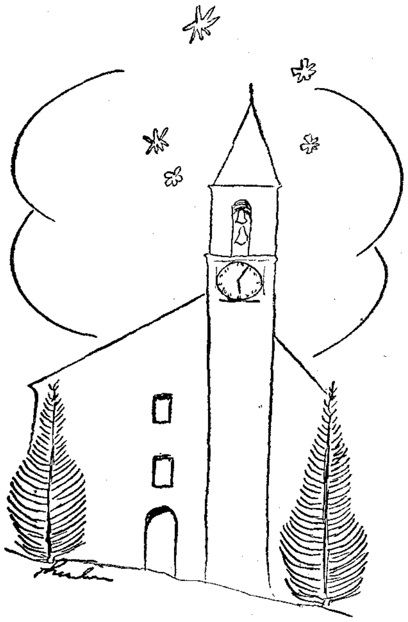
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CHARLES G. Ross, the President's press secretary, was a contributor to this magazine, and we feel his loss. He was an inconspicuous contributor, in that he usually sent newsbreaks—those little things we run at the bottom of columns—but he was a good man with the scissors, and a faithful one. He was our solidest link with greatness, for he used White House stationery, and this gave us a sense of being in constant touch with Mr. Truman, a preposterous, though agreeable, sensation. Wallowing through newsbreaks, which arrive by the carload, can be dull business; a sheet of White House paper lifts it up, somehow. From time to time, Mr. Ross received small checks for his endeavors. Our checks probably brightened his own large mail, in a mild way. All in all, it was a happy relationship. He died as men prefer to die, hunched over his work. "I speak very distinctly," he said when someone kidded him about the way he mumbled on television. It was his last remark. As a fellow-mumbler, we were touched in the right spot.

NEAR the corner of Surf Avenue and West Fifth Street, in Coney, an old-fashioned carrousel turned up the other day and the city's merry-go-round hunt ended joyfully. Thus was written a brilliant chapter in non-appeasement. There must have been forces at work, these last weeks, trying to break Mr. Moses down and get him to accept a compromise—a nice, shiny substitute for a carrousel, something truly modern, with plastic motorcars spinning at 1,500 r.p.m., live steam issuing from every exhaust, and the low moan of a juke box replacing the organ music. We congratulate the city and Mr. Moses on their faith, their guts, and their luck. The Coney merry-go-round is city property and won't cost anything except what it will take to put it in working order. In the stimulating words of Mr. John O'Reilly, of the *Herald Tribune*, New York is so big it can own a merry-go-round without even realizing it.

IT is the aim of everyone, these days, to speak very distinctly. And it should be the duty of writers, at any rate, to put things in their proper place in relation to the natural world and avoid preoccupation with sudden, dark events that are only a small part of a very great picture. A man can search his morning paper in vain for a crumb of comfort, yet no man should forget that most of the strongest assets are on our side, many of the heaviest liabilities are on the Soviet Union's. The burden Russia carries is the simple burden of wishing to conquer and rule the world by guile and by strength. This is an ancient dream that has in every instance thrown the dreamer. Our own dream is not to rule the world but to save and fortify the free man in an atmosphere of freedom. This, too, is an ancient dream, and although it has been a costly one, it has never let anybody down yet. Even if it should now prove costly beyond all ability to pay, it is still well worth following, and there can never be a valid reason to deviate, to hesitate, or to compromise.



WHAT greatly complicates this antique situation is, of course, the new weapons, among which the A-bomb is said to be only in fourth place. These bombs, these other instruments of contamination and fury, are capable of making the earth almost, if not quite, uninhabitable, and the use of them in a general war would certainly tend to bring the remnants of mankind under a Fascist rule. Therefore every political decision becomes, by association with atomic energy and death dust, a decision in the conservation of natural resources; every military decision becomes really a problem in astral physics. It is no wonder our leaders are weighted with woe and the people uneasy beyond anything that has ever been known before.

WHAT is, exactly, the task humanity must stand up to? (The aim of every writer is to speak very distinctly.) The immediate task, we believe, is to put out the grass fire that has started. Unless this fire is quenched, beaten out with the brooms that we have at hand, the flames will creep to the fence rows, and the fence rows will ignite the woods, and the wind will shift and the backfires will not work because the wind has shifted, and presently the whole countryside will be eaten by the blaze. War and fire spread in much the same reckless way. Each is fanned by the rising wind, each gathers headway out of all proportion to the first match spark.

THE United States has two overpowering weapons: it has the undropped bomb, and it has the unconquerable principle. We will never forsake the principle; and if there is any wise and honorable way to avoid it, we must not drop the bomb, for most of its strength and power for good lies in the fact of its being undropped. Drop it, and the fire will have reached the woods, and the wind will have attained hurricane force, and the situation will be largely beyond control.

THERE are many who feel that putting out the fire is less important than bringing to a successful conclusion the police action we attempted in Korea. They would place this ahead of anything, and they would use any means. But it can be argued that to really finish what the United Nations started in Korea (and what free and hopeful men started centuries ago) we must recognize the power of the new fire in the modern world and be guided by it. The strategy of freedom certainly includes the strategy of saving a planet to be free in. To preserve the planet, we had better keep our war cold and improve the structure of our planetary institutions. It is worth remembering that when fires rage, the animals in the forest no longer enjoy the luxury of enmity; tooth and fang are forgotten, and the fire itself is lord. Man has not yet had to flee before a total blaze of his own making, but today he holds the match in his hand.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Sears, Roebuck Christmas catalogue includes a doll house with a bar in it.

Last Election Day, New Hampshire voted an amendment to the state constitution removing therefrom a clause providing that money shall be computed in shillings and pence.

Speaking Frankly, a magazine published on East Forty-fifth Street, has changed its name to *Why*.

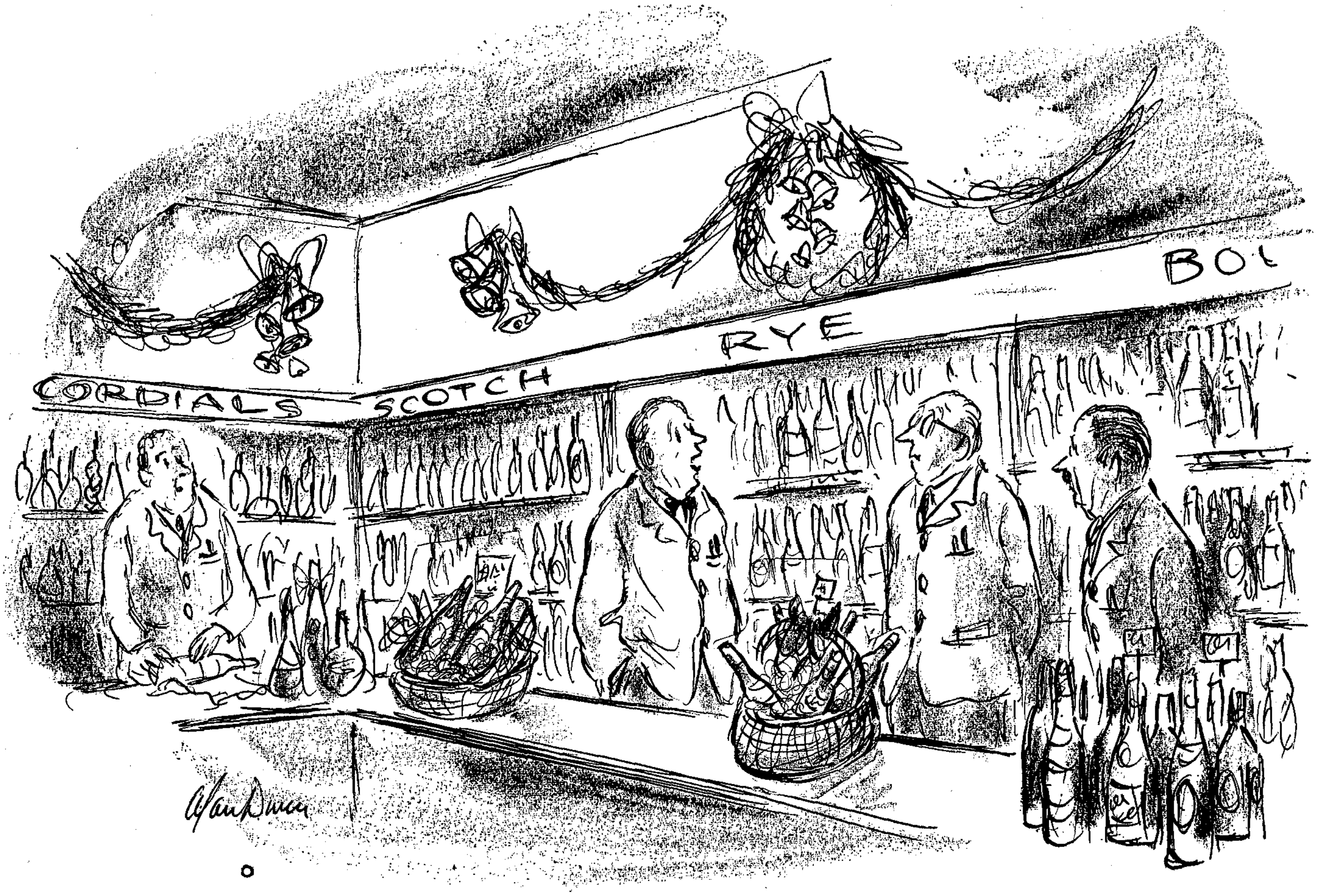
The Grand Union stores are featuring a beverage called Old Vintage Imitation Grape Soda.

Professionals

BY special arrangement, we spent a few minutes in the Madison Square Garden locker room of the Knickerbockers, New York's professional basketball team, just before the eleven-man squad—most of the members of which are very tall young men—streamed out to play the Syracuse Nationals the other evening. The trainer, stocky and shirt-sleeved, was tearing off strips of adhesive tape, fishing gauze rolls out of a box on the floor, and taping up the ankles of one of the players when we went in. One assistant was searching frantically for a box of chewing gum, and another dashed about handing out travelling schedules. Outside the door, a group of young men we had had to worm through kept clamoring for autographs, and every once in a while a man with a cigar in his mouth stuck his head in to announce the score of the game being played between Boston and Philadelphia. We approached a player who was hanging his coat on one of the hooks that dotted the walls of the room, and learned that he was Vince Boryla, the left forward. Boryla obligingly identified the other players for us, and told us that the trainer was Jim Nevins, the holder of the league record for speed in taping up a player's ankle—one minute seventeen seconds. "Visiting firemen always drop by to see how he tapes without binding," Boryla said. "I *lay* the tape on," explained Nevins, who had been listening. "After five years, I know every player's ankle like I know the back of my hand." "They call Nevins Doc and Ernie Vandeweghe, one of our forwards, Doc, but neither one of them is a doc," Boryla said. "Ernie will be, though, after two more years at Columbia Med." One of Nevins' assistants brushed by, holding out a handful of white shoelaces. Boryla plucked a pair and rooted into a large bag for his sneakers. "Who's got the gum?" somebody shouted. The door opened, and the man with the cigar stuck his head in and called out "Fifty-eight to fifty-five, Boston." A moment later, he was back. "Gentleman out here, says he's on the Neversweats, who wants some autographs," he announced. "Later," Nevins said.

Two players—Tony Lavelli and George Kaftan—were talking animatedly in a far corner of the room, and we made our way over to them. Lavelli was brandishing the road schedule. "Indianapolis and Minneapolis," he said to Kaftan. "How's that strike you for the beginnings of a novelty lyric, George?" Kaftan looked thoughtful and said he would work on it. "George is Tony's lyricist," we were told by Sweetwater Clifton, the right forward, who had loomed up at our side. "Tony and he wrote 'And So You'll Always Love Me' and 'Heart for Rent.' " "It's a new twist," Lavelli said. "This fellow's blue, so his heart's for rent." Kaftan told us that Broadcast Music, Inc., the outfit organized by the broadcasting companies to fight A.S.C.A.P. some years ago, published one of Lavelli's songs, "You're the Boppiest Be-Bop," and that "Heart for Rent" was recently sent to Billy Eckstine, in the hope that he'd croon it. The Knickerbocker center, Connie Simmons, was dribbling a basketball on the floor. One of Nevins' assistants began to whistle. Nevins stopped him. "Never whistle in the locker room," he said. At this point, a tall, slender fellow in a brown suit came into the room—Joe Lapchick, the coach, Clifton informed us. "Sweetwater, you got Ratkovicz," he said to Clifton, and, to all the players, "Look out if they go into a double-bucket offensive." He delivered himself from then on of further bits of instruction and advice.

We sat down on a bench beside Clifton, and he explained to us that his assignment to Ratkovicz, a Syracuse forward, meant that he was to prevent his opposite number from sinking baskets. Vandeweghe came by, and we asked him how he manages to study medicine and play professional basketball at the same time. He told us that he doesn't make the road trips, except during long holidays. He also said that he used to give Nevins medical advice but discontinued doing so some time back. "The more I know about medicine, the less I know, if you know what I mean," he said. Clifton held up one hand, and Simmons sent the ball across the room to him like a rocket. Clifton stopped it with his upraised hand, spun it on the forefinger of his other hand, and shot it back. Summers, we learned, Clifton plays baseball with Wilkes-Barre. He plays first base, bats left, and throws right. The man with the cigar stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Seventy-six to seventy-four, Philadelphia," and then called, "Twelve seconds left." "Who's got the ball?" Clifton asked excitedly. One of the assistant trainers walked by, passing out sticks of



"Say, how about us having sort of an office party?"

• •

Spearmint. "We can beat these guys if we get out there and hustle," Lapchick told the players. "Tony is going to appear on the Jan Murray show," Clifton informed us. "Last call for shoelaces!" shouted the assistant trainer who had been passing them out.

Easy

WIDOWER in his late forties, his children at college, decided to give up his big old house in the country and build a medium-sized modern one, with a picture window and all the latest gadgets. To this end, he accumulated a considerable quantity of literature on architecture and equipment. While working late at his office one evening, he wanted to get at this material, and, not knowing where his secretary had put it, rummaged around through the files, looking for a dossier labelled "New House," "Country House," "Home," and such other possibilities as occurred to him. No success, so he called his secretary at her apartment. She said eagerly that she would come right down, but he said no, just tell him where the stuff was. When she got insistent, he got insistent, and finally she told him to look under "Old Age."

Edible

HERE goes for a mess of facts about chestnuts, now to be found roasting in hot braziers on street corners around town, and in the stuffing of turkeys. Practically all the chestnuts sold in the United States are imported from Europe—twelve million pounds from Italy, three million pounds from Portugal, another million or so pounds from assorted countries every year. The total comes to about a tenth of a pound of chestnuts per capita. This sorry showing has been attributed partly to the brevity of the hot-roasted-chestnut season and partly to the fact that a good many Americans have no high regard for the European chestnut. Local street venders, many of whom sell Eskimo Pies, candy, and fruit at other times of the year, buy their chestnuts from a dozen fiercely competitive wholesalers who buy the chestnuts at auctions, which are held on the pier as soon as a shipment is unloaded. The wholesalers pick up some change on the side by renting out the pushcarts and braziers the venders use and selling the venders charcoal. The number of man-hours required to get a hot chestnut to a customer may account for the relatively high price—up to twenty-five cents for a very small bag. In grocery stores, chestnuts sell for around twenty-five cents a pound.

There are four main species of chestnut: European, American, Chinese, and Japanese. (The horse chestnut isn't a chestnut at all; it just looks like one.) The European chestnut tree attains a height of ninety feet and is exceedingly long-lived; a chestnut tree that grew at the foot of Mount Etna was estimated to be two thousand years old when Etna erupted and killed it. The American chestnut tree, which grew profusely in much of Eastern North America and was an important source of timber as well as a handsome shade tree frequently mentioned by poets, reached a maximum height of a hundred feet and a maximum girth of ten feet, and its nuts were considered much

1

2

THINK
PRIVATE

tastier than those from Europe. It was attacked in 1904 by a fungus blight known as *Endothia parasitica*, and by 1940 nearly every mature chestnut tree in the country was dead. The Chinese and Japanese chestnut trees are small and dainty, with nuts almost as large as the European chestnut and almost as delicious as the American.

Endothia parasitica reached this country by way of a ship from the Orient that docked in New York. A bark blight, spread by spores carried on the wind, it killed great stands of chestnuts without damaging the wood, and chestnut lumber was sold for years after most of the trees had died. The American chestnut was also the chief domestic source of tannin, which is used in the preparation of leather. Some tannin is still being extracted from dead chestnut trees. Dendrologists consider the chestnut blight the most thorough blight in history. They fought it steadily from the first, but only a few hundred isolated American chestnut trees remain alive in the whole country. In the past fifteen years, a method has been developed of grafting young shoots across the blighted areas of the bark of a tree, thus allowing the healthy roots to maintain contact with its healthy leaves, and trees so grafted have, with great vigilance, been kept alive for several years. Chinese and Japanese chestnut trees, having been exposed to the blight for centuries, have built up considerable resistance to it. The hybridizing of Oriental and American chestnuts here has produced trees that bear first-class nuts and seem able to survive the blight. So far, they are less resistant to frost than the native trees and are more finicky about their soil requirements, but some of them are thirteen years old, stand twenty-five feet high, and are prospering. If these hybrids toughen up quickly and sufficiently, more chestnut trees may be flourishing here in the year 2050 than there were in 1900. Meanwhile, the blight has attacked the European chestnut, and it is feared that in another thirty or forty years not a single tree of this species will be left alive in southern Europe.

Why is an old joke called a chestnut? None of the authorities on slang have been able to figure this out. All they know for sure is that it's an Americanism and dates from the eighteen-eighties.

•

WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Fifty-eighth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

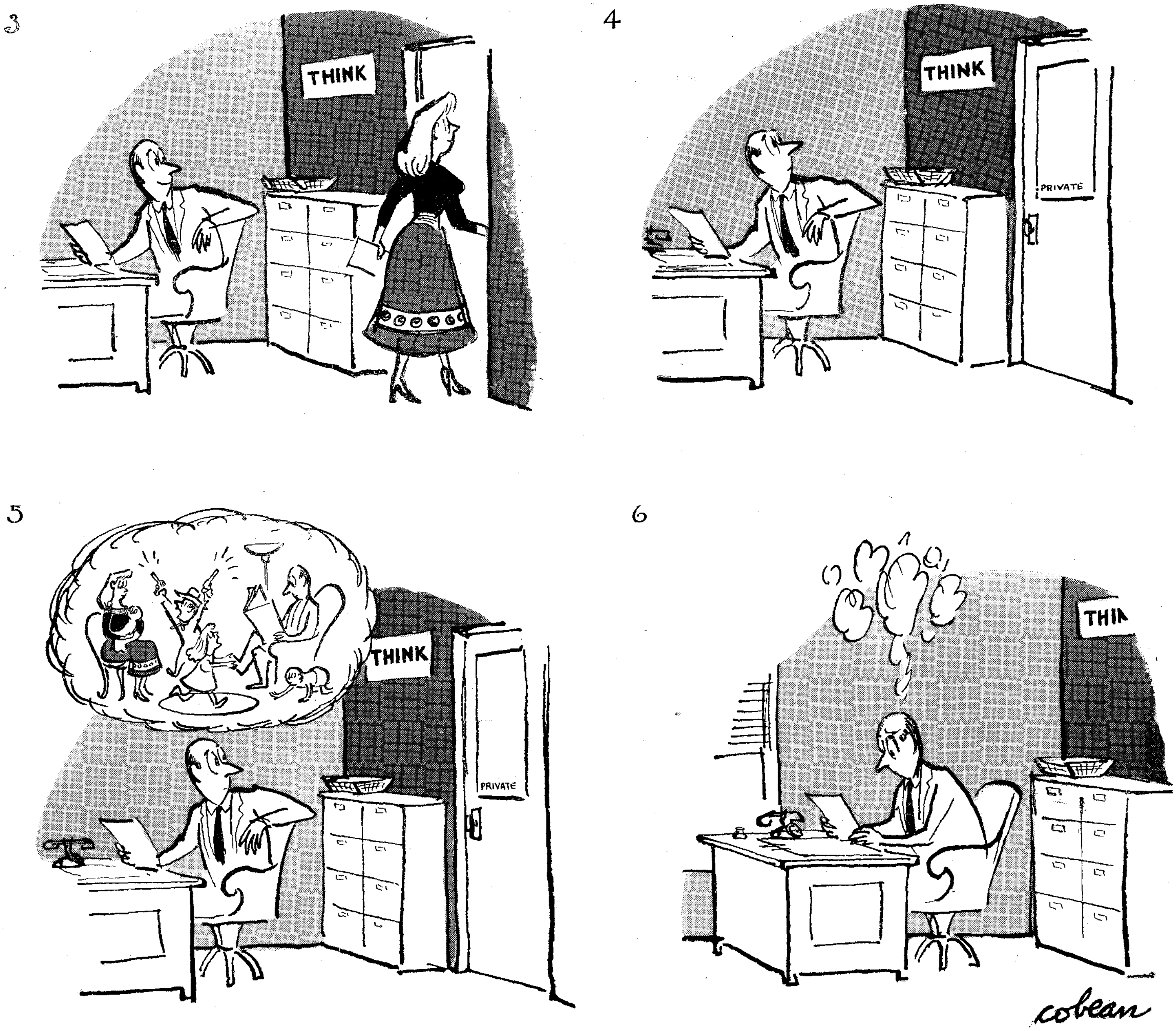
Time of inspection: 2:20 to 2:45 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 37.

Author

UPON hearing that Cardinal Spellman has written a novel and that it is to be published by Scribners, we headed for the Fifth Avenue headquarters of that firm and had a talk with the editor of the work, a gentleman who asked that his name be withheld, in line with the Scribner policy of making little of editors. We learned that the book is entitled "The Foundling," that it will appear as a two-part serial in the January and February issues of *Good Housekeeping*, and that it will be released to the bookstores soon afterward. It is the first novel by a cardinal that Scribners has ever published and, furthermore, as far as Scribners is aware, the first novel by an American cardinal that has ever been published. The Cardinal's object in writing the book, the Scribner man told us, was to convey a message of tolerance, faith, and the unity of mankind. Cardinal Spellman chose the novel form because he felt that through it he could reach the most people. The story is built around a boy foundling discovered in a Catholic cathedral in New York City by a disabled veteran of the First World War, not long after its close. The veteran and his wife want to adopt the child but are not permitted to do so, because they are Protestants and the baby, by virtue of having been abandoned where he was, is under the jurisdiction of the Catholic authorities. The story tells of the foundling's growing up in a Catholic institution, his boyhood loves, his friendship with the couple that want to adopt him, and the eventual loss of his sight in the Second World War, from which he returns to his future wife and the archbishop of the archdiocese, who has been an important background figure throughout. The Scribner man told us that the novel is the work of a born storyteller, that it contains no propaganda for Catholicism, and that all the author's rights have been turned over to the New York Foundling Hospital.

Cardinal Spellman has five earlier books to his credit, four of them being first-person war and battlefield writings in prose and verse, and the fifth a collection of prayers and poetry. He submitted two chapters and an outline of "The Foundling" to Scribners in the summer of 1945, and a contract was forthwith signed, the Cardinal being represented by Gertrude Algase, the literary agent. After that, he tried to get his work done on schedule, but he continually ran behind. From time to time, the Scribner editor would go to the Cardinal's study, in his residence behind St. Patrick's, for a conference. Most of these meetings were by appointment, but on several occasions, the



• •

Scribner man told us, he happened to be walking along Madison Avenue and the Cardinal spotted him through a window, flagged him down, and asked him in to hash over a point or two. Late this fall, the Cardinal turned in his last chapter.

We inquired how Cardinal Spellman compares with other Scribner authors in the matter of artistic temperament and tractability, and the editor replied that he is modest, coöperative, and eager for suggestions about revisions to a degree that is practically unknown among Scribner novelists. "When the complete first draft was finally in my hands," said the editor, "I made some suggestions—you know, perhaps a little more of Ellen here, a little cutting of this description there, the usual sort of thing. Well, the Cardinal accepted more suggestions than he turned down. That alone makes him a shining example of editorial coöperativeness. When it comes to smooth publisher's relations with novelists, we can only say, 'Give us more cardinals!' " Cardinal Spellman's one literary peccadillo, we were told, is an addiction to afterthoughts. He keeps revising and revising, and Scribners learned long ago that it is quite a trick to get a piece of manuscript out of his hands and hang on to it. The completed manuscript of "The Foundling" had been in the office scarcely a fortnight when the Cardinal thought of some more revisions and wanted it back. "We're waiting for it again right now, as a matter of fact," the Scribner man said. "It's promised definitely for next Monday, but I'd accept no wagers. Meanwhile, another thing we can be grateful to the Cardinal for is the title. You have no idea how many hours editors and publishers spend, while shaving and riding on trains, trying to hit on the right title for a book. Some authors, you know, submit a hundred titles and put it up to us to choose the best one. Not the Cardinal, though. He hit on the title for his book right at the start, and that was a blessing."

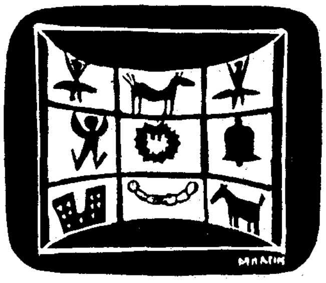
On Their Toes

THE cafeteria of the Central Intelligence Agency, in Washington, has discontinued serving doughnuts with pink icing, long a regular bill-of-fare feature, for, presumably, the duration of the crisis. Only plain and chocolate-glazed doughnuts are now available.

THE NEMESIS

SUE LEDBETTER and Ramona Dunn became friends through the commonplace accident of their sitting side by side in a philosophy lecture three afternoons a week. There were many other American students at Heidelberg University that winter—the last before the war—but neither Sue nor Ramona had taken up with them. Ramona had not because she scorned them; in her opinion, they were Philistines, concerned only with drinking beer, singing German songs, and making spectacles of themselves on their bicycles and in their little rented cars. And Sue had not because she was self-conscious and introverted and did not make friends easily. In Ramona's presence, she pretended to deplore her compatriots' escapades, which actually she envied desperately. Sometimes on Saturday nights she lay on her bed unable to read or daydream and in an agony of frustration as she listened to her fellow-lodgers at the Pension Kirchenheim laughing and teasing and sometimes bursting into song as they played bridge and Monopoly in the cozy veranda café downstairs.

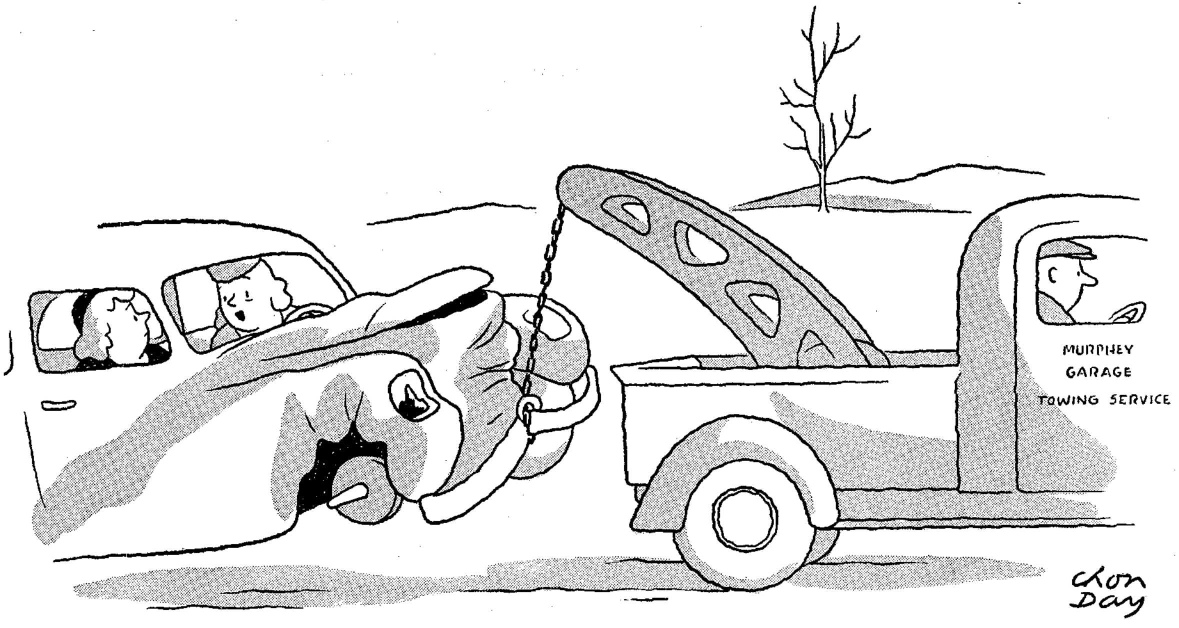
Soon after the semester opened in October, the two girls fell into the habit of drinking their afternoon coffee together on the days they met in class. Neither of them especially enjoyed the other's company, but in their different ways they were lonely, and as Ramona once remarked, in her highfalutin way, "From time to time, I need a rest from the exercitation of my intellect." She was very vain of her intellect, which she had directed to the study of philology, to the exclusion of almost everything else in the world. Sue, while she had always taken her work seriously, longed also for beaux and parties, and conversation about them, and she was often bored by Ramona's talk, obscurely gossipy, of the vagaries of certain Old High Franconian verbs when they encountered the High German consonant shift, or of the variant readings of passages in Layamon's "Brut," or the linguistic influence Eleanor of Aquitaine had exerted on the English court. But because she was well-mannered she listened politely and even appeared to follow Ramona's exuberant elucidation of Sanskrit "a"-stem declensions and her ardent plan to write a monograph on the word "ahoy." They drank their coffee in the Konditorei Luitpold, a very noisy café on a street bent like an elbow, down behind the cathedral. The din of its two small rooms was aggravated by the peripheral racket that came from the kitchen and from the outer shop, where the cakes were kept. The waiters, all of whom looked cross, hustled about at a great rate, slamming down trays and glasses and cups any which way before the many customers, who gabbled and rattled newspapers and pounded on the table for more of something. Over all the to-do was the blare of the radio, with its dial set permanently at a station that played nothing but stormy choruses from "Wilhelm Tell." Ramona, an invincible expositor, had to shout, but shout she did as she traced words like "rope" and "calf" through dozens of languages back to their Indo-Germanic source. Sometimes Sue, somewhat befuddled by the uproar, wanted by turns to laugh and to cry with disappointment, for this was not at all the way she had imagined that she would live in Europe. Half incredulously and half irritably, she would stare at Ramona as if in some way she were to blame.



Ramona Dunn was fat to the point of parody. Her obesity fitted her badly, like extra clothing put on in the wintertime, for her embedded bones were very small and she was very short, and she had a foolish gait, which, however, was swift, as if she were a mechanical doll whose engine raced. Her face was rather pretty, but its features were so small that it was all but lost in its billowing surroundings, and it was covered by a thin, fair skin that was subject to disfiguring affections, now hives, now eczema, now impetigo, and the whole was framed by fine, pale hair that was abused once a week by a *Friseur* who baked it with an iron into dozens of horrid little snails. She habitually wore a crimson tam-o'-shanter with a sportive spray of artificial edelweiss pinned to the very top of it. For so determined a bluestocking, her eccentric and extensive wardrobe was a surprise; nothing was ever completely clean or completely whole, and nothing ever matched anything else, but it was apparent that all these odd and often ugly clothes had been expensive. She had a long, fur-lined cape, and men's tweed jackets with leather patches on the elbows, and flannel shirts designed for hunters in the State of Maine, and high-necked jerseys, and a waistcoat made of unborn gazelle, dyed Kelly green. She attended particularly to the dressing of her tiny hands and feet, and she had gloves and mittens of every color and every material, and innumerable pairs of extraordinary shoes, made for her by a Roman bootmaker. She always carried a pair of field glasses, in a brassbound leather case that hung over her shoulder by a plaited strap of rawhide; she looked through the wrong end of them, liking, for some reason that she did not disclose, to diminish the world she surveyed. Wherever she went, she took a locked pigskin satchel, in which she carried her grammars and lexicons and the many drafts of the many articles she was writing in the hope that they would be published in learned journals. One day in the café, soon after the girls became acquainted, she opened up the satchel, and Sue was shocked at the helter-skelter arrangement of the papers, all mussed and frayed, and stained with coffee and ink. But, even more, she was dumfounded to see a clear-green all-day sucker stuck like a bookmark between the pages of a glossary to "Beowulf."

Sue knew that Ramona was rich, and that for the last ten years her family had lived in Italy, and that before that they had lived in New York. But this was all she knew about her friend; she did not even know where she lived in Heidelberg. She believed that Ramona, in her boundless erudition, was truly consecrated to her studies and that she truly had no other desire than to impress the subscribers to *Speculum* and the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*. She was the sort of person who seemed, at twenty-one, to have fought all her battles and survived to enjoy the quiet of her unendangered ivory tower. She did not seem to mind at all that she was so absurd to look at, and Sue, who was afire with ambitions and sick with conflict, admired her arrogant self-possession.

THE two girls had been going to the Konditorei Luitpold three times a week for a month or more, and all these meetings had been alike; Ramona had talked and Sue had contributed expressions of surprise (who would have dreamed that "bolster" and "poltroon" derived from the same parent?), or murmurs of acquiescence (she agreed there might be something in the discreet rumor that the Gothic language had been made up by nineteenth-century scholars to answer riddles that could not otherwise be solved), or laughter, when it seemed becoming. The meetings were neither rewarding nor entirely uninteresting to Sue, and she came to look upon them as a part of the week's schedule, like the philosophy lectures and the seminar in Schiller.



"It was due for the thousand-mile checkup anyway."

And then, one afternoon, just as the weary, mean-mouthed waiter set their cake down before them, the radio departed from its custom and over it came the "Minuet in G," so neat and winning and surprising that for a moment there was a general lull in the café, and even the misanthropic waiter paid the girls the honor, in his short-lived delight, of not slopping their coffee. As if they all shared the same memories that the little sentimental piece of music awoke in her, Sue glanced around smiling at her fellows and tried to believe that all of them—even the old men with Hindenburg mustaches and palsied wattles, and even the Brown Shirts fiercely playing chess—had been children like herself and had stumbled in buckled pumps through the simple steps of the minuet at the military command of a dancing teacher, Miss Conklin, who had bared her sinewy legs to the thigh. In some public presentation of Miss Conklin's class, Sue had worn a yellow bodice with a lacing of black velvet ribbon, a bouffant skirt of chintz covered all over with daffodils, and a cotton-batting wig that smelled of stale talcum powder. Even though her partner had been a sissy boy with nastily damp hands and white eyelashes, and though she had been grave with stagefright, she had had moments of most thrilling expectation, as if this were only the dress rehearsal of the grown-up ball to come.

If she had expected all the strangers in the café to be transported by the "Minuet" to a sweet and distant time, she had not expected Ramona Dunn to be, and she was astonished and oddly frightened to see the fat girl gazing with a sad, reflective smile into her water glass. When the music stopped and the familiar hullabaloo was reëstablished in the room, Ramona said, "Oh, I don't know of anything that makes me more nostalgic than that tinny little tune! It makes me think of Valentine parties before my sister Martha died."

It took Sue a minute to rearrange her family portrait of the Dunns, which heretofore had included, besides Ramona, only a mother and a father and three brothers. Because this was by far the simplest way, she had seen them in her mind's eye as five stout, scholarly extensions of Ramona, grouped together against the background of Vesuvius. She had imagined that they spent their time examining papyri and writing Latin verses, and she regretted admitting sorrow into their lives, as she had to do when she saw Ramona's eyes grow vague and saw her, quite unlike her naturally greedy self, push her cake aside, untouched. For a moment or two, the fat girl was still and blank, as if she were waiting for a pain to go away, and then she poured the milk into her coffee, replaced her cake, and began to talk about her family, who, it seemed, were not in the least as Sue had pictured them.

Ramona said that she alone of them was fat and ill-favored, and the worst of it was that Martha, the most beautiful girl who ever lived, had been her twin. Sue could not imagine, she declared, how frightfully good-looking all the Dunns were—except herself, of course: tall and dark-eyed and oval-faced, and tanned from the hours they spent on their father's boat, the San Filippo. And they were terribly gay and venturesome; they were the despair of the croupiers at the tables on the Riviera, the envy of the skiers at San Bernardino and of the yachtsmen on the Mediterranean. Their balls and their musicales and their dinner parties were famous. All the brothers had unusual artistic gifts, and there was so much money in the family that they did not have to do anything but work for their own pleasure in their studios. They were forever involved in scandals with their mistresses, who were either married noblewomen or notorious dancing girls, and forever turning over a new leaf and getting themselves engaged to lovely, convent-bred princesses, whom, however, they did not marry; the young ladies were too submissively Catholic, or too stupid, or their taste in painting was vulgar.

Of all this charming, carefree brood, Martha, five years dead, had been the most splendid, Ramona said, a creature so slight and delicate that one wanted to put her under a glass bell to protect her. Painters were captivated by the elegant shape of her head, around which she wore her chestnut hair in a coronet, and there were a dozen portraits of her, and hundreds of drawings hanging in the big bedroom where she had died and which now had been made into a sort of shrine for her. If the Dunns were odd in any way, it was in this devotion to their dead darling; twice a year Mrs. Dunn changed the nibs in Martha's pens, and in one garden there grew nothing but anemones, Martha's favorite flower. She had ailed from birth, pursued malevolently by the disease that had melted her away to the wick finally when she was sixteen. The family had come to Italy in the beginning of her mortal languor in the hope that the warmth and novelty would revive her, and for a while it did, but the wasting poison continued to devour her slowly, and for years she lay, a touching invalid, on a balcony overlooking the Bay of Naples. She lay on a blond satin chaise longue, in a quaint peignoir made of leaf-green velvet, and sometimes, as she regarded her prospect of sloops and valiant skiffs on the turbulent waves, the cypress trees, white villas in the midst of olive groves, and the intransigent smoldering of Vesuvius, she sang old English airs and Irish songs as she accompanied herself on a lute. If, in the erratic course of her illness, she got a little stronger, she asked for extra cushions at her back and half sat up at a small easel to paint in water colors, liking the volcano as a subject, trite as it was, and the comic tourist boats that romped over the bay from Naples to Capri. If she was very unwell, she simply lay smiling while her parents and her sister and her brothers attended her, trying to seduce her back to health with their futile offerings of plums and tangerines and gilt-stemmed glasses of Rhine wine and nosegays bought from the urchins who bargained on the carriage roads.

When Martha died, Ramona's own grief was despair, because the death of a twin is a foretaste of one's own death, and for months she had been harried with premonitions and prophetic dreams, and often she awoke to find that she had strayed from her bed, for what awful purpose she did not know, and was walking barefoot, like a pilgrim, down the pitch-black road. But the acute phase of her mourning had passed, and now, although sorrow was always with her, like an alter ego, she had got over the worst of it.

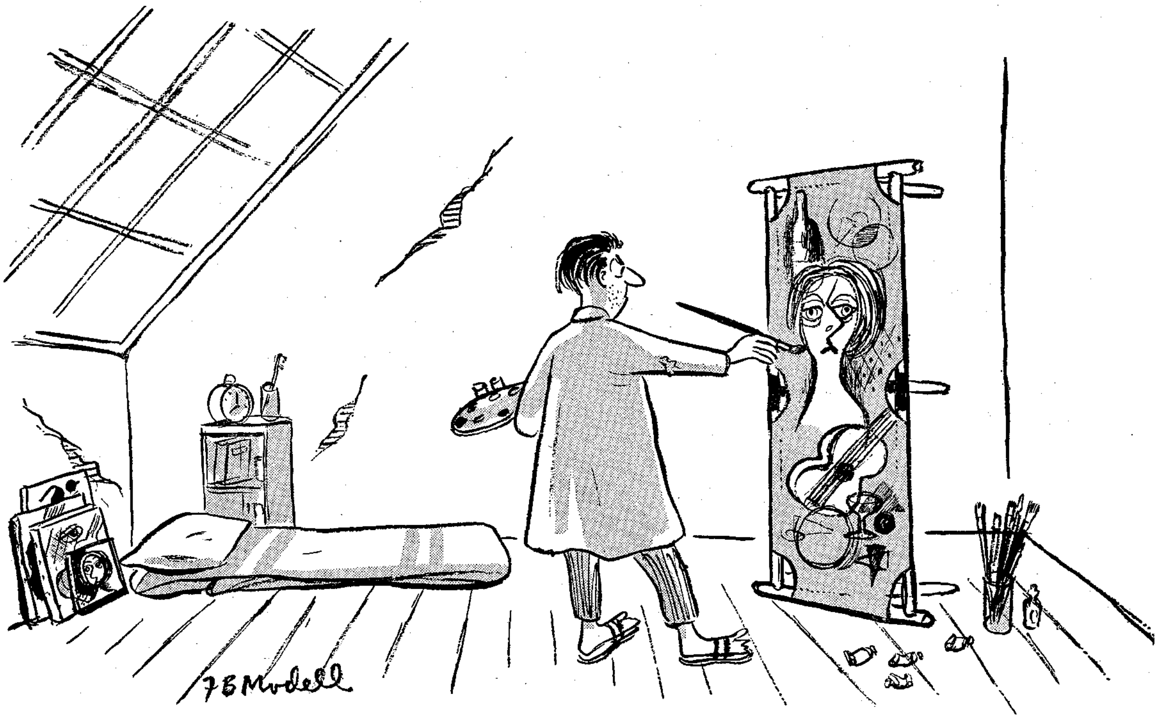
She paused in her narrative and unexpectedly laughed. "What a gloom I'm being!" she said, and resumed her monologue at once but in a lighter tone, this time to recount the drubbing her brother Justin had given someone when he was defending the honor of a dishonorable soprano, and to suggest, in tantalizing innuendoes, that her parents were not faithful to each other.

Sue, whose dead father had been an upright, pessimistic clergyman and whose mother had never given voice to an impure thought, was bewitched by every word Ramona said. It occurred to her once to wonder why Ramona so frowned upon the frolics of the other American students when her beloved relatives were so worldly, but then she realized that the manners of the *haut monde* were one thing and those of undergraduates another. How queer, Sue thought, must seem this freakish bookworm in the midst of it all! And yet such was the ease with which Ramona talked, so exquisitely placed were her fillips of French, so intimate and casual her allusions to the rich and celebrated figures of international society, that Ramona changed before Sue's eyes; from the envelope of fat emerged a personality as *spirituelle* and knowing as any practicing sophisticate's. When, in the course of describing a distiller from Milan who was probably her mother's lover, she broke off and pressingly issued Sue an invitation to go with her a month from then, at the Christmas holiday, to San Bernardino to meet her brothers for a fortnight of skiing, Sue accepted immediately, not stopping to think, in the heady pleasure of the moment, that the proposal was unduly sudden, considering the sketchy nature of their friendship. "My brothers will adore you," she said, giving Sue a look of calm appraisal. "They are eclectic and they'll find your red hair and brown eyes irresistibly naïve." As if the plan had long been in her mind, Ramona named the date they would leave Heidelberg; she begged permission, in the most gracious and the subtlest possible way, to let Sue be her guest, even to the extent of supplying her with ski equipment. When the details were settled—a little urgently, she made Sue promise "on her word of honor" that she would not default—she again took up her report on Signor da Gama, the distiller, who was related by blood to the Pope and had other distinctions of breeding as well to recommend him to her mother, who was, she confessed, something of a snob. "Mama," she said, accenting the ultima, "thinks it is unnecessary for anyone to be badly born."

The Konditorei Luitpold was frequented by teachers from the Translators' Institute, and usually Ramona rejoiced in listening to them chattering and expostulating, in half a dozen European languages, for she prided herself on her gift of tongues. But today her heart was in Sorrento, and she paid no attention to them, not even to two vociferous young Russians at a table nearby. She disposed of the roué from Milan (Sue had read Catullus? Signor da Gama had a cottage at Sirmio not far from his reputed grave) and seemed to be on the point of disclosing her father's delinquencies when she was checked by a new mood, which made her lower her head, flush, and, through the long moment of silence, study the greasy hoops the rancid milk had made on the surface of her coffee.

Sue felt as if she had inadvertently stumbled upon a scene of deepest privacy, which, if she were not careful, she would violate, and, pretending that she had not observed the hiatus at all, she asked, conversationally, the names of Ramona's brothers besides Justin.

The two others were called Daniel and Robert, but it was not of



them, or of her parents, or of Martha, that Ramona now wanted to speak but of herself, and haltingly she said that the "Minuet in G" had deranged her poise because it had made her think of the days of her childhood in New York, when she had been no bigger than her twin and they had danced the minuet together, Ramona taking the dandy's part. A friend of the family had predicted that though they were then almost identical, Ramona was going to be the prettier of the two. Now Sue was shocked, for she had thought that Ramona must always have been fat, and she was nearly moved to tears to know that the poor girl had been changed from a swan into an ugly duckling and that it was improbable, from the looks of her, that she would ever be changed back again. But Sue was so young and so badly equipped to console someone so beset that she could not utter a word, and she wished she could go home.

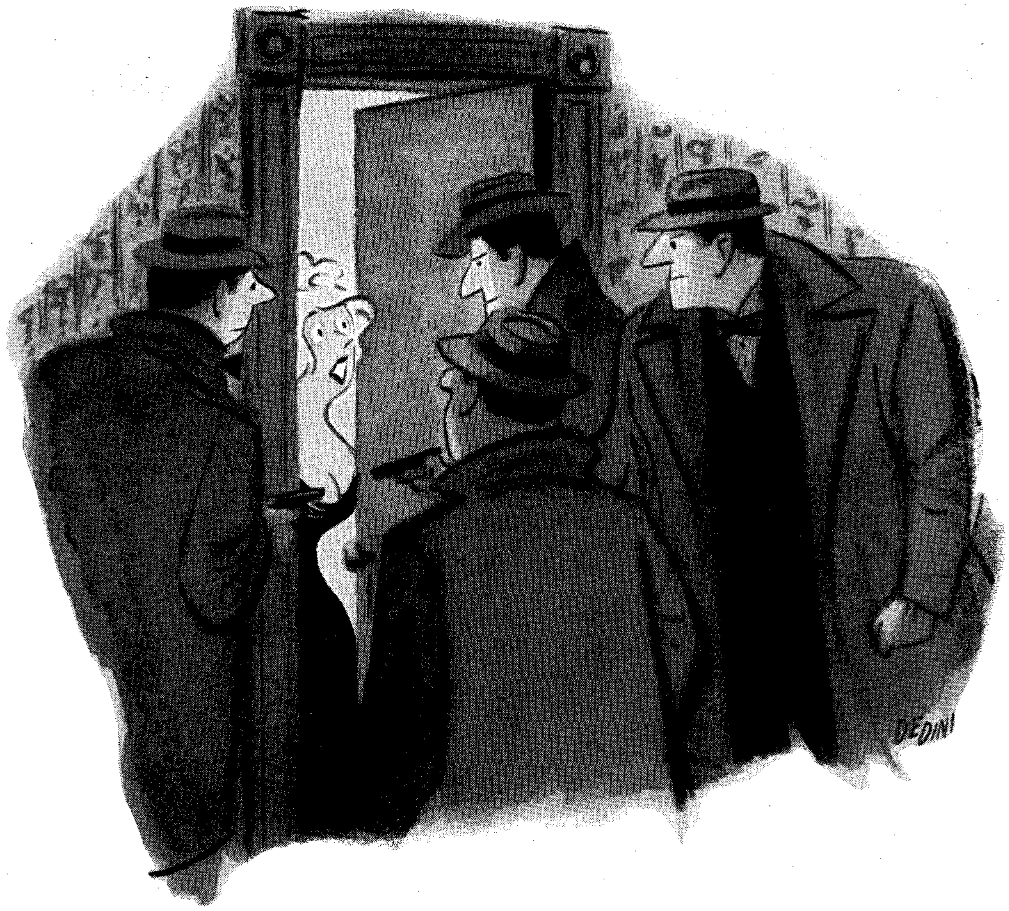
Ramona summoned the waiter and ordered her third piece of cake, saying nervously, after she had done so, "I'm sorry. When I get upset, I have to eat to calm myself. I'm awful! I ought to kill myself for eating so much." She began to devour the cake obsessively, and when she had finished it down to the last crumb and the last fragment of frosting, she said, with shimmering eyes, "Please let me tell you what it is that makes me the unhappiest girl in the world, and maybe you can help me." Did Sue have any idea what it was like to be ruled by food and half driven out of one's mind until one dreamed of it and had at last no other ambition but to eat incessantly with an appetite that grew and grew until one saw oneself, in nightmares, as nothing but an enormous mouth and a tongue, trembling lasciviously? Did she know the terror and the remorse that followed on the heels of it when one slyly sneaked the lion's share of buttered toast at tea? Had she ever desired the whole of a pudding meant for twelve and hated with all her heart the others at the dinner table? Sue could not hide her blushing face or put her fingers in her ears or close her eyes against the tortured countenance of that wretched butterball, who declared that she had often come within an ace of doing away with herself because she looked so grotesque.

Leaning across the table, almost whispering, Ramona went on, "I didn't come to Heidelberg for its philologists—they don't know any more than I do. I have exiled myself. I would not any longer offend that long-suffering family of mine with the sight of me." It had been her aim to fast throughout this year, she continued, and return to them transformed, and she had hoped to be thinner by many pounds when she joined her brothers at Christmastime. But she had at once run into difficulties, because, since she was not altogether well (she did not specify her illness and Sue would not have asked its name for anything), she had to be under the supervision of a doctor. And the doctor in Heidelberg, like the doctor in Naples, would not take her seriously when she said her fatness was ruining her life; they had both gone so far as to say that she was *meant* to be like this and that it would be imprudent of her to diet. Who was bold enough to fly in the face of medical authority? Not she, certainly.

It appeared, did it not, to be a dilemma past solution, Ramona asked. And yet this afternoon she had begun to see a way out, if Sue would pledge herself to help. Sue did not reply at once, sensing an involvement, but then she thought of Ramona's brothers, whom she was going to please, and she said she would do what she could.

"You're not just saying that? You are my friend? You know, of course, that you'll be repaid a hundredfold." Ramona subjected Sue's sincerity to some minutes of investigation and then outlined her plan, which seemed very tame to Sue after all these preparations, for it consisted only of Ramona's defying Dr. Freudenburg and of Sue's becoming a sort of unofficial censor and confessor. Sue was to have lunch with her each day, at Ramona's expense, and was to remind her, by a nudge or a word now and again, not to eat more than was really necessary to keep alive. If at any time Sue suspected that she was eating between meals or late at night, she was to come out flatly with an accusation and so shame Ramona that it would never happen again. The weekends were particularly difficult, since there were no lectures to go to and it was tempting not to stir out of her room at all but to gorge throughout the day on delicacies out of tins and boxes that she had sent to herself from shops in Strasbourg and Berlin. And since, in addition to fasting, she needed exercise, she hoped that Sue would agree to go walking with her on Saturdays and Sundays, a routine that could be varied from time to time by a weekend trip to some neighboring town of interest.

When Sue protested mildly that Ramona had contradicted her earlier assertion that she would not dare dispute her doctor's word, Ramona



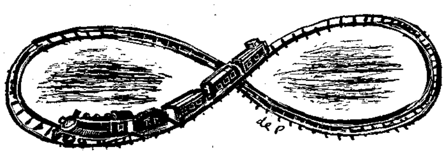
"Who shall I say it is—G-men or T?"

grinned roguishly and said only, "Don't be nosy."

RAMONA had found an old ladies' home, called the Gerstnerheim, which, being always in need of funds, welcomed paying guests at the midday meal, whom they fed for an unimaginably low price. Ramona did not patronize it out of miserliness, however, but because the food was nearly inedible. And it was here that the girls daily took their Spartan lunch. It was quite the worst that Sue had ever eaten anywhere, for it was cooked to pallor and flaccidity and then was seasoned with unheard-of condiments, which sometimes made her sick. The bread was sour and the soup was full of pasty clots; the potatoes were waterlogged and the old red cabbage was boiled until it was blue. The dessert was always a basin of molded farina with a sauce of gray jelly that had a gray taste. The aged ladies sat at one enormously long table, preserving an institutional silence until the farina was handed around, and, as if this were an alarm, all the withered lips began to move simultaneously and from them issued high squawks of protest against the dreary lot of being old and homeless and underfed. Sue could not help admiring Ramona, who ate her plate of eel and celeriac as if she really preferred it to tuna roasted with black olives and who talked all the while of things quite other than food—of Walther von der Vogelweide's eccentric syntax, of a new French novel that had come in the mail that morning, and of their trip to Switzerland.

Justin and Daniel and Robert were delighted that Sue was coming, Ramona said, and arrangements were being made in a voluminous correspondence through the air over the Alps. Sue had never been on skis in her life, but she did not allow this to deflate her high hopes. She thought only of evenings of lieder (needless to say, the accomplished Dunns sang splendidly) and hot spiced wine before a dancing fire, of late breakfasts in the white sun and brilliant conversation. And of what was coming afterward! The later holidays (Ramona called them *villeggiatura*), spent in Sorrento! The countesses' garden parties in Amalfi and the cruises on the Aegean Sea, the visits to Greece, the balls in the princely houses of Naples! Ramona could not decide which of her brothers Sue would elect to marry. Probably Robert, she thought, since he was the youngest and the most affectionate.

It was true that Sue did not quite believe all she was told, but she knew that the ways of the rich are strange, and while she did not allow her fantasies to invade the hours assigned to classes and study, she did not rebuff them when they came at moments of leisure. From time to time, she suddenly remembered that she was required to give something in return for Ramona's largess, and then she would say how proud she was of her friend's self-discipline or would ask her, like a frank and compassionate doctor, if she had strayed at all from her intention (she always had; she always immediately admitted it and Sue always put on a show of disappointment), and once in a while she said that Ramona was looking much thinner, although this was absolutely untrue. Sometimes they took the electric tram to Neckargemünd, where they split a bottle of sweet Greek wine. Occasionally they went to Mannheim, to the opera, but they never stayed for a full performance; Ramona said that later in the year Signor da Gama would invite them to his house in Milan and then they could go to the Scala every night. Once they went for a weekend to Rothenburg, where Ramona, in an uncontrollable holiday mood, ate twelve cherry tarts in a single day. She was tearful for a week afterward, and to show Sue how sorry she was, she ground out a cigarette on one of her downy wrists. This dreadful incident took place in the Luitpold and was witnessed by several patrons, who could not conceal their alarm. Sue thought to herself, Maybe she's cuckoo, and while she did not relinquish any of her daydreams of the festivities in Italy, she began to observe Ramona more closely.



She could feel the turmoil in her when they went past bakeshop windows full of cream puffs and cheesecake and petits fours. Ramona, furtively glancing at the goodies out of the corner of her eye, would begin a passionate and long-winded speech on the present-day use of Latin in Iceland. When, on a special occasion, they dined together at the Ritterhalle, she did not even look at the menu but lionheartedly ordered a single dropped egg and a cup of tea and resolutely kept her eyes away from Sue's boiled beef and fritters. When drinking cocktails in the American bar at the Europäischer Hof, she shook her head as the waiter passed a tray of canapés made of caviar, anchovy, lobster, foie gras, and Camembert, ranged fanwise around a little bowl of ivory almonds. But sometimes she did capitulate, with a piteous rationalization—that she had

LULLABY FOR SQUIRRELS

The cold, the cold is coming down again. Lullay, lullay!
The rime stopped on the field,
The sky stopped on the bough,
The leaves stopped on the mold,
But cold the snow fell down,
Fell down, came falling, falling down again. Lullay!

The cruel men come to the woods again. Lullay, lullay!
The hook is curving in the brake,
The axe is carving on the bark,
The eye is cored upon the bead,
The squirrel, curdling in his blood,
Falls down, falls down, is falling down again. Lullay!

The men, the men go back to town again. Lullay, lullay!
One with a bloody skin to hang
And eat the bloody meat, and one
To hang a wreath and warm his shin,
While still the cold comes down, and down
The snow comes falling, falling down again. Lullay!

And now the broken wood is whole again. Lullay, lullay!
In snow, in snow the holly bough
Is whole, the fir stump round in snow,
The hollow oak is hid. And now
The blood is whitened in the snow
Come falling down, come falling down again. Lullay!

—LOUIS KENT

"If I should try to start an argument with you during the course of the evening, I hope you'll just ignore it."

• •

not eaten any breakfast or that she had barely touched her soup at the Gerstnerheim and that therefore there would be nothing wrong in her having two or perhaps three or four of these tiny little sandwiches. One time Sue saw her take several more than she had said she would and hide them under the rim of her plate.

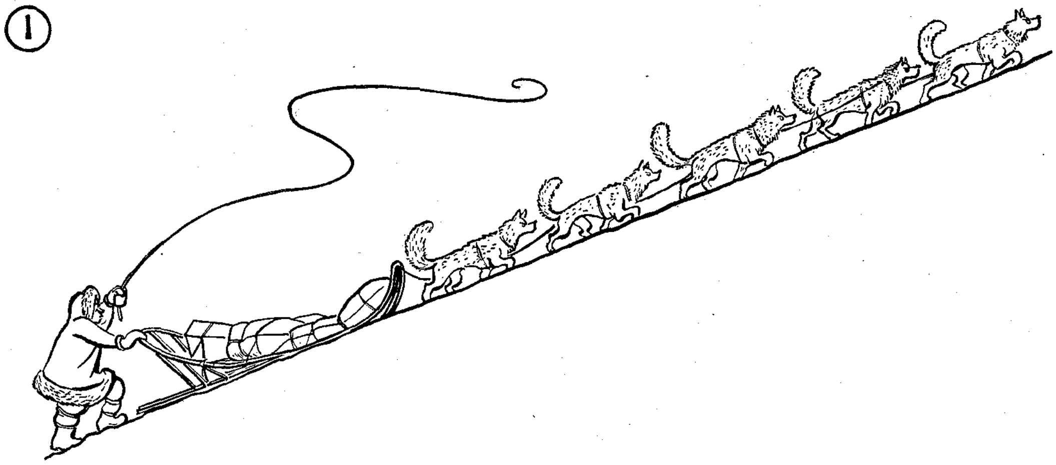
As the date set for their departure for Switzerland drew nearer, Ramona grew unaccountable. Several times she failed to appear at lunch, and when Sue, in a friendly way, asked for an explanation, she snapped, "None of your business. What do you think you are? My nurse?" She was full of peevishness, complaining of the smell of senility in the Gerstnerheim, of students who sucked the shells of pistachio nuts in the library, of her landlady's young son, who she was sure rummaged through her bureau drawers when she was not at home. Once she and Sue had a fearful row when Sue, keeping up her end of the bargain, although she really did not care a pin, told her not to buy a bag of chestnuts from a vender on a street corner. Ramona shouted, for all the world to hear, "You are sadly mistaken, Miss Ledbetter, if you think you know more than Dr. Augustus Freudenburg, of the Otto-Ludwigs Clinic!" And a little after that she acquired the notion that people were staring at her, and she carried an umbrella, rain or shine, to hide herself from them. But, oddest of all, when the skis and boots and poles that she had ordered for Sue arrived, and Sue thanked her for them, she said, "I can't think what use they'll be. Obviously there never is any snow in this ghastly, godforsaken place."

There was an awful afternoon when Ramona was convinced that the waiter at the Luitpold had impugned her German, and Sue found herself in the unhappy role of intermediary in a preposterous altercation so bitter that it stopped just short of a bodily engagement. When the girls left the café—at the insistence of the management—they were silent all the way to the cathedral, which was the place where they usually took leave of each other to go their separate ways home. They paused a moment there in the growing dark, and suddenly Ramona said, "Look at me!" Sue looked at her. "I say!" said Ramona. "In this light you look exactly like my sister. How astonishing! Turn a little to the left, there's a dear." And when Sue had turned as she directed, a whole minute—but it seemed an hour to Sue—passed before Ramona broke from her trance to cry, "How blind I've been! My brothers would be shocked to death if they should see you. It would kill them!"

She put out her hands, on which she wore white leather mittens, and held Sue's face between them and studied it, half closing her eyes and murmuring her amazement, her delight, her perplexity at her failure until now to see this marvellous resemblance. Once, as her brown eyes nimbly catechized the face before her, she took off her right mitten and ran her index finger down Sue's nose, as if she had even learned her sister's bones by heart, while Sue, unable to speak, could only think in panic, What does she mean *if* they should see me?

Ramona carried on as if she were moon-struck, making fresh discoveries until not only were Sue's and Martha's faces identical but so were their voices and their carriage and the shape of their hands and feet. She said, "You must come to my room and see a picture of Martha right now. It's desperately weird."

Fascinated, Sue nodded, and they moved on through the quiet street. Ramona paused to look at her each time they went under a street light, touched her hair, begged leave to take her arm, and called her Martha, Sister, Twin, and sometimes caught her breath in an abortive sob. They went past the lighted windows of the *Bierstuben,*



where the shadows of young men loomed and waved, and then turned at the Kornmarkt and began to climb the steep, moss-slick steps that led to the castle garden. As they went through the avenue of trees that lay between the casino and the castle, Ramona, peering at Sue through the spooky mist, said, "They would have been much quicker to see it than I," so Sue knew, miserably and for sure, that something had gone wrong with their plans to go to San Bernardino. And then Ramona laughed and broke away and took off her tam-o'-shanter, which she hurled toward the hedge of yew, where it rested tipsily.

"I could vomit," she said, standing absolutely still.

There was a long pause. Finally, Sue could no longer bear the suspense, and she asked Ramona if her brothers knew that she and Ramona were not coming.

"Of course they know. They've known for two weeks, but you're crazy if you think the reason we're not going is that you look like Martha. How beastly vain you are!" She was so angry and she trembled so with her rage that Sue did not dare say another word. "It was Freudenburg who said I couldn't go," she howled. "He has found out that I have lost ten pounds."

Sue had no conscious motive in asking her, idly and not really caring, where Dr. Freudenburg's office was; she had meant the guileless question to be no more than a bit of noncommittal and courteous interest, and she was badly frightened when, in reply, Ramona turned on her and slapped her hard on either cheek, and then opened her mouth to emit one hideous, protracted scream. Sue started instinctively to run away, but Ramona seized and held her arms, and began to talk in a lunatic, fast monotone, threatening her with lawsuits and public exposure if she ever mentioned the name Freudenburg again *or* her brothers *or* her mother and father *or* Martha, that ghastly, puling, pampered hypochondriac who had totally wrecked her life.

Sue felt that the racket of her heart and her hot, prancing brain would drown out Ramona's voice, but it did nothing of the kind, and they stood there, rocking in their absurd attitude, while the fit continued. Sue was sure that the police and the townsfolk would come running at any moment and an alarm would be sounded and they would be arrested for disturbing the peace. But if anyone heard them, it was only the shades of the princes in the castle.

It was difficult for Sue to sort out the heroes and the villains in this diatribe. Sometimes it appeared that Ramona's brothers and her parents hated her, sometimes she thought they had been glad when Martha died; sometimes Dr. Freudenburg seemed to be the cause of everything. She had the impression that he was an alienist, and she wondered if now he would send his patient to an institution; at other times she thought the Doctor did not exist at all. She did not know whom to hate or whom to trust, for the characters in this *Walpurgisnacht* changed shape by the minute and not a one was left out—not Signor da Gama or the ballet girls in Naples or the old ladies at the Gerstnerheim or the prehistoric figures of a sadistic nurse, a base German governess, and a nefarious boy cousin who had invited Ramona to misbehave when she was barely eight years old. Once she said that to escape Dr. Freudenburg she meant to order her father to take her cruising on the San Filippo; a minute later she said that that loathsome fool Justin had wrecked the boat on the coast of Yugoslavia. She would go home to the villa in Sorrento and be comforted by her brothers, who had always preferred her to everyone else in the world—except that they hadn't! They had always despised her. Freudenburg would write to her father and he would come to fetch her back to that vulgar, parvenu house, and there, in spite of all her efforts to outwit them, they would make her eat and eat until she was the laughing stock of the entire world. What *were* they after? Did they want to indenture her to a sideshow?

She stopped, trailed off, turned loose Sue's arm, and stood crestfallen, like a child who realizes that no one is listening to his tantrum. Tears, terribly silent, streamed down her round cheeks.

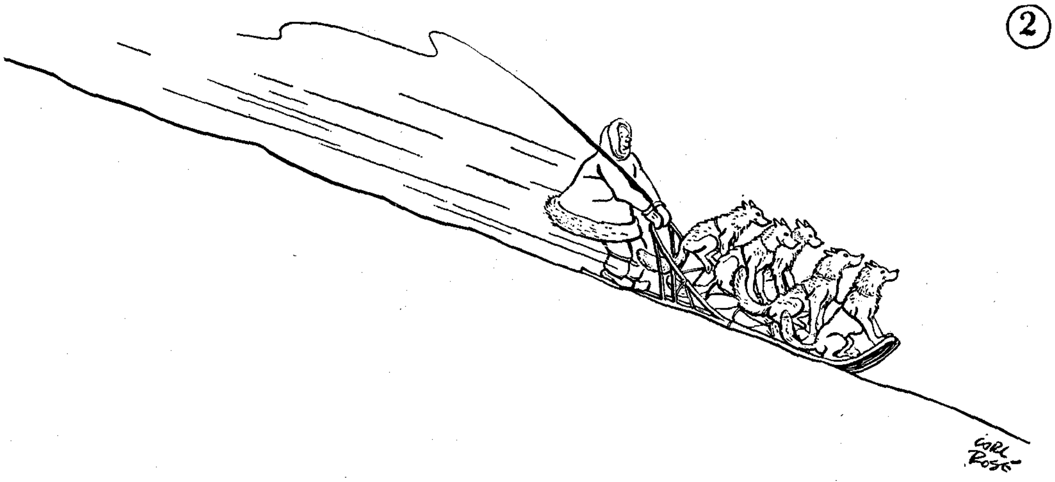
Then, "It isn't true, you know. They aren't like that, they're good and kind. The only thing that's true is that I eat all the time," and softly, to herself, she repeated, "All the time." In a mixture of self-hatred and abstracted bravado, she said that she had supplemented all her lunches at the Gerstnerheim and had nibbled constantly, alone in her room; that Dr. Freudenburg's recommendation had been just the opposite of what she had been saying all along.

UNCONSOLABLE, Ramona moved on along the path, and Sue followed, honoring her tragedy but struck dumb by it. On the way through the courtyard and down the street, Ramona told her, in a restrained and rational voice, that her father was coming the next day to take her back to Italy, since the experiment of her being here alone had not worked. Her parents, at the counsel of Dr. Freudenburg, were prepared to take drastic measures, involving, if need be, a hospital, the very thought of which made her blood run cold. "Forgive me for that scene back there," she said. "You grow wild in loneliness like mine. It would have been lovely if it had all worked out the way I wanted and we had gone to Switzerland."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sue, whose heart was broken. "I don't know how to ski anyway."

"Really? What crust! I'd never have bought you all that gear if I had known." Ramona laughed lightly. They approached the garden gate of a tall yellow house, and she said, "This is where I live. Want to come in and have a glass of kirsch?"

Sue did not want the kirsch and she knew she should be on her way home if she were to get anything hot for supper, but she was curious to see the photograph of Martha, and since Ramona seemed herself again, she followed her



down the path. Ramona had two little rooms, as clean and orderly as cells. In the one where she studied, there was no furniture except a long desk with deep drawers and a straight varnished chair and a listing bookcase. She had very few books, really, for one so learned—not more than fifty altogether—and every one of them was dull: grammars, dictionaries, readers, monographs reprinted from scholarly journals, and treatises on semantics, etymology, and phonetics. Her pens and pencils lay straight in a lacquered tray, and a pile of notebooks sat neatly at the right of the blotter, and at the left there was a book open to a homily in Anglo-Saxon which, evidently, she had been translating. As soon as they had taken off their coats, Ramona went into the bedroom and closed the door; from beyond it Sue could hear drawers being opened and quickly closed, metal clashing, and paper rustling, and she imagined that the bureaus were stocked with contraband—with sweets and sausages and cheese. For the last time, she thought of Daniel and Justin and Robert, of whom she was to be forever deprived because their sister could not curb her brutish appetite.

She wandered around the room and presently her eye fell on a photograph in a silver frame standing in a half-empty shelf of the bookcase. It could only be Martha. The dead girl did not look in the least like Sue but was certainly as pretty as she had been described, and as Sue looked at the pensive eyes and the thoughtful lips, she was visited by a fugitive feeling that this was really Ramona's face at which she looked and that it had been refined and made immaculate by an artful photographer who did not scruple to help his clients deceive themselves. For Martha wore a look of lovely wonder and remoteness, as if she were all disconnected spirit, and it was the same as a look that sometimes came to Ramona's eyes and lips just as she lifted her binoculars to contemplate the world through the belittling lenses.

Sue turned the photograph around, and on the back she read the penned inscription "Martha Ramona Dunn at sixteen, Sorrento." She looked at that ethereal face again, and this time had no doubt that it had once belonged to Ramona. No wonder the loss of it had left her heartbroken! She sighed to think of her friend's desperate fabrication. In a sense, she supposed the Martha side of Ramona Dunn *was* dead, dead and buried under layers and layers of fat. Just as she returned it guiltily to its place, the door to the bedroom opened and Ramona, grandly gesturing toward her dressing table, cried, "Come in! Come in! Enter the banquet hall!" She had emptied the drawers of all their forbidden fruits, and arrayed on the dressing table, in front of her bottles of cologne and medicine, were cheeses and tinned fish and pickles and pressed meat and cakes, candies, nuts, olives, sausages, buns, apples, raisins, figs, prunes, dates, and jars of pâté and glasses of jelly and little pots of caviar, as black as ink. "Don't stint!" she shouted, and she bounded forward and began to eat as if she had not had a meal in weeks.

"All evidence must be removed by morning! What a close shave! What if my father had come without telling me and had found it all!" Shamelessly, she ranged up and down the table, cropping and lowing like a cow in a pasture. There were droplets of sweat on her forehead and her hands were shaking, but nothing else about her showed that she had gone to pieces earlier or that she was deep, deeper by far than anyone else Sue had ever known.

Sucking a rind of citron, Ramona said, "You must realize that our friendship is over, but not through any fault of yours. When I went off and turned on you that way, it had nothing to do with you at all, for of course you don't look any more like

② Martha than the man in the moon."

"It's all right, Ramona," said Sue politely. She stayed close to the door, although the food looked very good. "I'll still be your friend."

"Oh, no, no, there would be nothing in it for you," Ramona said, and her eyes narrowed ever so slightly. "Thank you just the same. I am exceptionally ill." She spoke with pride, as if she were really saying "I am exceptionally talented" or "I am exceptionally attractive."

"I didn't know you were," said Sue. "I'm sorry."

"*I'm* not sorry. It is for yourself that you should be sorry. You have such a trivial little life, poor girl. It's not your fault. Most people do."

"I'd better go," said Sue.

"Go! Go!" cried Ramona, with a gesture of grand benediction. "I weep not."

Sue's hand was on the knob of the outer door, but she hesitated to leave a scene so inconclusive. Ramona watched her as she lingered; her mouth was so full that her cheeks were stretched out as if in mumps, and through the food and through a devilish, mad grin she said, "Of *course* you could never know the divine joy of being twins, provincial one! Do you know what he said the last night when my name was Martha? The night he came into that room where the anemones were? He pretended that he was looking for a sheet of music. Specifically for a sonata for the harpsichord by Wilhelm Friedrich Bach."

But Sue did not wait to hear what he, whoever he was, had said; she ran down the brown-smelling stairs and out into the cold street with the feeling that Ramona was still standing there before the food, as if she were serving herself at an altar, still talking, though there was no one to listen. She wondered if she ought to summon Dr. Freudenburg, and then decided that, in the end, it was none of her business. She caught a trolley that took her near her pension, and was just in time to get some hot soup and a plate of cold meats and salad before the kitchen closed. But when the food came, she found that she had no appetite at all. "What's the matter?" asked Herr Sachs, the fresh young waiter. "Are you afraid to get fat?" And he looked absolutely flabbergasted when, at this, she fled from the café without a word.

—JEAN STAFFORD

THE WHOLE AUDIENCE WOULDA BUST RIGHT OUT LAUGHIN'

AW, Jen, too bad you din get here jess two minutes ago. If you'da been here jess two minutes ago, you coulda seen him. I tell you, he was simply the mose divine fella you ever seen in your whole, entire life. A regella doll! . . . Who? Why, this here man, this fella I'm tellin' you about. Honessly, Jen, he was so good-lookin', so clean-cut, and so— Oh, I dunno. I mean you can awways tell a clean-cut fella jess by his appearance—very neat, very sharp, very clean-cut. Know what I mean? And there he was, Jen, speakin' to me, and I kep' sayin' to myself, "Gee whizz, if Jen would oney come along, then this here might develop to somethin'." I mean after all, who knows? You never can tell.

Hodda *I* know his name? All I had was jess this here short, very brief conversation with the man. There I was, see, standin' here outside Saks's, waitin' like I'm supposed to, fa you to show up, and he comes along, and right away I could tell by his puzzled expression on his face, he's kinda puzzled. You know, worried. Anyways, he comes up to me and he says, "Parm me, Miss, but could you, by any chance, tell me where is the nearest subway station located at? Here I been walkin' my two feet off," he says, "and I keep goin' round and round in circles tryin' to find out jess where the subway station is located at."

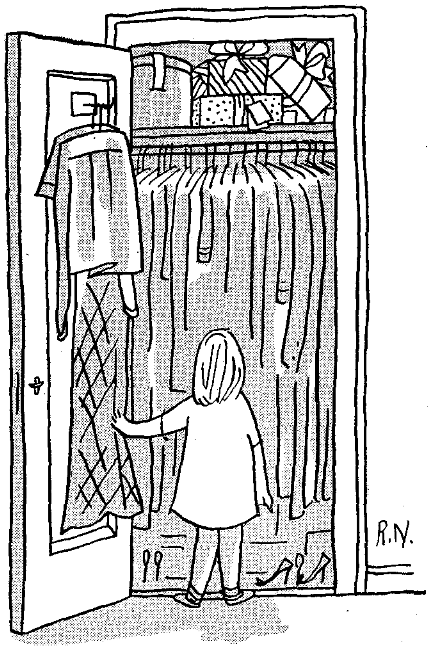
Well, at first I din know what to do. . . . Yeah, that's exackly what I mean—he's handin' me some line or other. I mean supposin' I went ahead and I informed him, nex' thing you know, he begins talkin' to me about this, that, and the other, and he finey winds up astin' me my phone number, and am I busy tonight, and hozz about datin' me up or somethin'? Leaseways, that's my impression at first. So I jess din know what to do, if I should go and tell him where it is, or if I should say, "Go fly a kite! I'm not in the habit of talkin' to strangers, 'specially somebody to who I haven't been innaduced to in the first place." After all, who is he? A perfec' stranger! Somebody I never even met before!

Then I noticed he's got one of them leather zipper bags unna his arm. . . . That's right—a briefcase! So I figgered, I betcha he must be some type professional person—a lawyer, maybe. So I says to myself, "Why go and antagonize him, 'specially supposin' he is lost and he don't know the neighborhood? After all, maybe he's gotta keep some important appointment or other. So if I don't tell him where it is, the station, he'll oney hafta go round and ast somebody else, and by the time he finds out, who knows, maybe he'll lose the case? I mean providin' he is a lawyer."

Anyways, I figgered I'll take a chance—you know, justa see what happens. So I told him he should walk up one block to Sixth Avenue, and just folly the arrers they got on the lamppost, which point to where the station is—you know, in which direction it's located at. So he smiles—very lovely white teeth—and he says, "Look, I know this is gonna sound very funny, but anyways, jess where is Sixth Avenue located?"

Yeah, Jen, that's exackly what I thought—he's stringin' me along, and nex' thing he'll want I should be his personal escort and take him to the station in person. So I says to him, "Look," I says, "if you are stringin' me along, you went and contacted the wrong party," I says. "Honessly, Miss, I'm not stringin' you along," he says to me. "I'm from outa town, see, and natchelly I'm unacquainted with New Yawk City. By rights," he says, "I'd go and ast some policeman and save you the bother explainin' me the directions, oney there's no policeman who happens to be around."

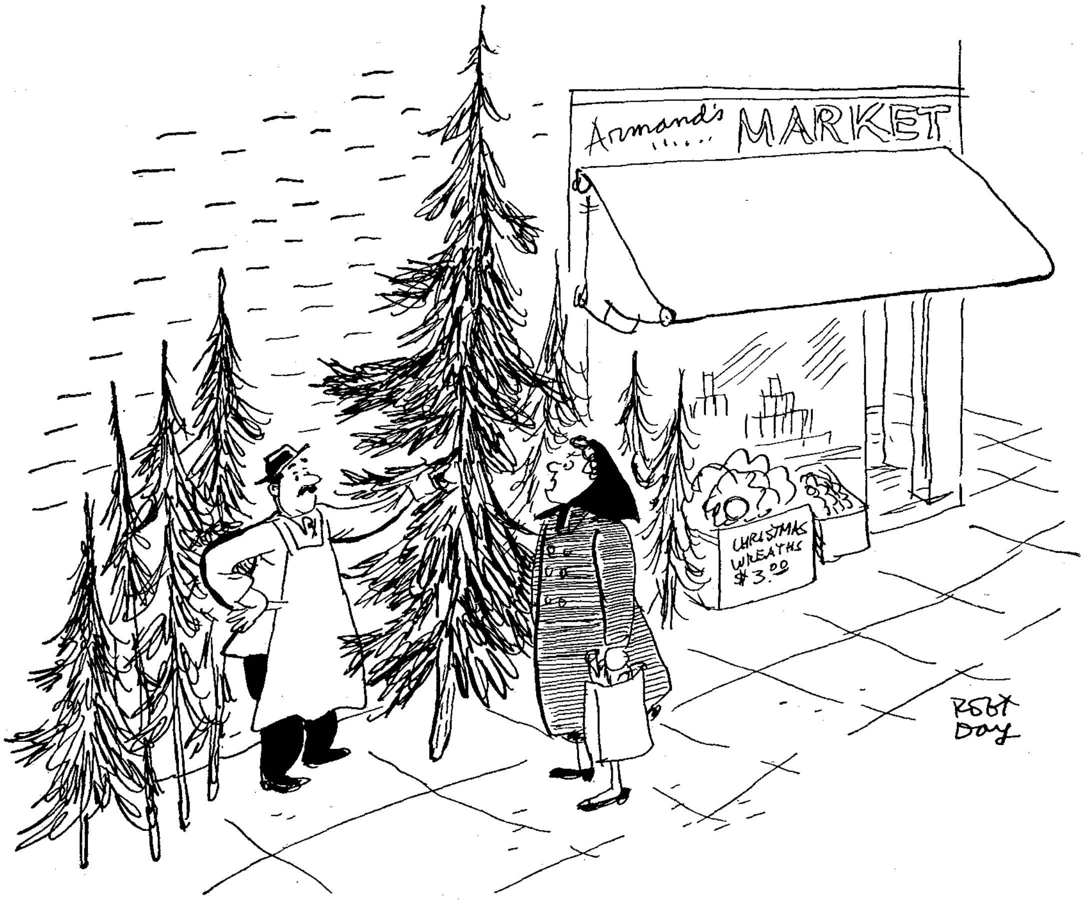
I honessly din know what to make of it—you know, if he's the fresh type, just tryin' to pick me up, or what. Then I figger, supposin' I was in his shoes. Finstance, say I was in Philadelphia, P.A. Why, I'd be a stranger there. I wouldn't know one street from Adam, and I'd be lost no matter where I'd be. So supposin' I came up to somebody and I ast them to kiney gimme the directions hodda get to the nearest subway station, and they went ahead and they refused me, you know what? I'd be furious! I'd be good and sore, believe me. Wouldn't you? I mean after all.



So I thought to myself, What the hell! I'll take another chance and see what happens. So I says to him, "Look. You are now on Fifth Avenue. Right? Well, six comes after fifth, so all you gotta do, you jess walk up one block, and there you are—Sixth Avenue! I'm surprised you can't figger that out all by your own self," I says. I mean in case he was the fresh type, I'd let him know he's not puttin' anything over. Know what I mean?

What'd he say? Well, all he said at first was nothin'. I mean, he jess stands there, see, and he keeps shakin' his head. Then he tells me he can't make it out. "What's there not to make out about?" I says. "It's very simple. Fifth Avenue, Sixth Avenue, Seventh Avenue. Just plain common 'rithmetic." "So if that's the case," he says, "how come the avenue I jess now came up from, why is that Madison and not Fourth Avenue? Fourth is awways previous to fifth." . . . Yeah, that's exackly what I thought—this fella's stringin' me along. He's handin' me some line or other. So I says to him, "Look," I says. "Nobody round here came up and ast me my advice when they started in namin' the streets. If you are lookin' fa the nearest subway station," I says, "it's on Sixth Avenue. Jess go up one block and you'll find there it is—unless they moved it overnight," I says—you know, jess in case he's actin' like he's dumb or somethin'.

Waddeya mean, "What happened?" What should happen? He merely tips his hat and he says, "Thank you very kiney fa the infimmation," nice and polite, see, and then he walks away. I look and I look, and he never even turned around, not once even. Jess kep' on walkin' straight ahead, like I never existed. I kep' sayin' to myself, "I oney wisht Jen was here right now." If you'da been here, then I woulda known exackly where I stood. I mean he wouldn't dare get fresh with the two of us around, and if he was a stranger, like he pretended, why, we coulda talked to him a little, kidded him about this, that, and the other, and maybe, who knows, I'da finey wound up with a date or



"What do you think I want it for—Radio City?"

• •

somethin'. You never can tell.

Well, it stands to reason, Jen. A person comes to New Yawk City with a leather zipper briefcase, you gotta figger he's here on business. So if he's here on business, he'll be comin' back here again, and in that way I'd see him again, and maybe I could develop a friendship with the fella. Why not? It's possible.

Oh, don't be silly! What am I, crazy or somethin', I should run and go chasin' after him? That nutty I'm not! O.K., and supposin' I did, so what'm I gonna say to the man? "What's your name? Where do you live? How long you stayin' in town?" A fine thing! No, Jen, I jess couldn't. It'd be diffrint if you'da been here.

Look, I wonder by any chance did you listen to the radio—this was the other night when they had a quiz show on? Anyways, the master-ceremonies, he says to this here woman, this contestint—she was a housewife, see—so he asts her how come she happened to meet her husbin'. I mean who innaduced them together in the first place? And she says, "Why, nobody." She says they became acquainted all by their own selves. So the m.c. says to her, "How come?" So she says her hubby—I mean the fella before he became her hubby—he was at a public phone booth while she was havin' a cup cawfee at the soda fountain. Anyways, she notices he is goin' through all his pockets, he's searchin' to see if he's got a nickel. Alluva sudden he takes out some change in his hand but, lo and behold, no nickels!

Anyways, he looks up, and then he notices she is starin' at him, the housewife. I mean this woman before she became the housewife. So he goes up to her and he says, "Parm me, Miss, but I happen oney to have a dime. Perhaps, by any chance, you got two nickels change on you?" So she opens her bag, she looks around, and she gives him two nickels fa the dime, and he goes ahead and he makes his phone call. Then when he comes out, he notices this party, this woman, she's still sittin' there, still drinkin' her cup cawfee. So he thanks her very kiney fa makin' him change from the dime, and nex' thing she knows, there he is, sittin' down and he's occupyin' the nex' seat from her. And then one thing leads to another, he takes her home, and finey that's how they became acquainted, and from that acquaintanceship it finey developed to their marriage. Very cute, no?

Well, the exac' same thing was goin' on in my mind while I was standin' here waitin' fa you, Jen. There I was, I was thinkin' to myself, My goodness, wouldn't it be a funny thing, supposin' I was on this here quiz show, see, and the m.c. started in astin' me how it happened I became acquainted with my husbin'? So I would say to him, "Well, it was this way. One day, there I was, I'm standin' in fronna Saks's departmint store there on Fifth Avenue, waitin' fa my girl friend Jen to show up. I mean we had a date, see. So while I'm waitin', lo and behold, who should come along exceptin' this fella"—whatever his name is—"and he asts me how he can get to the nearest subway station. So I says to him, 'Jess you go up one block to Sixth Avenue, see,' and he says to me, 'Parm me, Miss, but exackly where is Sixth Avenue?' " I betcha the whole audience woulda bust right out laughin'! It's so cute, I mean. After all, a perfec' stranger comes along lookin' fa the nearest subway, and nex' thing you know, he winds up married to the girl who told him where it is. A thing like that, I betcha it could atchelly even make a very cute moom pitcha. Why not? It's possible.

Anyways, too bad you din see him. He certainey was very nice-lookin' awright. A very clean-cut, high-type professional man. Honestly, it was a pleasure to tell him hodda get to that subway. Too bad, though, you din come along in time. I betcha I'da had a date fa tonight, or somethin'. . . . Ha? . . . Tonight? . . . Oh, the usual thing I guess—stay home and wash my hair. A regella mess, my mop. Oh, well!

—ARTHUR KOBER

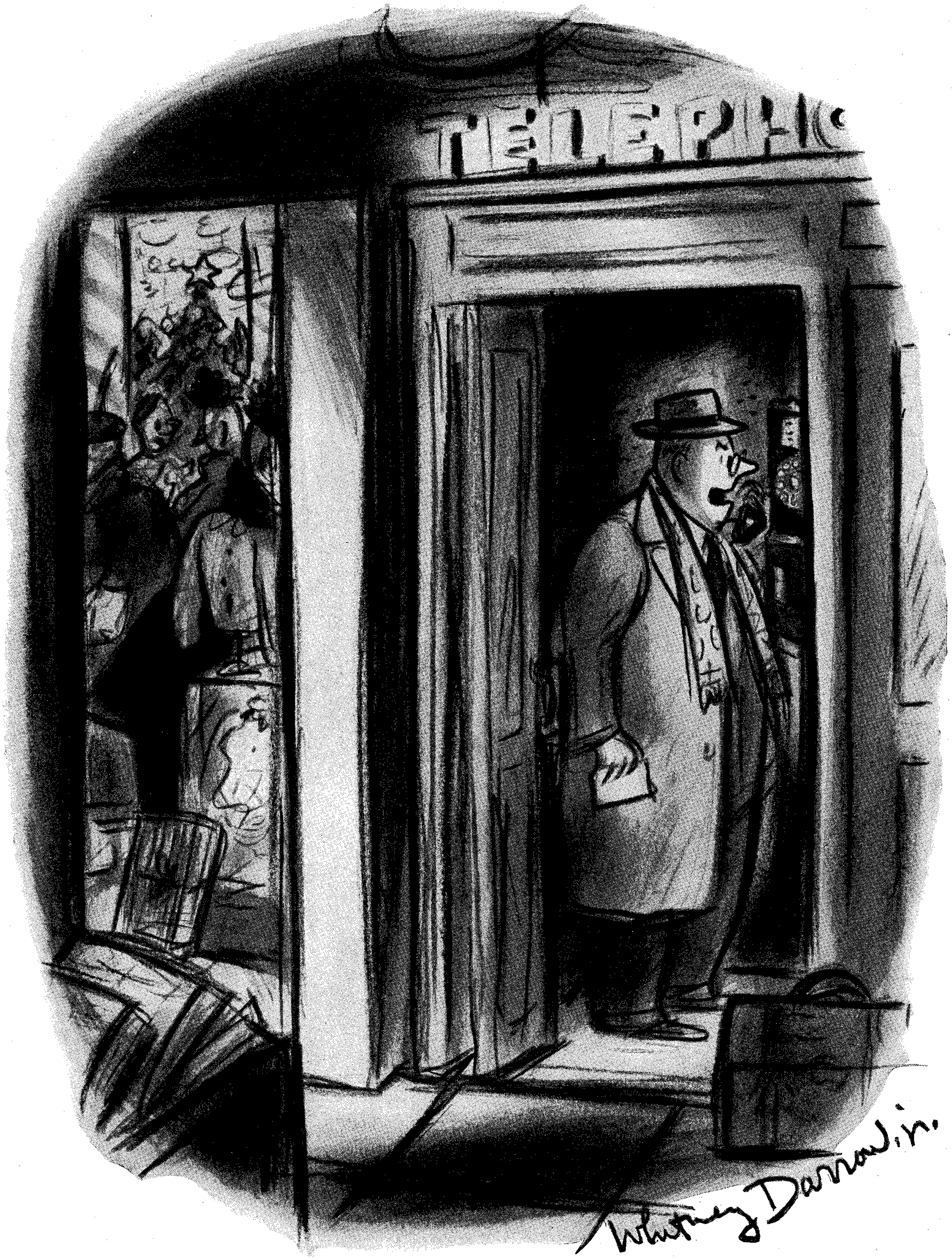
•

Senator Harry Byrd (Dem-Va.) . . . said events of the last few weeks have indicated to him that some drastic revisions in military espionage operations ought to be undertaken.

"The whole intelligentsia setup probably ought to be reorganized on a war basis," he said in a separate interview.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We're for that.


TELEPHO
Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Marge, is it yellow or gray you look like hell in?"

ANNALS OF CRIME

LONDON MASQUE

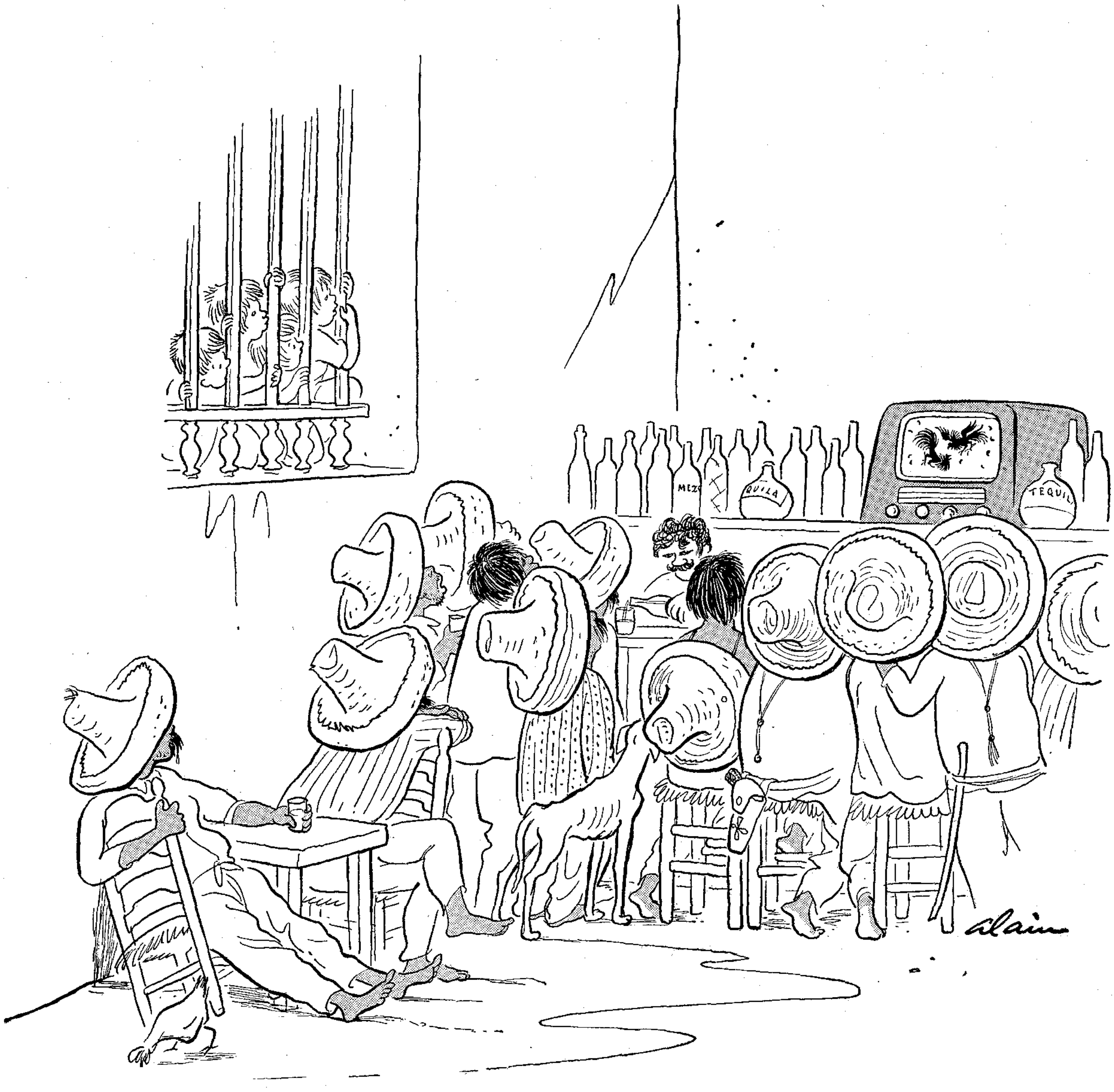
III—MR. TIFFEN, MR. AND MRS. HUME, THE GAUTAMA BUDDHA, JEHOVAH, AND MR. CLAYE

BECAUSE Mr. Justice Lewis had been stricken with a fatal illness during the first day of the Hume murder trial, which began in the Old Bailey last January, a new judge had to take over the case. Instead of Sir Wilfred Lewis, sixty-eight years old, a Fellow of Eton College and of University College, Oxford, a passionate churchman, slender and refined, like the statue of a bishop on a French cathedral, we now had Sir Frederick Sellers, fifty-seven years of age, a North Country man, educated at a grammar school and Liverpool University, a fine soldier in the First World War, with the unusual distinction of two bars to his Military Cross, and a Liberal politician, handsome and hearty. That, of course, made a difference to the fate of Brian Donald Hume. In the English system, the tone of a trial is set by the judge, no matter how brilliant the advocates may be. To let Mr. Justice Sellers get the reins in his hand, most of the witnesses who had given evidence on the first day were required to hurry through their evidence once again. This was a great hardship to them. The sister of Mr. Stanley Setty, the murdered man, was still perfectly dressed, but she now looked dishevelled by the conviction that the providence that had her family's fate in hand was delirious. Another witness, the manageress of the dyeing-and-cleaning establishment, was still smiling and moving at a leisurely pace that was a kind of courtesy toward time; she would let every moment have its chance, would do nothing to push it out of the present into the past sooner than need be. But it would not have been surprising if she had wept. The person most likely to resent this lengthy recapitulation, Hume himself, showed no displeasure. He sat in the dock showing his eager appetite for experience, repetitive experience, any experience at all. This appetite is common to most men tried on a grave charge. The oversensitive often rate judges for making silly little jokes and think it shows callousness toward the prisoner in the dock, but it is he who, satisfying this indiscriminate hunger for what takes place aboveground and outside jail, laughs loudest at them.

Soon an incident occurred that would have diverted anybody. There was suddenly a fluttering conference between Hume's solicitor and his counsel, into which the prosecuting counsel was drawn. Then Hume's counsel, Mr. Richard Levy, rose and complained to the Judge that Hume's solicitor had intercepted a telegram addressed to Hume's wife by a representative of a national newspaper which showed that he was trying to prevent her from giving evidence for her husband. At this, a shudder ran through the court. The lawyers were genuinely shocked, and the newspaper men and women thought that one of their craft must have temporarily gone out of his senses. To interfere with a witness is a misdemeanor in English common law and carries horrific penalties, so horrific that, in fact, it is rare in England for witnesses, even in the gangster world, to be spirited away or intimidated. It is contempt of court of the worst kind, and the judge in the case can, if he be so minded, stretch forth his hand and say to the offender, "Here, you go to jail, now," and he goes there and then stays there until the judge decides he has purged his contempt or, under the Habeas Corpus Act, he makes a successful application against the judge's decision. Mr. Justice Sellers read the telegram, grew slightly larger in all directions, and told the officers of the court to go and find the writer of it and bring him to the court forthwith. One saw a surprised man taking off his eyeshade in a room of clattering typewriters, and one's heart bled for him.

The tide of recapitulated evidence flowed on, and then Mr. Levy rose again and said that a further communication from the same representative of a national newspaper had arrived, in the form of a letter addressed to Mrs. Hume, in care of Mr. Hume's solicitors, and that they had got her permission to open it and had found that it was a letter on the same lines as the telegram. The Judge read the letter, and though he had during the morning regained his usual size, he again enlarged himself and directed that the sender of the letter and the telegram, who had meanwhile been hauled from his office to the Old Bailey and was standing under guard outside in the corridor, should be brought into court. There then appeared, to the wonder of all the press, Mr. Duncan Webb, the crime reporter of a sensational but serious-minded Sunday newspaper called *The People*, which likes torsos but supports Labour. Mr. Webb is an extremely able young man, in his thirties, who is supremely good at his job, perhaps because he was in the Navy during the war and found himself in command of a small boat that kept on being attacked from the surface of the water and the depths of the water and the sky above, and had to keep on attacking other craft and bringing trouble on itself. He has a feeling that those accused of crime, and all the relatives of those accused of crime, are always in a difficult position. Consequently, he may appear among the cast of any crime, proffering sympathy to the accused's kin and doing odd chores for them, finding out how they can get relief while Father is on remand, suggesting how they can get the best help for Baby under the National Health Service. He gets news for his paper out of this process, but that is only because he is a loquacious man and must express himself by speaking or writing, and if he were a millionaire and never had to write another line, he would still be found running errands for the corpse's grandmother. He knows the ropes, and he also has a respect for the law; he would be the last person to interfere with a witness in a case under trial.

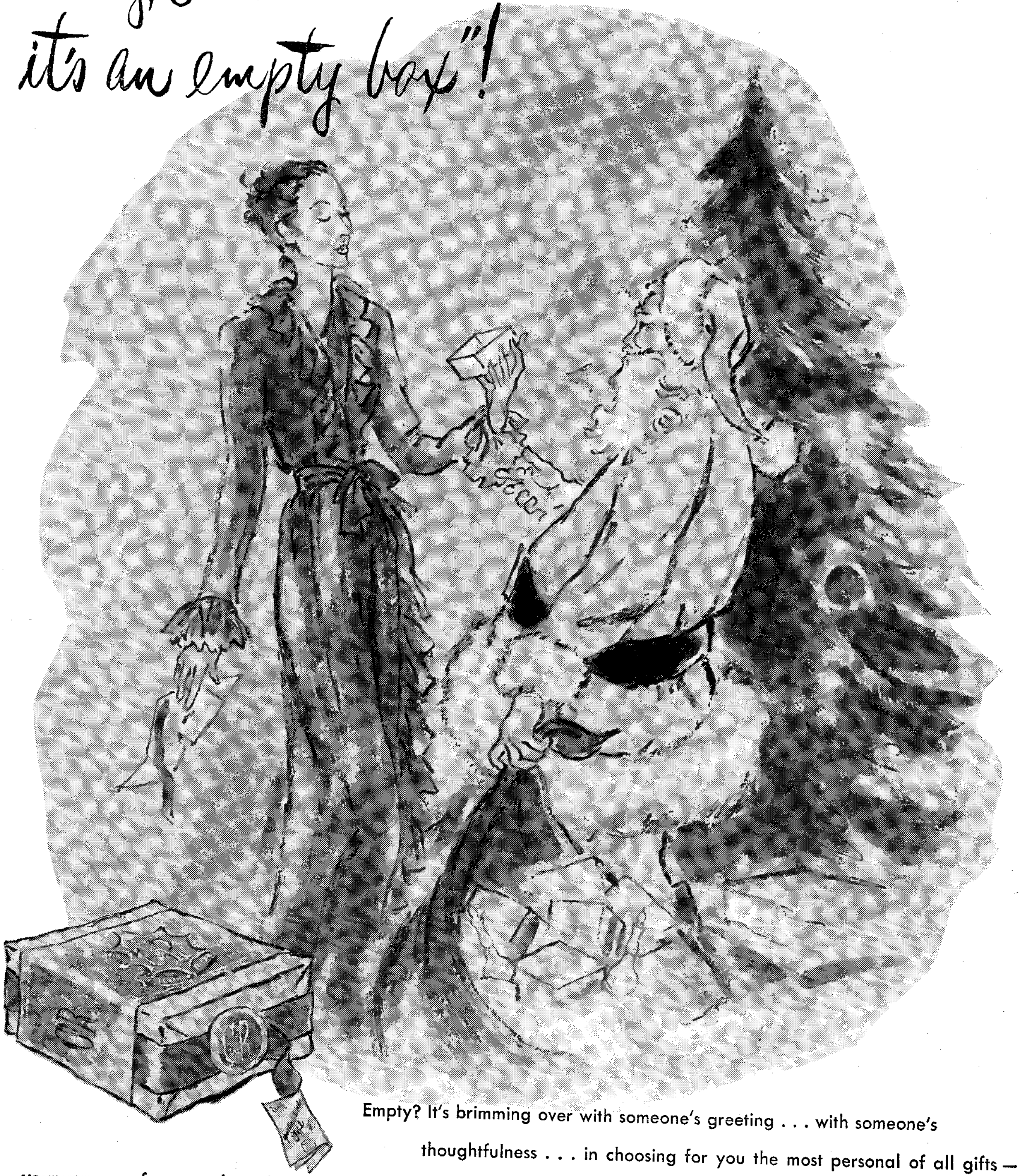
From the first, it was plain that there was no need to worry about Mr. Webb. The Judge remarked tremendously that there was such a thing as the common law of England, and Mr. Webb remained neat and interested. Occasionally, one gets this clash in England since the war. The majesty of an ancient institution crashes head-on into the disciplined assurance of a young officer, and as ancient institutions were all made in their time by young officers, either at the wars or when they came home from them, it is a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable post. Mr.



Webb insisted on explaining politely that he knew Mrs. Hume apart from this case, having met her a year before. He had often seen her since the arrest of Hume and had promised her mother to be her escort if she came down to the Old Bailey to give evidence, but he had understood she was not to be required to do so. The letter and the telegram had nothing to do with that, however. They had been sent in order to dissuade her from writing an article another newspaper had wanted from her, which was to be called "I Was a Murderer's Wife." At this point, the Judge said, "Perhaps you had better not say too much about that." Everybody in court knew that a Sunday newspaper was paying for Hume's defense. It might or might not be the newspaper that had tried to commission this article from Mrs. Hume. The situation obviously had its delicacies. The Judge then read the letter and the telegram very carefully, and said, "On that explanation, I will say nothing more about this, but you should be reminded that to interfere with a witness is a common-law misdemeanor." This was manifestly not fair. If Mr. Webb's explanation was accepted, then it was unnecessarily offensive to warn him of the danger of committing a misdemeanor that, according to that explanation, he had never had the slightest intention of committing. For a minute, it seemed as if Mr. Webb were going to say something. The Judge gazed at him, looking no longer like an offended Jove but like a good, ordinary High Court judge. Mr. Webb returned the gaze. The step the Judge had taken was not logical, but it was eminently sensible. It would be disagreeable to have a discussion before a man on trial for his life concerning an invitation to his wife to write an article that would plainly be useless unless he was hanged. Also, the whole business of having a murderer's defense paid for by a newspaper that wants the inside story of the murder in order to increase its circulation, matter of established custom though it be, cannot well be presented in a way that adds to the dignity of the legal profession. Best to pass over the incident as smoothly as possible and, by giving the journalist a slight cuffing, leave the defense lawyers no chance to feel aggrieved. I do not say that these thoughts passed through the Judge's mind, but such thoughts were about in the court. Then the situation snapped like a stretched elastic. We were all suddenly out in the street, looking for lunch.

IN the afternoon, the stream of witnesses went on. The twenty-fifth was Mr. Sidney Tiffen, the fowler and fisherman from the Essex marshes who had found Mr. Setty's torso. He had difficulty over taking the oath. The clerk gave him the printed card that is handed to all witnesses to read from, and he returned it to him; after some whispering, the clerk spoke the oath and he repeated it after him. This man, whose good manners and good sense and store of information were marvelled at by everyone connected with this case, cannot read. Forty years ago, when he was a child and living four miles out of a village on the marshes, no education authority worried its head about him. It made one proud that in modern England such a child would be under no handicap at all. They would get it to school all right. If we could teach his kind, without spoiling its simplicity, we were safe. Mr. Tiffen gave evidence in language as strong and bare as the Bible. Met afterward in the corridors, he was behaving much as if he were in church, but happiness was sparkling on his glasses, for he had just been paid the thousand-pound reward that relatives had offered for news of Mr. Setty. Mr. Tiffen had given, he said, a hundred

"Why, Santa... it's an empty box"!



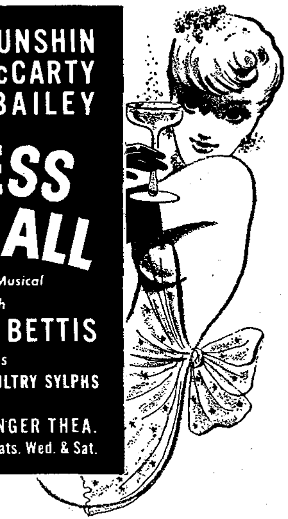
Empty? It's brimming over with someone's greeting . . . with someone's thoughtfulness . . . in choosing for you the most personal of all gifts — your very own face powder to be hand-blended exclusively for you right before your eyes!

Take it to any Charles of the Ritz consultant and revel in the luxury of made-to-order face powder by

Charles of the Ritz

pounds to his two grandsons—Peter Perrin, who was nearly eighteen months, and Robert John Warner, who was six months. Then, with the tenderness of a lover speaking of the planned honeymoon, he spoke of a fishing boat. It wasn't any use getting it now. To get one of the houses built by the rural-district Council, he had had to become a farm laborer, but when he was fifty, they would trouble him no more; at that age, this controlled-labor business had to let you go. Then he would go back to fishing. He had been out with the boats since he was eight. It would be two and a half years till he was fifty, but that wasn't too long to think about buying a boat. You had to turn it over well in your mind. As for the rest of the money, he would keep it to help anybody in the family who was in trouble and to look after himself when he got old. He spoke of age with prudence but without terror; nothing, it appeared, could really touch a man who intended to buy himself the perfect boat. No, he was not going to see the sights of London; it was too much bother. What he was going to do was visit his sister, who lived down by the docks. A bus went from the corner and he would go straight there, and tomorrow he would be back in Essex. Following him in the mind's eye, on that journey or the other journey, to old age, it was impossible to imagine anything that would find him not in command, not serene.

Now came the expert witnesses for the prosecution—the chief of the Scotland Yard laboratory and a pathologist, who proved conclusively that a murder had been committed in a way that was completely impossible. On the Hume living-room carpet there was the large stain caused by some human secretion, most probably blood, which they had talked about earlier. There were traces of blood on the linoleum in the lobby, and there was human blood on the floor boards of the dining room and on the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the flat below, and there were traces of blood, though it was not proved to be human, on the stairs leading to the upper floor of the Humes' duplex apartment. This evidence produced a perfect picture of Mr. Setty's being stabbed in the chest with a dagger five times as he sat or stood in the Hume living room, staggering out of the room into the lobby, where he went through a door that he might have thought led to the stairs and safety but in fact led into the dining room, where he slumped and died, face downward, on the floor. These bloodstains showed that a considerable amount had been



JULES MUNSHIN
MARY McCARTY
PEARL BAILEY
in
BLESS YOU ALL
A New Musical
with
VALERIE BETTIS
plus
A SWARM OF SULTRY SYLPHS
MARK HELLINGER THEA.
B'way & 51 St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Carol Channing's Lorelei Lee is the most fabulous comic creation of this generation."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY"—Barnes, Herald Tribune
COURTNEY BURR and MALCOLM PEARSON present
RICHARD WHORF • NANCY KELLY
in WOLCOTT GIBBS' New Comedy
"Season in the Sun"
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
Anthony ROSS King CALDER Paula LAURENCE
CORT THEATRE
137 W. 48th St., Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

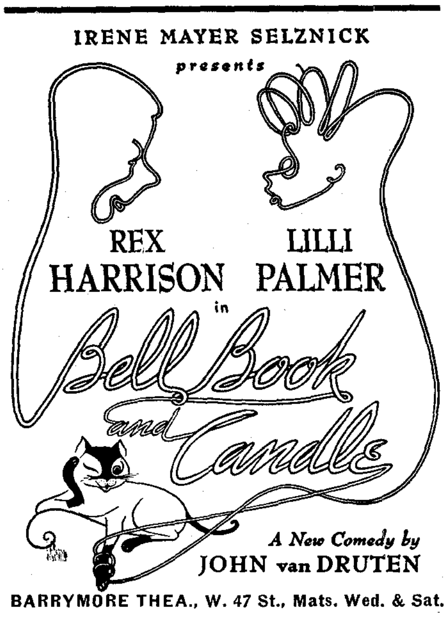
"A Smashing Hit!"—Coleman, Mirror
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

How many times have YOU seen... "MISTER ROBERTS"
This is "DOUG" ROBERTS who is willing to lead a search party for the missing (birthday-suited) girls!
ALVIN THEATRE

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
ST. JAMES Theatre, 44th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.


IRENE MAYER SELZNICK
presents
REX HARRISON LILLI PALMER
in
Bell Book and Candle
A New Comedy by
JOHN van DRUTEN
BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
presents
JESSICA TANDY
in
"Hilda Crane"
An Exciting New Drama
by SAMSON RAPHAELSON
Directed by HUME CRONYN
with
BEULAH BONDI FRANK SUNDSTROM JOHN ALEXANDER
EVELYN VARDEN
"Great Theatre"
—Morehouse, W. Tele. Sun
CORONET, W. 49 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD
presents
CYRIL RITCHARD MADGE ELLIOTT
in JOHN VANBRUGH'S outrageous comedy
THE RELAPSE
OR, VIRTUE IN DANGER
JOHN EMERY · RUTH MATTESON
The Brattle Theatre Company
MOROSCO THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'way

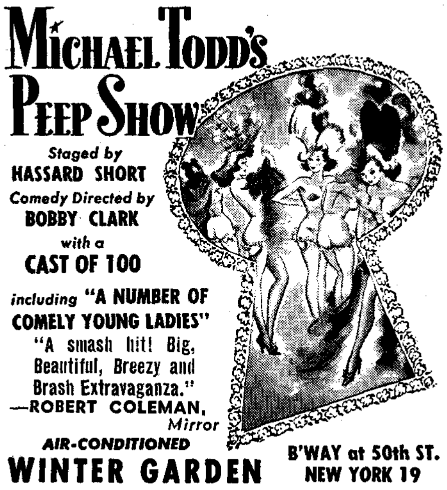
"A VIVID AND STINGING PLAY"
-ATKINSON, TIMES
DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
THE STRASBERG & ODETS production
PAUL KELLY in UTA HAGEN
The Country Girl
A New play by CLIFFORD ODETS
with STEVEN HILL
Staged by Mr. Odets
LYCEUM THEATRE
West 45th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

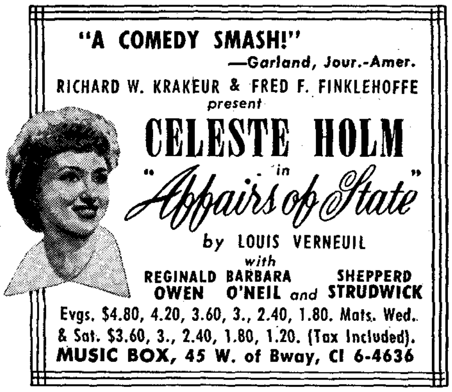
"The best drama of the new season"—Coleman, Mirror
JOHN WILDBERG Presents
FLORA ROBSON in
BLACK CHIFFON
A Dramatic Play by LESLEY STORM
Staged by CHARLES HICKSMAN
With Anthony IRELAND and Raymond HUNTLEY
48TH STREET THEATRE East of B'way
Eves. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

spilt, perhaps a fifth of all the blood a man of Mr. Setty's size might have in his body. What was proved to be human belonged to the O group, and that was Mr. Setty's group. Such a finding was not conclusive, for O, the largest blood group, includes forty-two per cent of the population, but it would have been nicer for Hume if there had not been this coincidence. The case was all sewed up, except that the murder could not possibly have been committed in this way. It is not to be believed that Mr. Setty, when someone began to stab him, refrained from uttering a loud cry, and it is unlikely that when he had been stabbed five times in the chest, he would have refrained from putting his hand to the wound; that as he walked across the room with the faltering step of a dying man and crossed the lobby and went into another room, he would also have refrained from supporting himself by leaning on the furniture or against the walls. But nobody had heard a cry, and there was not one fingerprint of Mr. Setty's to be found in the whole flat, or any sign of blood on the furniture or on the walls, though all these were of substances that would have soaked up the stain and kept it indefinitely. Even if Mr. Setty had remained taciturn and erect while being murdered, Hume could not have counted on this unusual behavior, and a single cry, a single lurch, might have caused enough noise to be remembered and hang him. If the noise had been loud enough, it might have brought an inquiring policeman in at that very minute. And once Hume had taken the risk, why would he let a dying man, who could have been easily restrained, stagger from room to room, leaving a trail of blood behind him?

It might have been, of course, that Mr. Setty did not put his hand to the wound (his unscarred fingers showed that he had not grasped the knife) and had left no fingerprints on the wall and the furniture because he was unconscious when he was killed. He might first have been hit on the head with a cosh. But that is most improbable, for murderers rarely change instruments in the middle of a murder. Or he might have been drunk; a good deal of alcohol was found in his stomach. But his stab wounds were all in the front of his body, and if he had been unconscious and therefore presumably lying flat or leaning back, the blood would have run into his chest cavity, and no doctor spoke of this having happened. Nor is it probable that a murderer, having an unconscious man at his mercy, would have

"A FASCINATING SHOW!"
—George Jean Nathan, Jrl. Amer.
JOHN GIELGUD PAMELA BROWN
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S
Romantic Comedy
"The Lady's Not For Burning"
Directed by JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by OLIVER MESSEL
ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.


MICHAEL TODD'S
PEEP SHOW
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
—ROBERT COLEMAN, Mirror
AIR-CONDITIONED
WINTER GARDEN
B'WAY at 50th ST. NEW YORK 19


"A COMEDY SMASH!"
—Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD W. KRAKEUR & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
present
CELESTE HOLM
in
"Affairs of State"
by LOUIS VERNEUIL
with
REGINALD OWEN BARBARA O'NEIL and SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Included).
MUSIC BOX, 45 W. of Bway, CI 6-4636

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
RUDYARD KIPLING'S "KIM"
ERROL FLYNN · DEAN STOCKWELL
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
and THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW

interiors
homes · offices
birdie bloch
ORegon 9-4996 155 E. 40th St.

BONWIT TELLER

AMERICAN MODERN 59.95

Designed for today's living, North or South. Etta Gaynes' new suit classic in gabardine, softer, slimmer, beautifully detailed. Beige, black, navy, tango red 10 to 16 Eighth Floor

New York Chicago Boston White Plains

stabbed him where his blood was likely to fall on a carpet or would have carried him into another room without wrapping him in a blanket or some absorbent material. It was impossible to believe that Hume had murdered Mr. Setty in this apartment singlehanded, and it was even more impossible to believe that he had murdered him with the aid of accomplices, for in that case it was even less likely that the dying man would have been allowed to stagger from one room to another or that his corpse would have been allowed to drop a trail of blood as it was moved. It was also impossible to believe that Hume had, alone or with help, dismembered the body in the apartment. The bones had been severed with a saw, and the pathologist assured the court that that must have been a very noisy proceeding, adding, "It is quite impossible to go on dictating to one's secretary if human bones are being sawed through in the vicinity." There was no table in the whole apartment long enough to lay Mr. Setty's body on during such a dissection, and if such dissecting had been done on the floor, it would surely have left bloodstains of a more diffuse, spattered sort than any that had been found.

It is certain that in essence Hume's story was true: that Mr. Setty's corpse had been left at his apartment already dismembered and packaged, and that he was not the murderer but only an accessory after the fact. This would do away with all the difficulties inherent in the theory of the prosecution, such as the unlikelihood that Mr. Setty, who had been noted for a timidity so extreme that he would not travel in any automobile but his own, would go into the apartment of a man in whom he had no reason to feel confidence. It suggested an explanation for the patches of bloodstain all over the apartment. Assuming that Hume had opened the door to some visitors and invited them to come into the living room, they may have brought all or any of the packages and dumped them on the floor. Hume may not have known at first, or, indeed, for some time, what the packages contained but may simply have noticed that they were exuding a sticky fluid and suggested that they might be moved to the kitchen and put in the sink or the coal cupboard, if it had been proposed that he was to keep them and dispose of them. Unfortunately for Hume, the details of his story annulled all benefit the outline of it might have brought him. For he said that the three men who had left the first two packages had come between two and three on the afternoon of October 5th, but he had

You can taste its real rye flavor

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
1810

Old Overholt
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York, N.Y.

WEDGWOOD LIGHTERS
Exclusive With Plummer

New and lovely adaptation of the Automatic Lighter that will match your dinnerware and harmonize perfectly with any drawing room ensemble or any décor. Lighter unit is the finest to be had—an Evans, fully automatic, silver-plated and with everlasting spun-glass wick. Mounted in famous Wedgwood Queensware—exclusive with Plummer. Height 2½ ins. Blue on white, each $12.00; white on white, each $12.00; white on blue, each $13.50.

Mail Orders Filled

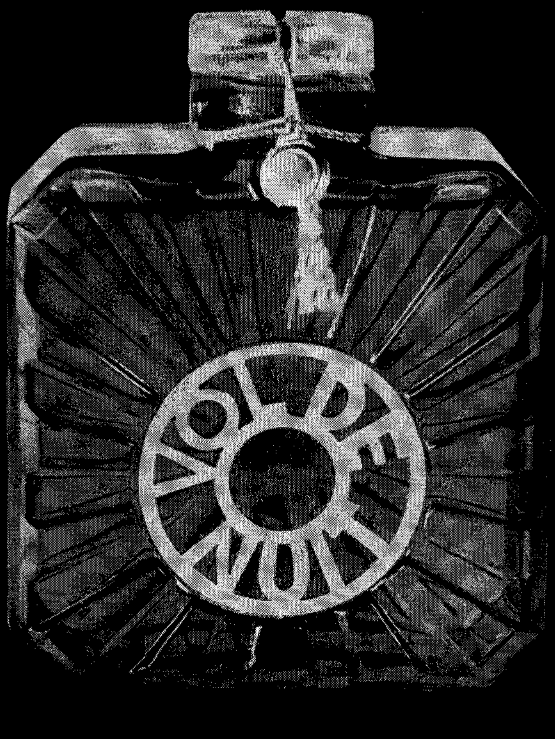
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
New York City

taken the bloodstained carpet to the dyer that morning before lunch, the floral rug in the bloodstained hall had disappeared by the time Mrs. Stride, the charwoman, arrived, a few minutes before two, and soon after her arrival he had spoken of his intention of having the floor boards restained. These circumstances, and Mrs. Stride's firm assertion that there were no callers at the apartment during the whole afternoon, knocked Hume's defense to pieces. For that reason, this murder seems likely to rank as one of the great unsolved mysteries. The possibility that Hume murdered Mr. Setty can definitely be excluded. But who murdered Mr. Setty, and how, and where, is known to nobody except the murderer and his aides. Not for lack of evidence. That is piled sky-high. But whatever theory the mind can base on it, there exists some fact that disproves it.

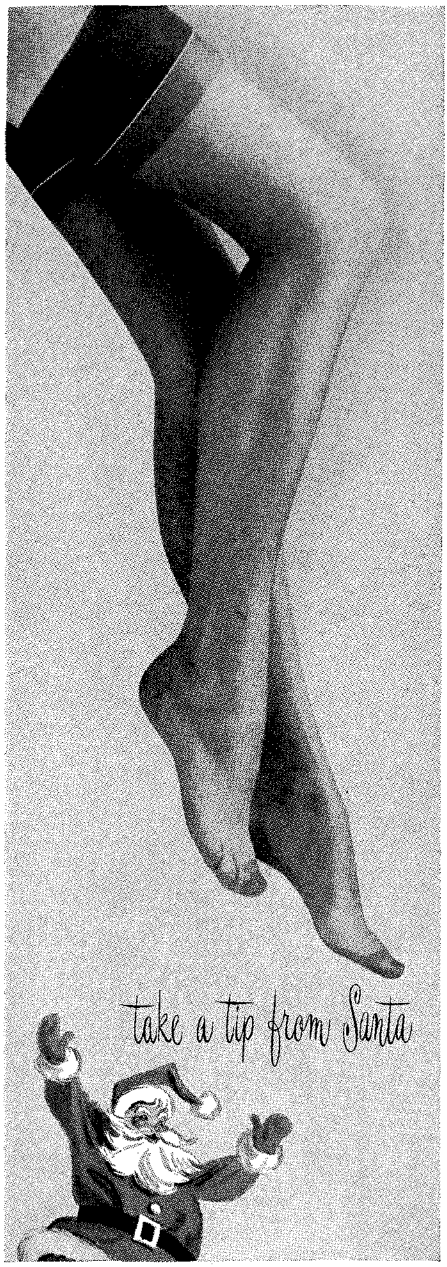
THE case was stranger because the prosecution was so curiously conducted by Mr. Christmas Humphreys, who has since become the senior prosecuting counsel for the government. He is the son of a very famous old judge who presides over trials with a merciless, humorous, savage, solemn kind of common sense, sometimes shocking to everybody in court except the prisoner, who, out on a limb where at last he knows what's what, often sees what the old man is driving at. His son, who is getting on for fifty, is glacially handsome. He looks as if he would be the conventionalist of all time and would enjoy no activities outside the law except going back to his old college and having dinner with the dons at the High Table in Hall. He is, in fact, a passionate joiner, of the wilder type. He starts near the center by being chairman of the Ballet Guild and of a group that reads poetry aloud, then gets off to the left with osteopathy and psychoanalysis; then the Bates system of curing eye defects without spectacles gets him, and he runs along into herbalism and the movement against the use of artificial fertilizers. His top note is Buddhism. He is, I think, the only English-born Buddhist at the bar. Conversions of any kind are uncommon among attorneys, who never want to become anything except judges.

On rising to cross-examine the man who had been accused of this appalling crime of stabbing and cutting up Mr. Setty, Mr. Humphreys asked him, in accents cold with a loathing that indicated that he had detected him doing something far, far worse, whether he had not taken a blond girl called Teresa

THE GREAT FRAGRANCE CLASSICS



Guerlain
Parfumeur maison fondée en 1828
Vol de Nuit Perfume:
$15 and $30, plus tax
SHALIMAR • FLEUR DE FEU • L'HEURE BLEUE • MITSOUKO • VOL DE NUIT • LIU



give her

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE

Fashion Five*

one wonderful stocking

with five wonderful features.

at fine stores everywhere, $1.95.

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS

Patent Pending *Trademark

GOTHAM HOSIERY SHOP

634 FIFTH AVENUE AT 51st STREET IN NEW YORK CITY

and at fine stores everywhere.

out to a night club and paid the bill with a rubber check. It was, of course, pleasant to think of his doing anything so relatively innocuous, but Mr. Humphreys implied that this was the sort of thing that stabbing and cutting up people led to if done too often. He also alluded with horror to the fact that Hume had had an overdraft at his bank, though British banks indulge to an extent that Americans find astonishing in the amiable habit of letting their clients run into debt with them if they either get a solvent friend to give a personal guarantee or exhibit symptoms of future solvency. Such is the economic disorder of England today that probably half the people in the court were living on overdrafts. There were many faces that failed to light up as Mr. Humphreys suggested that Hume had been so distressed at having an overdraft that Mr. Setty's bank notes had offered him an irresistible temptation. Other suggestions of his brought forward as a reason for the butchery even more common signs of indigence. He made much of the fact that Hume had pawned a suit. Yet a large section of the population pawns things all its life, and a still larger section pawns things quite a lot when it is young, and never does murder. Mr. Humphreys cut an even wider swath when he mentioned portentously that Hume had often been some days late in paying his rent. By this time, everybody in the courtroom was looking on Mr. Humphreys with awe as a financial virgin who felt as strongly about his state as the Lady in "Comus" felt about hers and who would have claimed at any moment that "So dear to Heav'n is Saintly solvency That when a soul is found sincerely so, A thousand livered Angels lackey her." But it became evident that Mr. Humphreys was as likely to know the facts of financial life as the next man, that he was not saying what he meant, because he was so confused with philosophic distaste for Hume.

Rage rang in Mr. Humphreys' voice, and that seemed very odd when one remembered his last book. He is quite an accomplished writer. His book "The Great Pearl Robbery of 1913" is one of the classics of criminal literature; it gives the peculiarly cozy character of British crime as it was before the First World War far better than any detective novel. He has also published several works on Buddhism, the chief of which is "Concentration and Meditation." His last book, "Via Tokyo," is the record of his trip to Japan as a junior counsel for the British government in the international war trials.

Wonderful COCKTAIL COMPANIONS

Your guests will love you . . . sing your praises as a host or hostess when you serve these delightful and different cocktail snacks by Au Gourmet. They make drinks taste so much better.

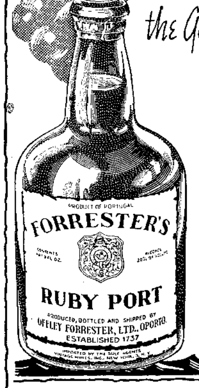
AU GOURMET APPETEASERS
AU GOURMET BACON RINDS
AU GOURMET PEPITAS
AU GOURMET SHRIMPS

Au Gourmet
For those who know the best!

The famous "Au Gourmet" line of delicacies from all over the world includes Fancy Fruits, Soups, Seafoods, Sauces, Cocktail Specialties—featured at the finest stores. Write for name of store nearest you.
Distributed by: R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.
265 10th Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

FORRESTER'S PORTS

the Gourmets' Choice since 1737



Every drop as fine and rare as a precious jewel. Product of Offley Forrester, Ltd. Produced and bottled in Oporto, Portugal.

Another fine import by
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th St., N. Y. C.

NUYENS Cognac

A CONNOISSEUR'S COGNAC

A brandy of outstanding quality, memorable bouquet and lasting afterglow. Surprisingly moderate in price. Available in three convenient sizes.

NUYENS
COGNAC

Another French importation of
VINTAGE WINES, INC
114 EAST 16th ST
NEW YORK 3, N Y
84° PROOF

It contains little about his legal mission, for he is preoccupied with his reverent delight in the stillness and formality of the East as they were exemplified in the Buddhist shrines and schools of dancing he visited in Japan and the other countries through which he travelled. The emotional climax of his journey was his surrender to the Zen sect of Buddhism. Zen is a rarefied form of the faith, in which stupidity is regarded as the first enemy, to be overcome by the intellect, which, when it has been trained to its highest capacity, becomes the second enemy, to be overcome by the development of a higher faculty of wisdom. The means by which the intellect is transcended include the asking of *koan*, refined conundrums for which there is no logical answer, and the practice of *mondo*, dialogues between master and pupil that sound like nonsense because they are carried above the plane where sense holds good. As the pupil progresses, he is rewarded with flashes of *satori*, or immediate understanding, and his ultimate aim is to stop thinking and have no need for thought, in that as soon as he becomes aware of a problem, he himself becomes its solution. He enters into it by intuition, as he can enter into all phenomena of the universe, without effort, in a tranquil sense of the unity of all things. "Via Tokyo" shows that its author is in love with tranquillity. In one of the poems that are scattered through the volume, he writes of his regret that he must leave "the golden cool serene" of his room in a Japanese house, and his pages are covered with his desire to discard all hot emotions and intellectual superfluities and make himself an empty chalice to receive the light of mysticism.

Yet the Old Bailey had not for many years seen such a slanging match as Mr. Christmas Humphreys' cross-examination of Hume. For a minute there was a splitting and ripping of the decorum that ought to be preserved in a court of law as in an operating theatre, and for the same reason: A matter of life and death is to be decided. In earlier days, lawyers used to rave at the accused, but that has been out of fashion for the last fifty years, and any doubt that the change marked a real advance in civilization was settled by this disturbing scene. Hume's intention was to be gaily impudent, and he soon found a way of mentioning that an escaped criminal lunatic called the Mad Parson, for whom all the police forces of England were searching, had lived for months unmolested in lodgings directly opposite the Lon-

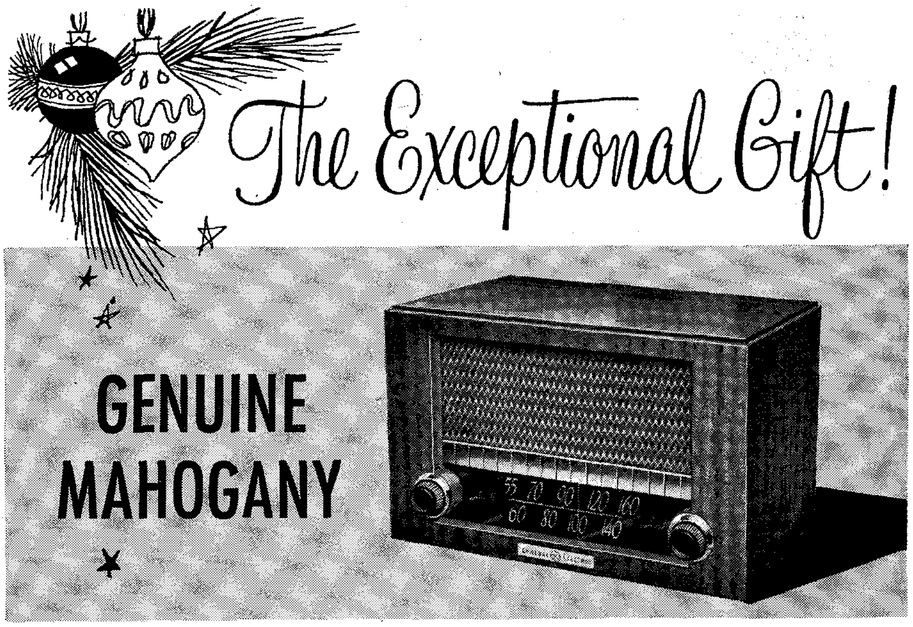


TABLE RADIO

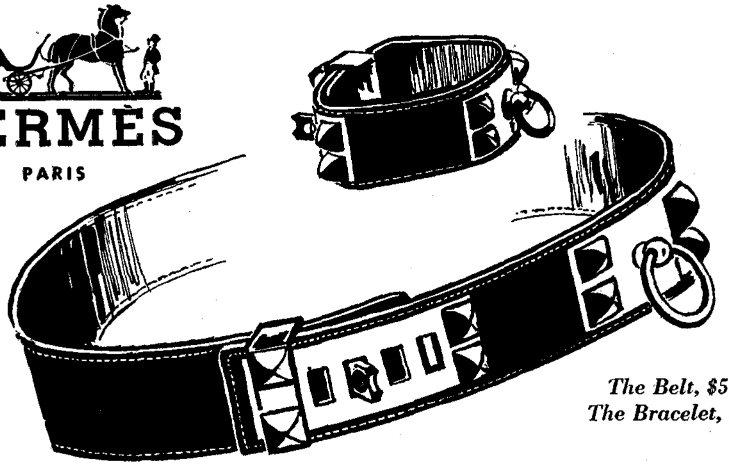
Out-of-the-ordinary table radio for your gift list! Veneered exclusively in *choice, striped, genuine mahogany!* Hand-rubbed for enduring beauty. So powerful it outperforms many consoles. Fine tone. Illuminated slide-rule dial. G-E Dynapower speaker. Make Christmas merrier with Model 410. $42.95*

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

**Slightly higher West and South, subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



HERMÈS
PARIS

The Belt, $50
The Bracelet, $25

Paris sends its latest Twist...
Brass-and-Leather at Waist and Wrist!

The famed Parisian house of Hermès takes the supplest of leather, adds a massive touch of gleaming brass, and presents a stunning twosome that makes conversation pieces of your simplest woolen dresses! In red or black, trimmed with brass.

• ***Mail and Phone Orders Filled***

Exclusive at Salon Lenthéric

FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd
PLAZA 3-6300

SHOP IN BERMUDA

Genuine
BERMUDA
DOESKIN
...a
Superb Woolen

The finest expression of traditional British quality and craftsmanship is to be found in Genuine Bermuda Doeskin. This superb woolen is woven exclusively for us by Hunt & Winterbotham, West of England, master weavers for over 400 years.

Slacks, shorts, suits and skirts made of this durable and distinctive cloth will compliment any wardrobe and the owner of it.

Genuine Bermuda Doeskin is made in many colors, from the soft and conservative to the bold and striking. This wide selection awaits you in our shops.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON
BERMUDA

OUR 62ND YEAR

Write us for a free copy of "Key To Bermuda". This colorful folder, with map of the Islands, will help you plan a more enjoyable visit.

SHOP AT SMITH'S

don police station where he himself had been detained and examined. But nobody can be funny for long when he is being tried for a mercenary crime; the basis of gallant humor is ideological. Soon Hume began to bicker and yelp and snarl, and Mr. Humphreys, instead of disregarding his excitement and getting the cross-examination onto a calm level, took on Hume's tone, and asked each question with less dignity than Hume had put into the preceding answer. In the end, it was as if two barrow boys were having a row in the street. Mr. Humphreys had several times described Hume as an inveterate romancer, so it happened that when he said to Hume, "I suggest that you stabbed Setty in the sitting room and that he died in the dining room," Hume snapped back, "Now *you're* romancing," and when Mr. Humphreys went on, "And that you cut him up that night," he pouted out his lips in insolence and sneered, "Absolute baloney." The horrid subject matter had found an appropriate style.

It was mystifying to remember that in Mr. Humphreys' book it had appeared that one of the most intense pleasures he had experienced on his journey to the East, indeed perhaps in all his life, was to stay in a Zen monastery, the Temple of Full Enlightenment, founded seven hundred years ago, a place of mellowed wood and gray-green tiles set among flowering trees below a sandstone cliff. There was a Great Bell there, older than the temple, at the top of a rising avenue of worn gray steps. He found that in this home of pure mysticism, purged of formality, nobody minded the bell's being sounded at any time by anybody who was moved to sound it. So he used to go up the long, steep stairs to the bell whenever he had time to take refuge in this temple, and strike it three times to announce his coming, establishing a bond between himself and its ancient, harmonious voice. Certainly Mr. Humphreys' behavior was not now such as might have been expected from a worshipper at that temple; from a student of Eastern mysticism, which denies the Western belief that to do is all-important, which preaches that to be is the supreme duty, and to let others be, so that each can follow his own path to enlightenment without deflection. But not only would it have been unkind, it would have been wide of the mark to mock him because he was forgetting in the course of his professional practice to obey the injunctions of practicing gentleness above all other arts and abstaining from

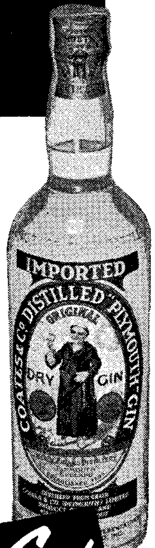
Some like 'em short

Some like 'em tall

Coates Plymouth Gin

is best in 'em all.

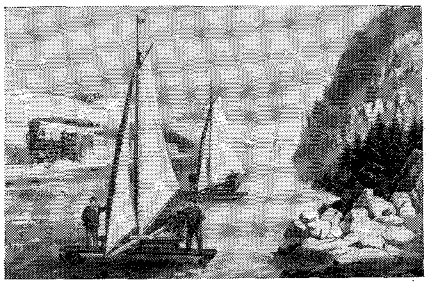
the Gin that made the Gibson Cocktail famous



COATES
PLYMOUTH GIN
89 PROOF

DISTILLED IN ENGLAND FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

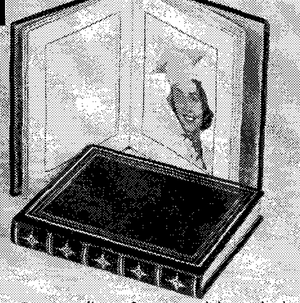
CURRIER & IVES



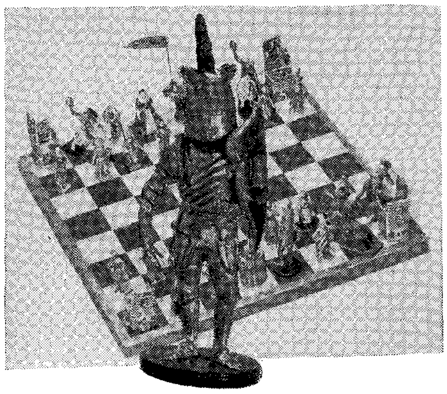
Old prints only—guaranteed authentic—send 25c for new profusely illustrated catalogue.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

LLL EATON
Luxurious Leather
accessories by Laura Lee Linder



"Parlor Portrait" in finest gold tooled calfskin, holds 14 picture mounts, 2" x 3", about $6; 3" x 4", about $9. Made by Laura Lee Linder Fine Leather Division, Eaton Paper Corp., Pittsfield, Mass.



His Majesty, The King!

Drawn up in colourful battle array are the proud chessmen of Knight's Castle . . . replicas of rare museum chess-pieces . . . hand-cast and hand-painted with intricate care by Master-craftsman August Paul Wooster. A selection of periods from Hannibal to Abe Lincoln, including Mary of Scots and Queen Elizabeth, Cleopatra, her Marc Anthony and the Roman Legions, Richard the Lion-Hearted and Bloody King John. Complete set of 32 pieces.

$75

KNIGHT'S CASTLE
997 First Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.
The House of Soldier Miniatures

Good Taste

Anno 1575 Lucas Bols

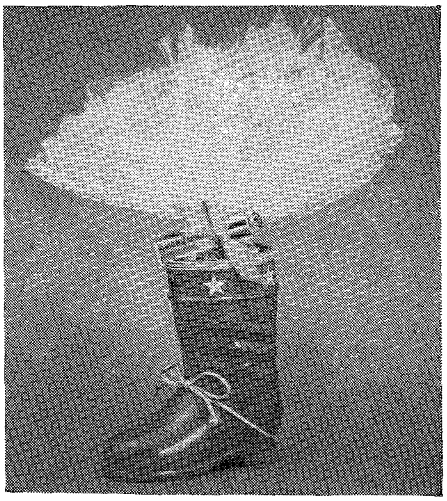
BLACKBERRY
LIQUEUR
BOLS

BOLS LIQUEURS & GINS Produced in U.S.A. by Erven Lucas Bols, Inc., Englewood, N. J. U.S. Sales Agent: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y. 19. Blackberry Liqueur 60 Proof—30 Other Varieties

hatred, bridling the natural tendency to aggression as the worst of sins. The explanation of his apparent inconsistency lay in the curious and forceful personality of Hume, who represented an opposing philosophical principle. Mr. Humphreys is a fastidious person who is displeased with what man has made of the earth, and he has therefore always distrusted the common practices of mankind and has put his faith in any alternative that has been less generally adopted. Ballet is not ordinary motion, therefore he adored it; prose is more habitually used than poetry, therefore he wrote poetry and read it aloud; he would not be satisfied by any rationalist view of the mind, he enjoyed the psychoanalytic reinstatement of the primitive; he rejected the findings of orthodox medicine for osteopathy and herbalism; he waved away modern agriculture; he would have nothing to do with the Christianity that lay at his hand, shaped for the use of his Western personality, he insisted on going out of Europe into Asia to find a religion hardly modified by the spirit of recent centuries, which treated as insignificant that pampered darling of the West, the self.

Now, Hume had nothing against the self. He showed this when the cross-examination became such a bitter wrangle that the Judge had to check it, and reminded him that he must not answer counsel violently, saying that the purpose of the trial was to make a necessary investigation, and that there was nothing personal behind the questions put to him by his cross-examiner, and therefore no occasion for heat. To this, Hume replied, "But my life is a personal matter to me." He said it not pathetically but with immense, Byronic pride. What made this delight in his own ego alarming was his professed lack of fastidiousness. He spared no pains to have it believed that he had nothing against the worst that man has made of this earth. No man who went into a witness box to defend himself against a capital charge had ever taken such trouble to convince the jury that he was of bad character. When he was asked whether he would call himself an honest man, he answered that perhaps it would be better to call him a semi-honest man, and his grin gave a deep nastiness to the phrase. The effect of all he said and did was to announce to poor Mr. Humphreys that not by taking the winding road or the short cut would he abolish evil. Talk of the ballet as much as he liked, there would still be cripples and louts who could not dance; there would be blindness that could not be cured by

Elizabeth Arden
presents
Inspired
Christmas
Gifts



Beauty booty
Crimson Christmas boot that holds a 4-ounce bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist, and Elizabeth Arden's classic Blue Grass Perfume, in a jewel-topped Perfumair. $4.15

What are you guarding, sir?
Daring, dashing guardsman in full holiday regalia . . . presents a 4-ounce bottle of delightful Blue Grass Flower Mist. $2.25

prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PLAZA 9-2940

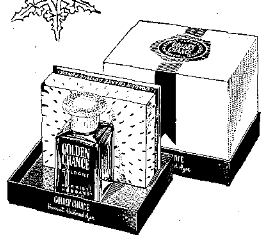
be a

Scent-sational
Santa

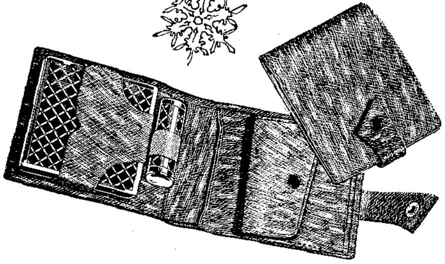
With Scent-i-mental Gifts by
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

GOLDEN CHANCE
GOLDEN CHANCE
COLOGNE
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Scent-i-mental Santa
That exciting, inviting Golden Chance Cologne all decked out with a very merry *Santa. Truly a* gift that'll go to her heart. $1.50*



Beauty-bath set
Her favorite fragrance in a delicious duet. Golden Chance Cologne and Dusting Powder in a pink and green linen-weave gift box. $2.50*



Beauty Wallet
You'll get a kiss for this. Handsome leather wallet with golden plaid compact, matching lipstick. Genuine Morocco, Cowhide or Pigskin. $10.00*

*Plus Federal Tax

At Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

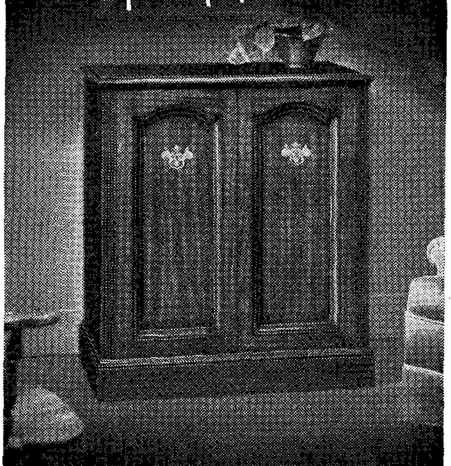
Harriet Hubbard Ayer
505 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

the Bates system, sickness that could not be cured by herbal iodine or osteopathy, madness that would not yield to psychoanalysis, fields that would be forever barren for all the dung that was laid on them, and souls so sick, as Hume's was, that neither Christianity nor any other faith could bring them peace or even make them desire it. He was the spirit that denies.

IT seemed odd that a person so strong in dissent should have lived the ordinary existence of which we had been told: Hume had been an R.A.F. officer who had done well in the war, winning a decoration in the Battle of Britain, and had been invalided out of the service. Since then, he had made a living in various ways, some of which were quite usual, jobs of electrical engineering, and others of which, such as surreptitious dealing in planes for the Near East, were more unusual and probably dovetailed with even more dubious ones. He had had bad luck; he had started a factory in Wales to make plastic electrical switches and it had been destroyed by two fires. But he had been making a good living by acting as a commercial pilot. He might have his gay side, and be seen about in night clubs, often with notably good-looking girls, but all the same he was a devoted husband to his attractive wife, and was good at home with the baby. It was a very ordinary story. What made it extraordinary was that though everybody who knew him, including his wife, believed it, only a word or two of it was true.

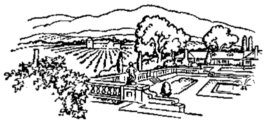
There was some strange circumstance about his birth. His mother was a schoolmistress and called herself his aunt, and when he was three, he was sent to some sort of institution that he always described as an orphanage, at which he stayed until he was ten. He interpreted this to mean that he was illegitimate, and that he had been sent to this institution because his mother hated him and wished to cast him off. But there are reasons for disbelieving that the real story was as simple or as sinister. His mother, who was an intelligent woman and was the sister of a well-known scientist, was married at the time of his birth, and it is possible that she may have concealed her relationship to him in order that both of them should escape the shadow of some curious calamity, and certainly many women have sent their young children away to boarding school not because they wanted to but because their circumstances prevented them from looking after the children at home. In the village where his

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio - phonograph - television



You will find Magnavox instruments as outstanding in performance and value *as they are in fine cabinetry.* Direct-to-dealer selling keeps prices down. Exclusive design permits adding big-picture TV to many Magnavox radio-phonographs.
The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

Beaulieu Vineyard
BV
NAPA VALLEY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON



G. de Latour
Beaulieu Vineyard
BV
NAPA VALLEY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

From "Beaulieu"...the de Latour family estate in Napa Valley, California, come several of the world's fine wines. Among them is this delicious claret, crushed from rare Cabernet Sauvignon grapes. At the better hotels, clubs, restaurants and stores.

Beaulieu Vineyard • Rutherford, California

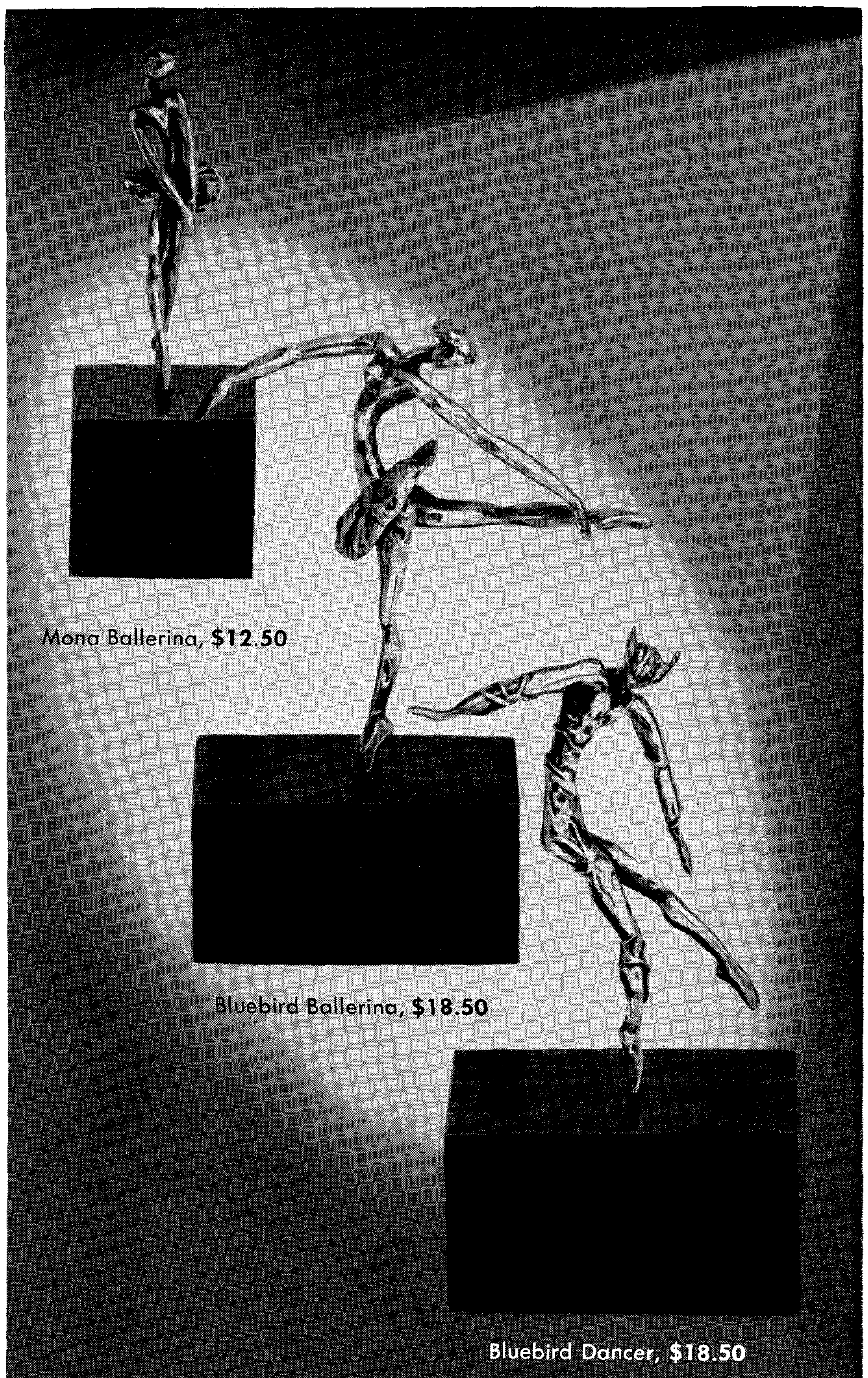
UNITE' *dining table*

Send two-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

mother now lives, she is liked and respected, and as she took Hume out of his boarding school to live with her, and as she made a later appearance in his story when she conferred with somebody who wanted to be his benefactor, it seems unlikely that she behaved badly to him. Apparently the psychoanalysts are right, and the mind of a child cannot stand any prolonged separation from its mother during the first five years. In any case, Hume continually spoke with rage of his mother, and went on and on through the years about her cruelty in leaving him in what he called the orphanage. He once had a long conversation on the subject with Mrs. Stride, his charwoman, who gave evidence at his trial, and she gravely told him not to worry himself by making a fuss over it, and said that she had a right to tell him that, because her father had died young and her mother had had to let her go away for a time, and she knew what it was to have that happen to you when you were a child. But you just had to forget it and get on with life.

Hume was a clever boy. He won a scholarship that might have taken him through a secondary school and given him a good chance of going to a university, but in a frenzy he rushed out into the world and earned his living as a kitchen boy in various hotels. It is strange that wherever this boy went, who was bitter because he believed his mother had failed to love him, the earth opened and people appeared who were willing to give him deep and disinterested love. One winter's day in 1934, when he was fourteen, he was seen by a motorist walking across a common in the suburbs of London, dragging a heavy suitcase and weeping. The motorist stopped and gave him a lift, and asked him what his trouble was. Hume told him that he was running away from a job as a houseboy in a hotel where they had ill-treated him, and was going to the docks to find a ship that would take him on. The motorist, who was a builder, offered him a job in his own business, bought him a suit of clothes, and got one of his foremen to take the boy in as a lodger. This was amazing good luck, for the foreman's wife, a woman in her middle sixties named Mary Clare, immediately became his loving and beloved mother. There began what should have been a happy life for him. By day, he learned with extreme aptitude the craft of electrician, and in the evening he sat with his new mother in the kitchen and enchanted her and was enchanted by her. For a while he became interested



Mona Ballerina, $12.50

Bluebird Ballerina, $18.50

Bluebird Dancer, $18.50

SCULPTURE IN STERLING . . .

Distinctive contemporary designs by Oscar J. Berlin of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company . . . wrought in sterling silver and mounted on Macassar Ebony blocks.

Not shown: Bull, $19.50 . . . Toreador, $16.50
Cavalier, $18.50 . . . Ballet Horse, $15.50
Running Horses, $22.50.

Shown ¾ Actual Size • Federal Tax Included

Add 45¢ for postage and packing • Mail orders promptly filled by Jean Tree

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

Those who seek extraordinary Red Table Wine will find pleasure in the varietal Wines of California

FOR SOME TIME, connoisseurs have been eagerly searching out a particular group of wines — wines of California bearing the name of the wine *grape varieties* from which they are made.

These are California's *varietal* wines now becoming more plentiful and so available to everyone whose taste appreciates distinctive character and personality in wine.

These wines bear the names of the world-famed wine *grape varieties* from which they are made. Nurtured with knowledgeable care and patience, their personalities are highly individual. For they reflect the unusual qualities their grapes have derived from the fortunate soils and climate of this California winegrowing region.

Taste, for example, such **red table wine varietals** as the California Pinots, Gamays and the Cabernets.

Pinots, the world's great Burgundy grapes, are a prized wine grape in California. Sunny hillsides are dotted with moderate size vineyards of **Pinot Noir** and **Red Pinot.** Harvested with fondness, their grapes are turned with pride into wines of aristocratic bouquet, surpassing fragrance and smooth, velvety taste.

The **Gamay,** as grown in California, offers another enticing taste-discovery in wine. Somewhat lighter than the Pinots, the Gamay is lusciously soft in tone yet well-rounded in body and with a classical aftertaste that marks this wine as a perfect mate for roasts.

The **Cabernets,** of which the **Cabernet Sauvignon** is the most renowned Claret grape, do exceedingly well in California. Here they produce medium-bodied wines of forthright character, noted for keenness of balance, provocative bouquet and suave, lingering taste.

We winegrowers of California are sure you will find great pleasures in these *red table wine varietals* — and further pleasures in our *white table wine varietals.* When you try them, we believe you will thoroughly agree our "Wines of California rank with the world's finest." Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

in Communism, and had a contented time planning revolution, but politics had hardly any chance with him because of his obsession with planes. When he was working on the wiring of a new house, he always scribbled drawings of planes on the plastered walls. It was this passion for planes which made him leave that business and take a job in an aircraft factory, and later another one in a metal-engraving factory that had some connection with aeronautics. At the same time, he joined the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, and when war came, he enlisted in the Royal Air Force before he was due to be called up.

Very soon, Hume had a serious accident while flying. Shortly afterward, he had an attack of cerebrospinal meningitis and was declared unfit for flying duty and put on the ground staff. Eighteen months after he had volunteered, he was declared unfit for any sort of duty in the R.A.F. and was invalided out. He took a job as one of the spotters who sat on the roofs of factories and office buildings and gave warning when a German plane had reached the neighborhood, so that the workers need not break off and go down to the shelters at the sound of the sirens, which might announce the approach of a plane a hundred miles away. Meanwhile, he was trying to get back into the R.A.F. Once he was called before an Aviation Selection Board, but was turned down. It happened about this time that Mary Clare, with whom he was again living, took in her daughter and son-in-law, who were homeless, owing to the war, and the daughter had a baby. Hume became bitterly jealous, and complained that Mrs. Clare gave the baby too much of her attention and that it cried so much that he got pains in his head. He became such a plague that she was forced to ask him to go.

Not long after that, Hume revisited the office of the builder who had picked him up on the common eight years before. Hume was in a sergeant pilot's uniform and told a story of having played a gallant part in the Battle of Britain. He gave his benefactor and some of the workmen souvenirs—a German machine gun and parts of planes he said he had shot down. Later he turned up in an officer's uniform, wearing the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Medal, and in this rig-out he went to the metal-engraving works where he had been employed. The firm welcomed him with a substantial check in appreciation of what he had done for the country. Then his benefactor received a visit from the police,

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON

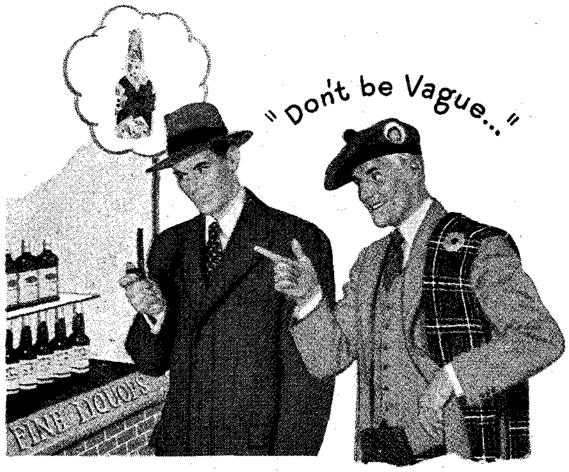
HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

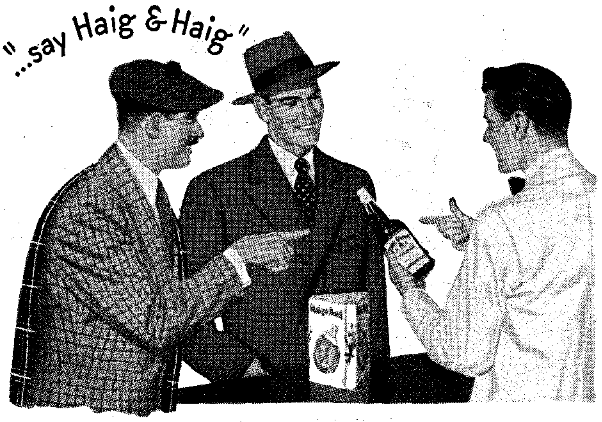
MRS. CHARLES AMORY, of New York and Palm Beach society, is discriminating in her choice of Christmas gifts. Mrs. Amory says: "Everyone welcomes cartons of Herbert Tareytons in their special Christmas wrapping."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips... it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company


"Don't be Vague..."
FINE LIQUORS


"...say Haig & Haig"

HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig L
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOL 86·8° PROOF
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
HAIG & HAIG
CONTENT 4/5 QUART
ALCOHOL 86.8° PROOF
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG
LIMITED
Edinburgh
Scotland
SPECIALLY SELECTED
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

For Christmas, Haig & Haig means a gift of special thoughtfulness. Every bottle reflects the world-wide prestige of Scotland's oldest distillers... Every drop reflects the standards of quality and flavour that have distinguished the House of Haig for 323 years.

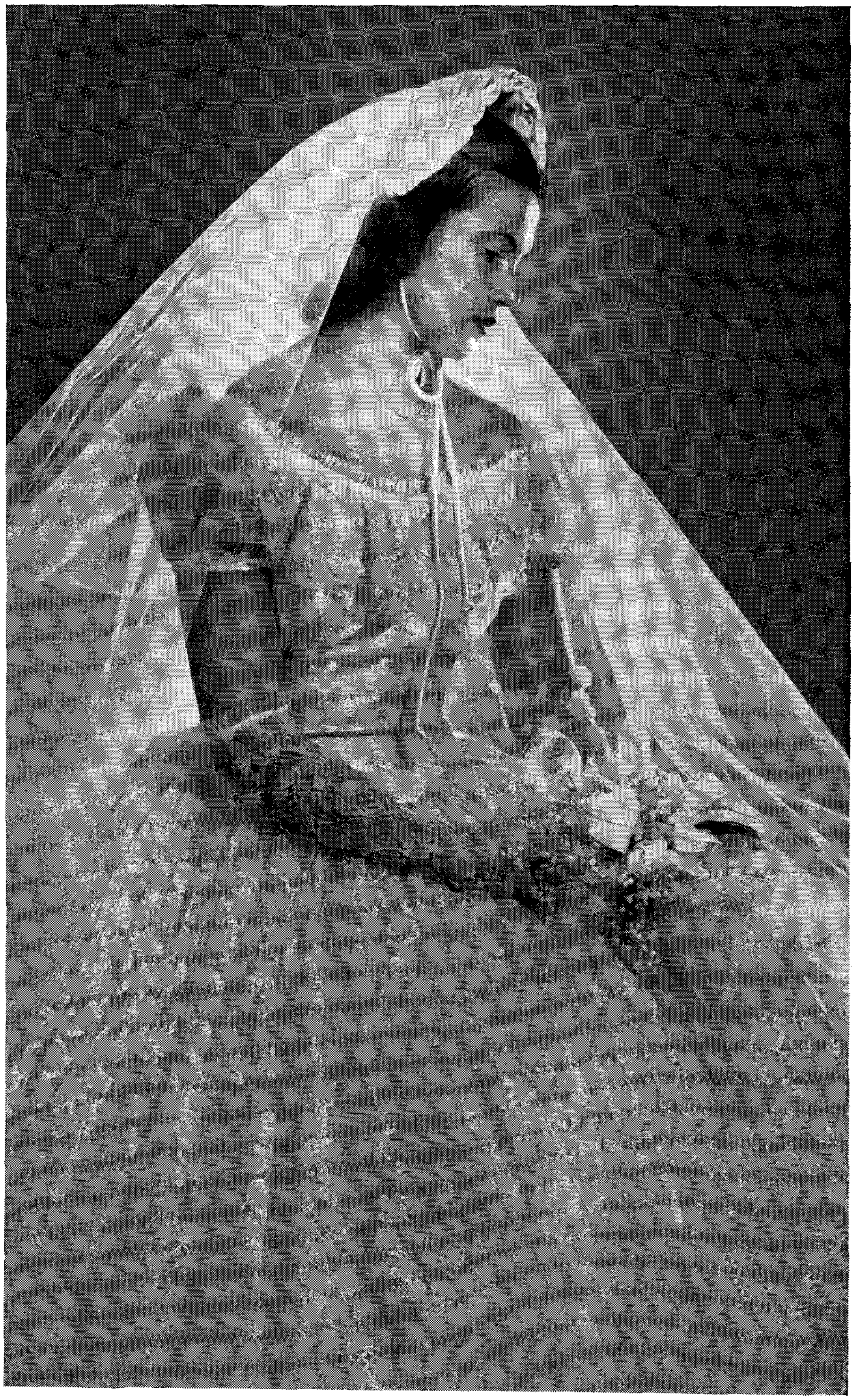
Don't be Vague... say **Haig & Haig**

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

who told him that Hume had been using the builder's name to recommend himself to people on whom he played the confidence game, and soon afterward Hume was arrested for masquerading as an R.A.F. officer. He had for some time been carrying on a peculiar fraud, which required great talent and resourcefulness. After Mrs. Clare had asked him to go, he had lodged with an ex-officer of the R.A.F., and had bought the ex-officer's uniform from him and had borrowed an R.A.F. identity card. Thereafter he had travelled from one airfield to another all over the country, living in the messes, getting pilots to take him up for flights, and finally cashing worthless checks before going on to another airfield. He even consulted an R.A.F. medical officer and got him to certify him as unfit for duty, so he had a certificate to convince any military policeman or anybody else who questioned him that he was on sick leave.

So ingenious was Hume's plan of campaign that the police at first thought he must be a spy. But they found out that the story was a simple one of imposture, and he was bound over to come up for judgment, after being kept in prison for some time under medical treatment. While he was jailed, he wrote to Mrs. Clare, who sent him sweets and food. But when he came out, he did not go to see her. He cut himself off from the second chance of emotional fulfillment he had been given because it was more important to him that he should be able to go on pretending to be a pilot. His marriage was a supreme episode in that impersonation, and there are glimpses of other delights. One summer after the war, he appeared at Torquay, the best of the South Coast seaside resorts, with an American accent and a large American automobile, saying that he was a Pan American Airways pilot. He became very popular, and when there was a town carnival, he was asked to drive the Carnival Queen in the procession, which he did, bringing out a scarlet-and-gold uniform for

This year—as always—the loveliest brides will be photographed by Bradford Bachrach



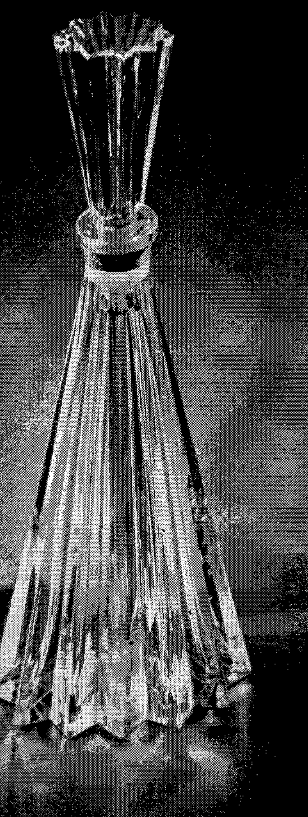
Also...Bachrach candids...made by a photographer skilled in catching the highlights of your wedding day.

Bachrach

BRADFORD BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
54 EAST 52ND ST., NEW YORK
PL 5-6233

the occasion. He gave the impression of being good-humored about doing something that he really did not like doing.

It is an obvious enough story. Hume suffered from the neurotic's incapacity for love, and could not compensate for that lack by earning a measure of power, so seized it. But it was much more than that, for he was a remarkable person. Some huge and vigorous fantasy had grown in his mind around the idea of flying. When Mr. Humphreys, listing his lies, asked him whether it was not true that he had pretended to be a pilot though he had failed in the tests, he was convulsed with grief and fury, and he shouted back that he had not failed in the tests, he had never taken them, he had not been allowed to take them, because he had had a concussion. "You have no right to say I failed," he cried, as if Mr. Humphreys were in some magic way killing him by using those words. He, too, had his religion; he could not bear to have it violated; he was a fervent worshipper. That was to be seen in his duplex apartment, which was a temple of flight. The upper parts of all the walls were obsessionally covered with photographs of planes, of aviators, of air battles, with parts of planes, with cartoons about fliers. Many boys and girls are infatuated with flying, but their rooms are not quite what his were, though the fetishes are the same. As one climbed the staircase to the upper floor, one was faced with a wall on which were arranged pictures and plane parts, and a medal. They were arranged in the pattern of a great bird with wings. This was not planned; it was an achievement of the demon within Hume, who had ideas about flight beyond the sphere of aeronautics, who allowed, indeed, some pictures on his walls that were neither of planes nor of aviators, that were of birds with strong wings—wild swans, wild geese, creatures of dazzling plumage, cleaving air so high and pure that it is not air at all. Purity is the justification of flight here. You rise and leave your horrible mother and the orphanage far below. Above the pictures and the plane parts on the wall was a cartoon representing a pilot as a knight in armor, saving the world from evil. On Hume's shelves were books, mostly of a high standard, about flying and adventure. There was no indication anywhere that Hume was attracted to the idea of murder, but there were hints that added up to a broad statement that a man had lived here who would find it ecstasy, the perfect realization of a fantasy that had absorbed him from child-

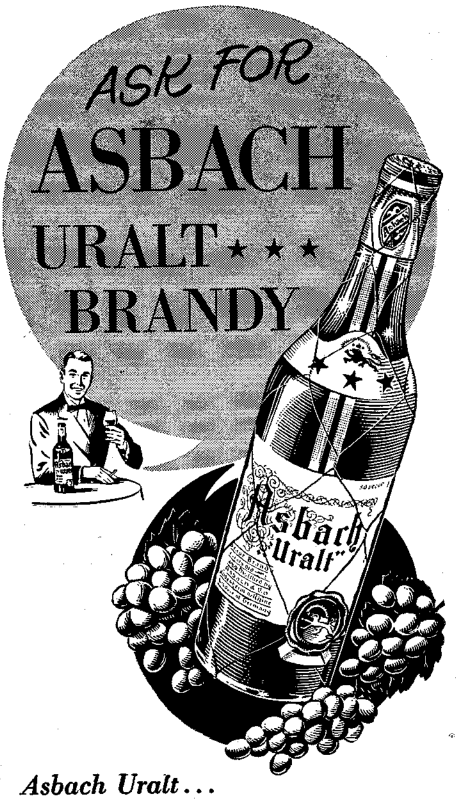


Someone lovely has just passed by!

THAT'S WHAT THEY'LL SAY ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU WEAR THE CHAMPAGNE FRAGRANCE...

Intoxication BY D'ORSAY

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE
FROM $3.00
PLUS FEDERAL TAX

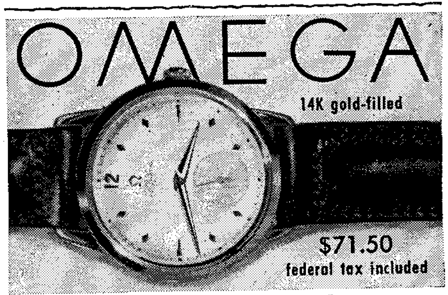


ASK FOR ASBACH URALT ★★★ BRANDY

Asbach Uralt...
the fine old Brandy
from the Rhine.
Incredibly smooth
and mellow!

8 years old
80 proof

Foreign Vintages, Inc. • 30 Rockefeller Plaza • N.Y.

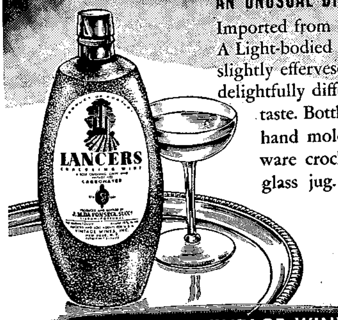


OMEGA
14K gold-filled
$71.50
federal tax included

"Automatic" Choice for Christmas

Thinnest self-winding watch made—world-renowned 17 jewel OMEGA AUTOMATIC. A marvel of elegance and accuracy. Complete selection — 121 different models to choose from—handsomely styled men's and women's models, from $60 FTI. Write for brochure.

TIME MART 425 Madison Ave., New York



LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

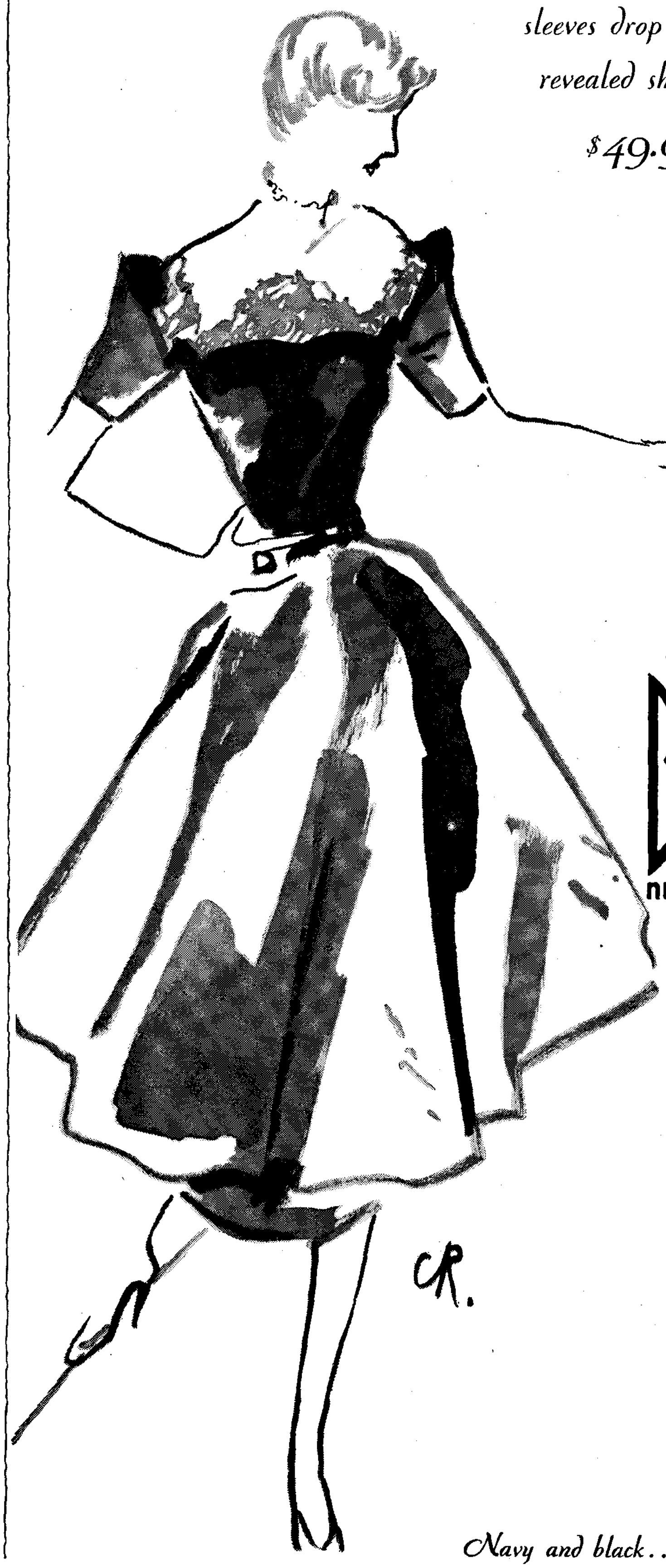
AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!
Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in
hand molded earthen-
ware crock or
glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

hood, to take a corpse, reeking emblem of our human corruption, defy its nastiness by exposing it to the purification of flight, and cast it down through the clean air into the clean sea, which would keep it and cover it and annul it forever. It was extraordinary that somewhere an unknown man had found it pleasing to his soul to kill and cut up an enemy, thus giving Hume an opportunity to do the equally strange thing that pleased his soul, but not more extraordinary than that the corpse should ultimately have been picked up by Mr. Tiffen, who was as strange as they were in his great goodness, and therefore was able to pity Mr. Setty in a way that performed the miracle Hume had thought the air and sea would do and that took the horror from the crime.

It must not be thought that Hume got his ecstasy for nothing. He had had to win it by exceptional courage. He had been either connected with the R.A.F. or posing as a flier for ten years, but not till the previous year had he had enough flying instructions to get a license. Then he got only a civilian "C" license, which permitted him to fly solo, though it required only one hour's instruction in navigation and none at all in night flying. It was the opinion of the Elstree Airfield staff that he had no gift for flying, and in any case he must have lacked practice. The slowness of his two flights over the sea, running into the evening, was fantastic; he should have been able to do the job well before dusk fell. He landed in the most curious places, twice south of the Thames when he wanted to be north of it. He owned to the police that he blundered about in bad weather, losing his bearings, misjudging his height, so that once he nearly flew into the water. It was sheer accident that he did not die for his ideal.

Surviving that phase of danger, he tried again for martyrdom. When he was telling the story of how the three men had given him the parcels, his life depended on whether he was believed, but his desire to alienate his hearers grew here to a perverse climax, and he told the story so that nobody would wish to believe it. When he was describing how he had handled the third parcel, how it made a gurgling noise as he and the painter slithered down the stairs under it, he said, "It put the fear of Christ up me," and leered. There was nothing spontaneous in the brutality of his speech. He was using the name of Christ in the hope that some believers would consider it blasphemy; he was speaking of the dead flesh with planned callousness so that he would affront the



Young-Timers hep to the special needs of the holiday season find the perfect answer in this yarn-dyed rayon taffeta with chantilly-framed off-shoulder neckline. Apron-tunic front swishes wide against the stem-skirt...pert little sleeves drop from the revealed shoulders.

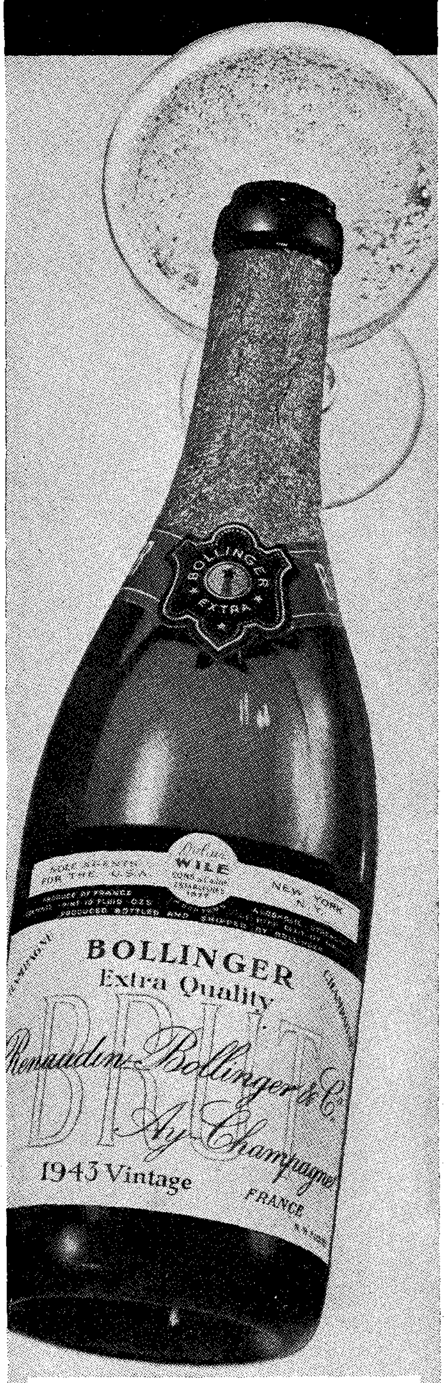
$49.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Navy and black...sizes 10 to 18.

BOLLINGER
The Aristocrat of
FRENCH CHAMPAGNE



Those who know fine French champagne know Bollinger. Whether it is a vintage Bollinger of 1943, or non-vintage, every drop is Bollinger's renowned Extra Quality BRUT . . . recognized by the most discriminating people as the finest champagne that can be produced.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
New York, New York

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 1 PARK AVE. N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

sensitive; and he was feeling a sensual pleasure at the thought that he was disgusting people so much that presently they would turn around and hurt him, perhaps to the ultimate degree. He worked still further to that end by changing the time of this incident so that it did not coincide with the one he had given in his original statement, thus making it less easy to believe. At such moments, his plump face lost masculinity and youth; he might have been a smiling, middle-aged woman dressed as a man. He did not appear a murderer, however. It was impossible to imagine him leaving the world of fantasy long enough really to kill a man.

The three men Hume said had left the corpse with him also seemed to belong to the world of fantasy. There were two witnesses who confirmed the existence of these three men. One was a retired Army officer who appeared odd to English eyes, because he was exactly like the American idea of an Englishman. Tall and rigid, with a long, fastidious face and a voice strangled with punctiliousness, he gave evidence that he had once lived in the mews where Mr. Setty had his garage, and that it had rapidly degenerated from a citadel of respectability to a haunt of spivs. His head went back, his nostrils dilated. One saw the gypsies come, some in black and some in yellow. He was of the opinion that among the spivs there had been two called Maxie and The Boy and one who had answered to the description Hume gave of Greenie. This took us not very far, but the second witness was to take us much farther. This was a man in his early thirties who gave his name as Douglas Claye and described himself as a writer. He was an attractive young man, with thick golden hair, a sensitive face, and a well-bred voice. Before he gave evidence, he looked around the court with a diffident smile that told that he liked being liked. He gave evidence that, if it were accepted, went far toward making Hume's story credible. He said that he had been in Paris the year before and had got acquainted with a gang that was engaged in the smuggling of arms into Palestine and automobiles into England. Two strong-arm men attached to this gang were known as Maxie and The Boy, and answered to the description given by Hume. Claye had got into this company, he explained, because he had met a man in a night club who had offered to cash some traveller's checks for him, and so he had gone back with him to his hotel, at which place the obliging gentleman had been arrested by the

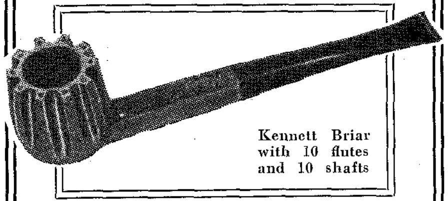
want the most individual looking apartment in New York?

Then come see our decorator styled 2 room outside apartments. Each has been done individually, no one is like another. And all are beautifully furnished with contemporary and period furniture. Leasing right now.

LARGE ROOMS
HUGE CLOSETS
SERVING PANTRY WITH ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR
COMPLETE HOTEL SERVICE
AIR CONDITIONED, TRANSIENT GUEST ROOMS TOO, FROM $10 SINGLE.

The Lombardy
NORMAN E. KING
General Manager
111 East 56th Street, N. Y. 22.
with the air conditioned Continental Brussels Restaurant and Jade Bar.

It's wizard...
from LONDON for CHRISTMAS



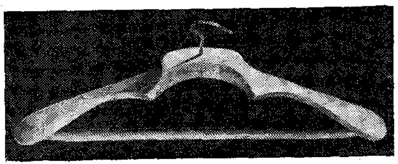
Kennett Briar
with 10 flutes
and 10 shafts

Unquestioned choice of British pipe-smokers from Land's End to John O'Groats. Fluted and shafted for unequalled coolness and flavor. Weight *only one ounce.* The ideal gift. Drop in if you can—if you can't, write or telephone today. Supply is limited.

$7.00 *postpaid.* No luxury tax.

MM *"London in New York"* COMPANY, INC.
400 Park Ave. N. Y. 22 PL 5-7766

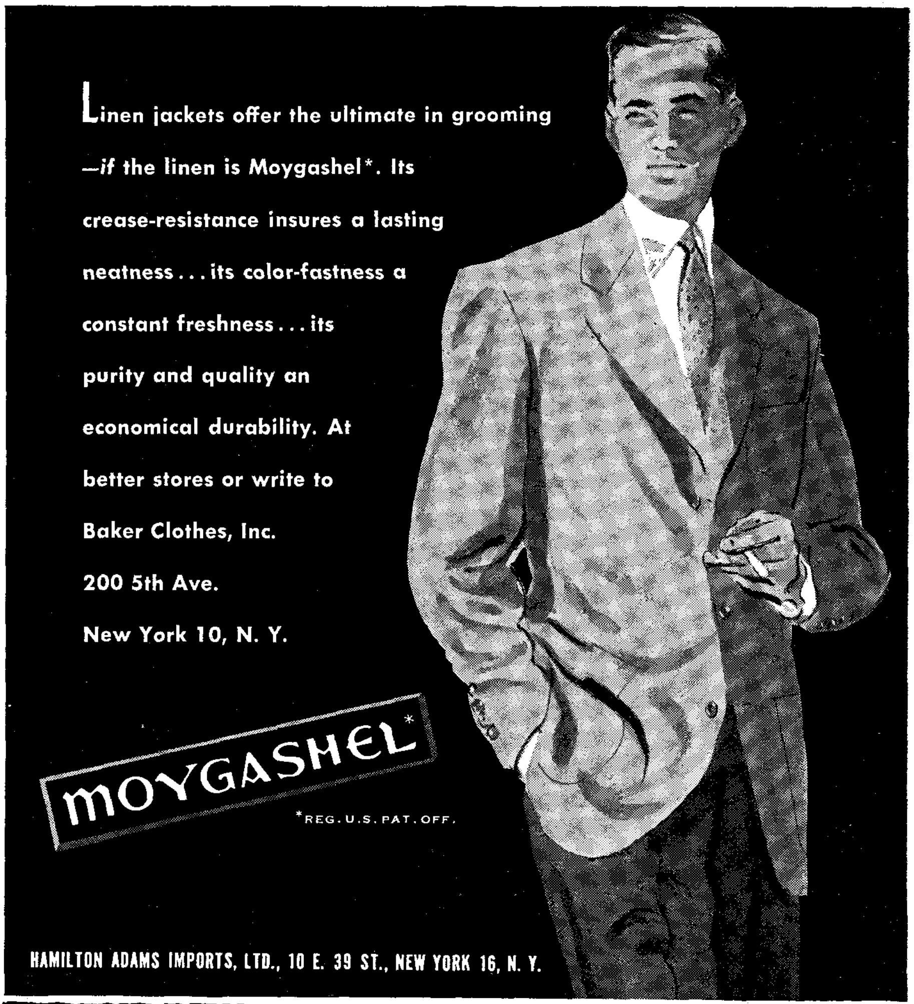
NO FINER GIFT
Extra Wide Coat Hangers



Deluxe clear lacquered Swedish modern finish. Extra wide. Selected imported wood. Nickel plated hook. Features extra length trouser rod.
"WORLD'S FINEST HANGER"
3 for $5 ☐ 6 for $9 ☐ postpaid.
No C.O.D.'s or stamps please
NATIONAL HANGER CO., INC.
253 W. 26th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

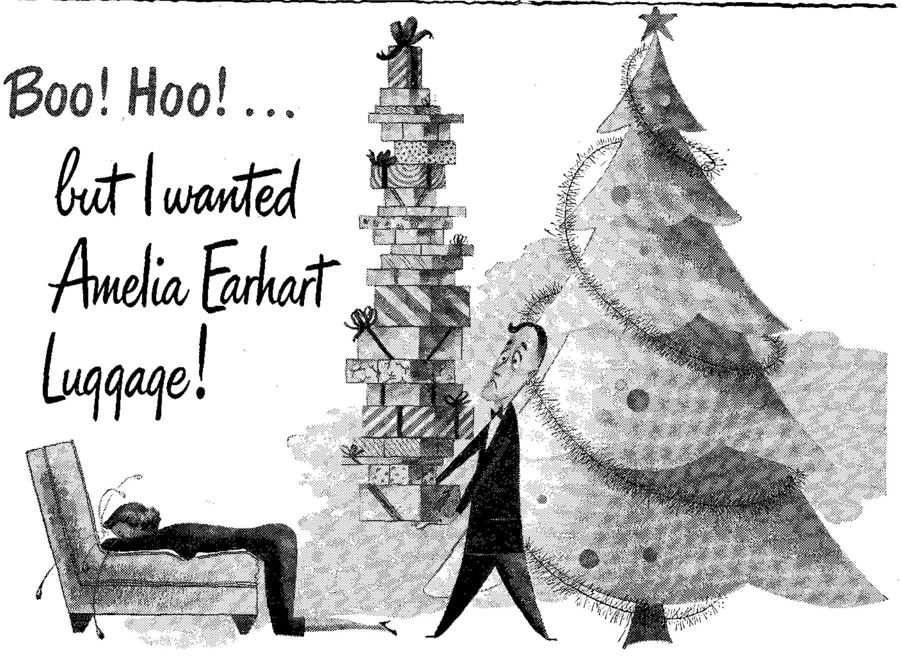
police; the mere fact that Claye had been present at the arrest had made the other members of the gang accept him as one of themselves. He had collected a great deal of information about them and had sent a report about them to both the French Sûreté and the British Embassy. This last statement could be so easily verified that it compelled belief in his evidence. But, alas, he was not merely Douglas Claye. He was Douglas Webster St. Aubyn Berneville-Claye, well known to every contemporary amateur of crime by reason of his frequent convictions. There is no harm in him; he is merely one of the wild asses of the world, and nobody, not even the police, is ever very angry with him, though, to be sure, larceny and forgery and bigamy cause some inconvenience. It was strange that he should have come out of safe obscurity and visited Scotland Yard, which for him was putting his head in the lion's mouth, for the purpose of offering to give testimony in support of Hume's story. He had never seen Hume when he made this offer, but there was a bond between them. For Berneville-Claye's first conviction and Hume's only conviction had been for the same offense: for unlawfully wearing military emblems and posing as a member of His Majesty's Forces. It is most probable that Berneville-Claye did not know this when he volunteered to give testimony for Hume. These two naturally flew in the same flight, in bad weather and poor visibility, losing their bearings and diving so deep that the waters rushed up at them.

IT would have been better for Hume if his wife had mentioned the three men when she murmured her evidence. But she, like the charwoman, Mrs. Stride, gave testimony that wrecked both the case for the prosecution and the case for the defense. She declared that she had been in the apartment throughout the night when, according to the prosecution, her husband had stabbed and cut up Mr. Setty, but with equal gentle firmness she declared that she had seen no three men in the apartment at the time Hume said they had visited him. And her evidence was certainly true, for she did not seek to prove that she was away from the apartment on the night of the murder, which a perjurer in her position would certainly have done. Yet many people regarded her with suspicion. Even if Hume had merely received the parcels and put them in the coal cupboard, wouldn't she, the housewife, have been bound to know something about that? And


Linen jackets offer the ultimate in grooming —*if* the linen is Moygashel*. Its crease-resistance insures a lasting neatness ... its color-fastness a constant freshness ... its purity and quality an economical durability. At better stores or write to
Baker Clothes, Inc.
200 5th Ave.
New York 10, N. Y.

MOYGASHEL*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS, LTD., 10 E. 39 ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

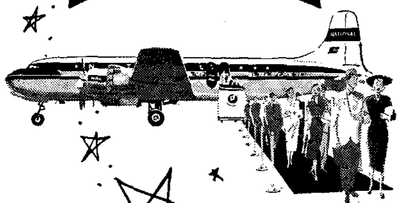

Boo! Hoo! ...
but I wanted
Amelia Earhart
Luggage!
Don't disappoint her or
break her little heart!

Give her something truly different... something really distinguished—

If you want to know why she wants it, send 10¢ for the gay new primer, "There *Is* A Difference." Address Amelia Earhart Luggage, Dept. N12C, 408 Market Street, Newark 5, N. J.

Amelia Earhart
LUGGAGE
... with the exclusive "CUSHION EDGE" ®

This Winter to Florida!
NATIONAL AIRLINES
DOUBLES
ITS FAMED Star SERVICE!



MIAMI
4 HOURS NON-STOP
Palm Beach
4 HRS. 34 MIN.

Now you can be **SURE** *of a seat on the world-famed DC-6 STAR for your round trip to the South! Far more frequent, more convenient departures — combined with the fastest flying times and dependable schedules maintained by The STAR!*

For you — these exclusive, super-luxury STAR features: filet mignon served on individual tables; flowers and music enroute; the spacious Starlight Lounge; over-size seats just 2 abreast.

For you — National **DOUBLES** *its DC-6 STAR fleet... NOW THE THIRD LARGEST IN THE NATION!*

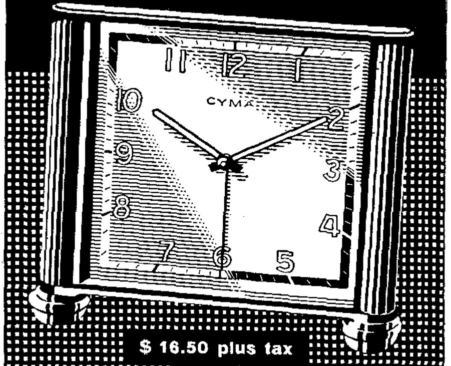
For reservations call MU 2-4200
or see your travel agent

NATIONAL Airlines
Airline of the Stars

why hadn't she asked her husband why he suddenly wanted the sitting-room carpet cleaned, and where the rug in the hall had gone? These questions showed the prevailing ignorance of nearly all men and the more articulate kind of woman regarding the common lot of the inarticulate woman. A mother only a little over two months distant from a dangerous confinement, who was feeding her baby and was worried about its illness, would be just getting around to the things she had to do and would not be worrying about the coal cupboard. As for the carpet, it was light green; they had tried to buy a dark-green one when they were furnishing the apartment and had been unable to get one, so they had taken the lighter one and had promised themselves to have it dyed as soon as it got dirty, and it was dirty by this time, since it had been down for over ten months. She had not asked why Hume wanted it dyed at that particular moment for the same reason that she had not asked where the rug had gone, because she is the kind of woman who accepts everything that men do. The creatures are irrational, but they are useful, and it might impair their usefulness to vex them with propositions of reason. The disappearance of the rug, moreover, had seemed to her, when she hazily thought about it, as possibly to be explained by her husband's habit of pawning things, which often sent her possessions away on holidays.

The suspicion that many men and some women felt about Mrs. Hume derived not from dissatisfaction at her explanations of her conduct but from their reactions to her intense femininity. Her face, her body, her bearing, and, above all, her soft, preoccupied voice made an allusion to something outside the context, and they believed this something to be the truth about the murder. One might as well suspect a tree that has blossomed because it is spring of making signals to another tree. What her whole being was alluding to, definitely, though with dignity, was sex: the whole process, not short-circuited. When her eyes darkened, and she knit her delicate eyebrows, and then smoothed them out again and smiled, the suspicious imagined that she was thinking, How terrible it was that night I helped him to wash out the bloodstains in the apartment, but thanks to the lawyers I have got out of all that trouble scot-free. But those who had met her and had listened to her were aware that at such times she was pondering such thoughts as these: This apartment is not

Classic Simplicity
CYMA
the Gift Clock



$ 16.50 plus tax

A 7-jewel lever precision movement in a beautifully styled case. One key winds both time and alarm. Other models from $ 13.50.

SKYTOP CLUB
"High in the Poconos"
Refresh yourself here with a week or a week-end of healthful rest... lovely level walks, music, entertainment, every activity if you choose...and those delicious Skytop meals.
Call our information office, The Biltmore, MU 6-8648.
SKYTOP CLUB
Box 1, SKYTOP, PA.
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., General Manager

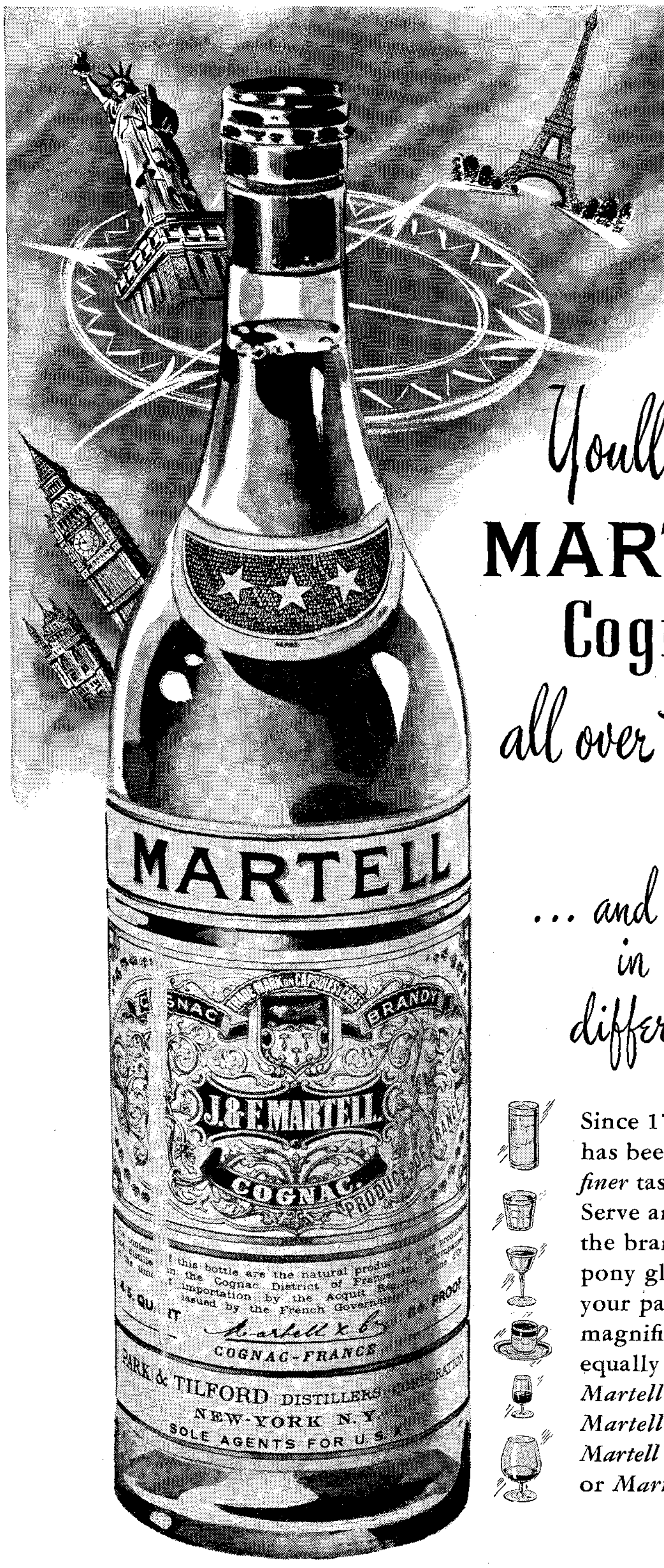
Entertaining?
Compliment your guests with the perfect cocktails, finest food, tasteful service, beautiful appointments, friendly atmosphere of Birch Brook. Dinner 5-10 P.M.; Sat., Sun. & Holidays 12-10 P.M. Closed Monday. Reservations BRonxville 2-7171.
BIRCH BROOK INN
BIRCH BROOK INN
Just off Pkwy. at Pondfield Rd.
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

ARTICHOKES
Giant artichokes from California's Carmel-by-the-sea. Matchless for size, freshness, and flavor. Outstanding treat for party luncheons or dinner. Unique gift for friends. Eight recipes tell how to prepare and serve. Box of 12 Giants, prepaid in U.S., for only $3.95. Please send check or money order to
TOM JONES
P. O. Box 356 Carmel, California

very convenient now we have a baby. I wish we had a proper house, with a garden. Then I could put Baby out in her pram to sleep in the mornings. And I could hang the diapers out to dry, instead of putting them on that horrible pulley outside the window, which is so stiff and heavy. Also, it would be more convenient for keeping the pram; I have to leave it on the stairs now, and people have to push past it. But I must not grumble. After all, Golders Hill Park is just up the road, and it is a very pretty park. It has a big house with beautiful gardens, and the London County Council has taken it over and keeps it just as it used to be before; you might think you were visiting a friend's home. It will be nice taking Baby up there in the summer, when the band plays. And they have a little zoo there, with kangaroos. It will be amusing when Baby is old enough to notice them.

Mrs. Hume's thoughts are of this simplicity not because she is stupid but because she is a pragmatist and these are the thoughts that are most useful for her to think in her present situation, while she is the mother of a young child. It is very difficult to make people believe that what seems interesting and exciting to her about her life is not that her husband was caught disposing of a corpse but that she had a baby a little while ago. Yet, when the bloodstained facts of history are considered, it is apparent that this must have been the standard feminine attitude throughout the ages.

Mrs. Hume was a troubling figure to anybody who had begun to doubt the value of life as a thing in itself, who had decided that life ought to be rejected if it is this and not that. Passive and yielding and drowsy with the fatigue of doing all that has to be done for a young baby, she had the massive resolution of a battleship or a bomber. She meant life to go on, whatever it was like. That was how she came back into the case, at the very end. Her husband's counsel, Mr. Richard Levy, had made a closing speech that put him in the first rank of criminal lawyers. He was already well known at the commercial bar, where the big money is made, and much beloved in his profession, but this speech took him a stage farther—it gave him the magic that belongs in England to the great criminal lawyer, who can fuse the facts of a case into a work of art that by its effect on the jury decides whether an accused person shall live or die. What he did for Hume was not expatiate on his story of the three men but prove that the prosecution's



You'll find
MARTELL
Cognac
all over the world

... and served in many different ways

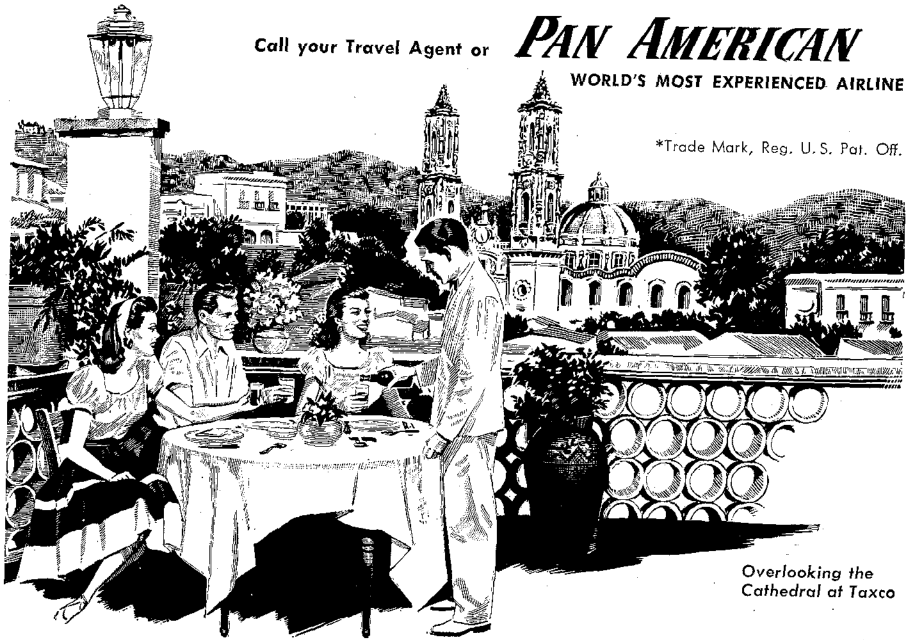
Since 1715 Martell Cognac has been preferred for its *finer* taste and bouquet. Serve and savor it in the brandy snifter and pony glass. And pamper your palate with Martell's magnificence in these equally estimable ways: *Martell and soda, Martell Old-fashioned, Martell Stinger* and *Sidecar* or *Martell Cafe Royal.*

MARTELL *Cognac* BRANDY

IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE

A Great Symbol of France Since 1715

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 84 PROOF



Take a 10-day all-expense

Vacation in Mexico

$333^85 from New York

- Included are round-trip flights by connecting airline to Houston, 4-engine Clippers* to Mexico.
- Fine rooms with meals for your stay in Mexico City, Cortez's 16th Century Hacienda at Tequesquitengo and Acapulco.
- Limousine to Tequesquitengo and Taxco, flight to Acapulco.

Call your Travel Agent or PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Overlooking the Cathedral at Taxco

a nice compliment

Do you remember your uncle giving you a fifty-cent piece when you were very young? Getting it was the first thrill. Carrying it around for a week while you considered its possibilities was the second thrill. Actually spending it was the third thrill.

A Gift Bond does the same for grown-ups.

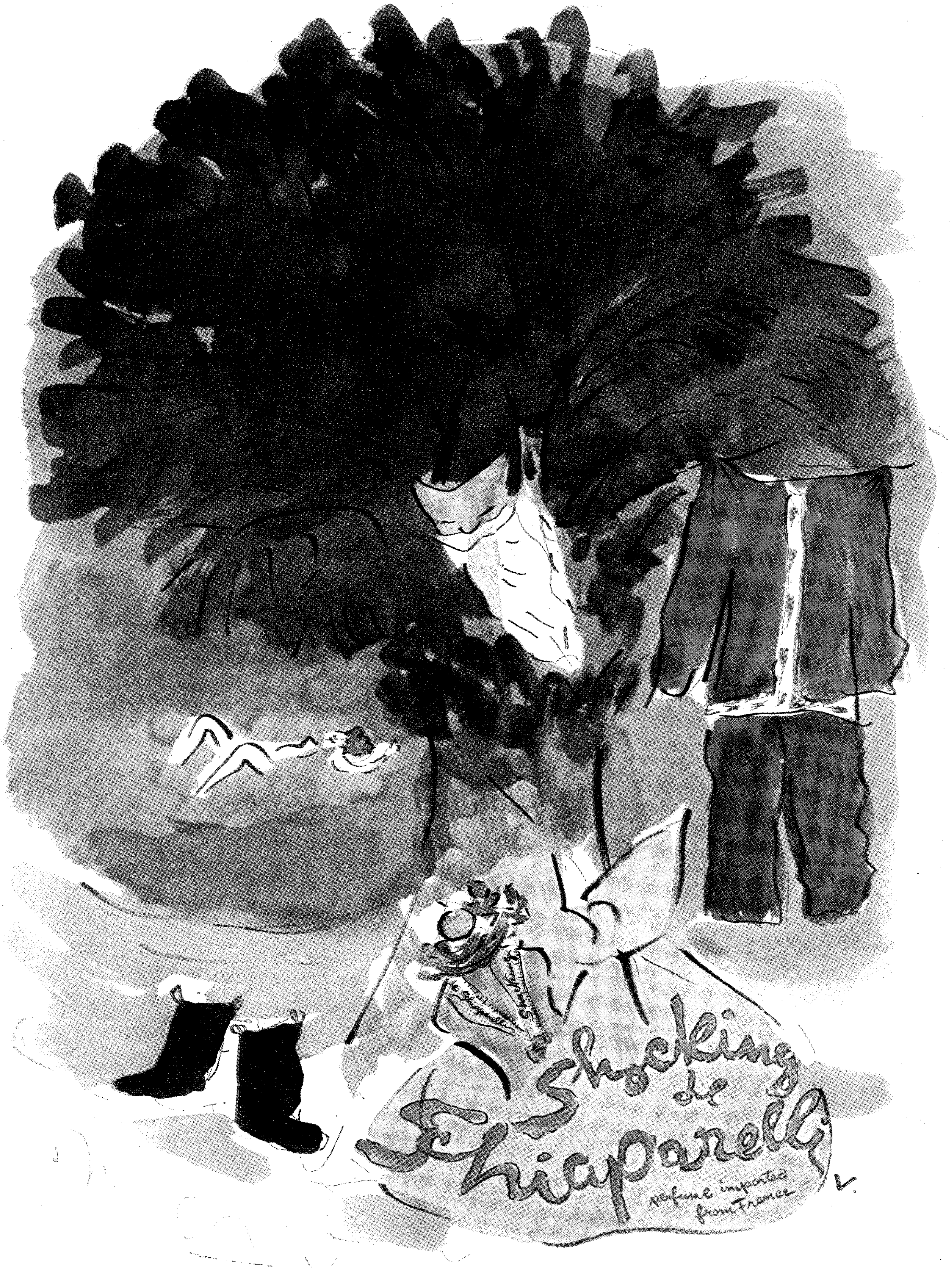
Of all the variety of gifts that a man may receive at Christmas, the Gift Bond is the only one that is always, exactly and inevitably right. It can't fail. The lucky guy gets exactly what he wants because he selects it himself.

Moreover, it is a gift twice blessed. It blesseth her that gives and him that receives. It saves legwork and headwork, too. It costs *exactly* what you had in mind. Not a penny more or less. And the Wallachs name on the Bond is a nice compliment to your good taste as well as to his.

Copyright 1950, Wallachs

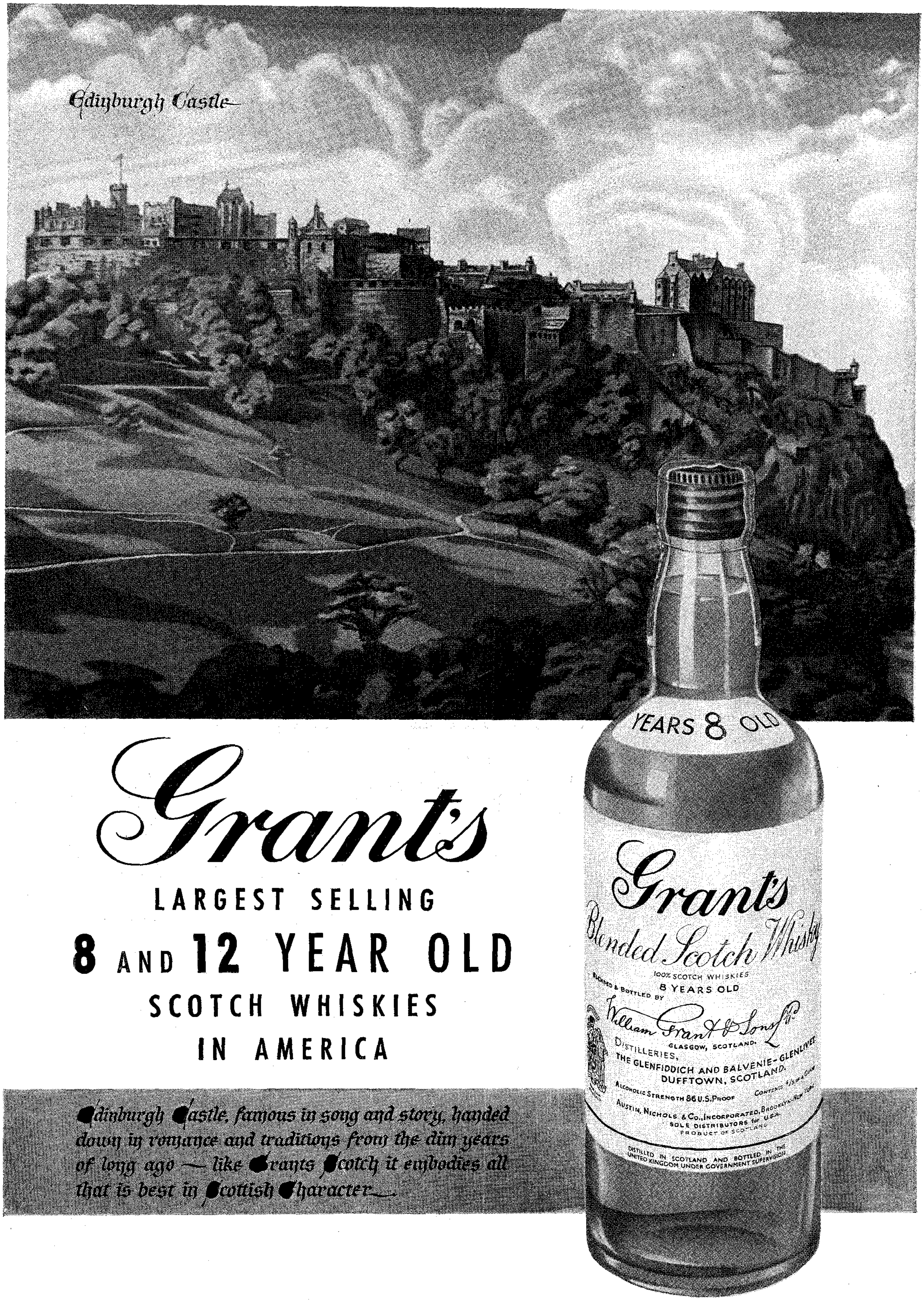
story was at least as vague, and cite the evidence of Mrs. Stride and Mrs. Hume as proof. It was a superb speech, as free from humbug and tricks as Euclid, and it lived in the memory by its logic and lucidity. It showed the strength of the best sort of Jewish mind, which becomes majestic as it pursues an argument, because justice is the produce of sound argument and Jehovah is a just God. Nevertheless, its majesty moved Mr. Christmas Humphreys to one last transport of what looked like indecorum but was acute spiritual distress. He could not abide the use that Mr. Levy made of Mrs. Hume's testimony that she had seen no murder done in the apartment as conclusive proof that no murder had been done, and suddenly his self-control slipped. He said, "I am not prosecuting Mrs. Hume. I am not defending her. She is first and foremost the wife of the man she loves. There is a law older than the law of England or any man-made law; a man and a wife who love one another stick together. I do not say that Mrs. Hume had no part in this murder. I say I have no evidence whatsoever that she had any part in it. I certainly do not agree necessarily that she had no part in the cutting up of the body and the tidying up of the flat. That is entirely a matter for you to consider if you wish." Now, this was the strangest thing for a responsible lawyer to say. It suggested to the jury that they should consider whether Mrs. Hume was guilty of murder or of being an accessory after the fact, though she had not been charged with either offense or been given an opportunity of being legally defended against such charges, and the jury had no means of expressing its conviction of her guilt, or, what was more important, her innocence. This left Mrs. Hume at the end of the trial in a situation in which the process of justice should never leave anybody, and that fact will probably always be remembered against Mr. Humphreys. Yet he was not moved by malice; he was simply reacting in his way to Mrs. Hume's femininity. "Now let the unravished heart arise, and find Communicable light," he remarks in one of his poems. Mrs. Hume was the female whose heart, not to be ravished by any calamity, found communicable light and communicable shadow, too, and went on producing life in its unreformed state, infuriating to this zealot.

THE trial infuriated everyone. The position of man on this globe is obviously extremely insecure unless he can



Shocking de Schiaparelli
Shocking de Schiaparelli
perfume imported from France
V.

shocking perfume — 8.75, 15.00, 32.50 . . . purse-size dressmaker bottle, 3.00 *(prices plus tax)*


Edinburgh Castle
YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
8 YEARS OLD
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
DISTILLERIES, THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND.
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Grant's

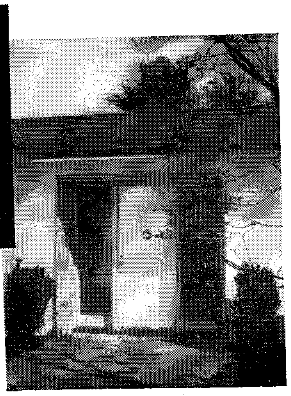
LARGEST SELLING
8 AND 12 YEAR OLD
SCOTCH WHISKIES
IN AMERICA

Edinburgh Castle, famous in song and story, handed down in romance and traditions from the dim years of long ago — like Grants Scotch it embodies all that is best in Scottish Character.

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS, IMPORT DIVISION Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. BROOKLYN — NEW YORK find out what is happening around him. That is why history pretends that it can give an exact account of the past, though any amateur who is compelled to write history by some inner urge finds, even without going through the novitiate that teaches historians to hang together, that all that the past will let us know about most historical events is just a bunch of alternative hypotheses. Here was something that was not in the past but in the present, and was much simpler than any important historical event, and it remained a secret, a secret that was in the hands of a talkative spiv, yet was unbreakable. The Hume apartment was as insubstantial as a mousetrap. If we could not see through it, then our eyesight was defective, we were to all intents and purposes blind, anything could creep up on us.

The jury disagreed, and when it did, there ran through the court the relief that is always felt when a man is acquitted of a capital charge, a relief that is not so much of the mind as of the bones and blood and nerves, which strongly feel in their several ways that the less unnatural death is, the better. The Judge strode out in a tall flurry of scarlet and ermine. Hume's personality had obviously disturbed him. Mr. Justice Lewis, the judge who had begun this case and had had to give it up because he was dying, would have endured it better, for he was a churchman, and the ecclesiastically-minded judges are always able to take odd criminals with comparative calmness, having had the idea of sin and its very unpleasant quality well rubbed into them. Mr. Justice Sellers was a liberal and believed in the perfectibility of the human race and in the power of reason, and certainly Hume knocked a hole in the bottom of both those theories, with his deep joy in imperfection and his irrational determination that the jury that was deciding whether he was to live or die should think the worst of him. Besides, it is in Britain something of a scandal, reflecting credit on no person connected with the trial, when a jury disagrees on a murder charge. It happens very rarely; nobody at the Old Bailey that day could call to mind more than two such cases in the last fifty years. Theoretically, the government's prosecuting department should not charge a man with a capital crime unless it has enough facts to put together a story that a jury can believe. But this odd crime had made it impossible for the prosecution to stick to this theory. There were so many facts that made it look as if Hume had murdered Mr. Setty that it would

North Manursing Island
ON THE SOUND AT RYE



FOR SALE

An Incomparable Residence...

In a Club Setting Overlooking the Sound, only 36 Minutes from Grand Central

Do your eyes light up at the thought of whitewashed brick and a split rail fence... at the thought of an out-of-town home that's as easy to maintain as an apartment... at the thought of a private white sandy beach and a protected yacht basin reserved exclusively for yourself and a few congenial neighbors? Then you'll want to know more about this brand new, one-story 4-bedroom residence.

For sheer craftsmanship the house is probably superior to anything which has been built since the war. The great storm of November 25th couldn't push so much as a drop of water into it. The plan is a rambling affair with three wings, two of them enclosing a charming garden patio. The 34-foot living room has a mammoth fireplace framed by bookshelves, and two whole walls of glass, one looking out over the Sound only a stone's throw away and the other facing the patio.

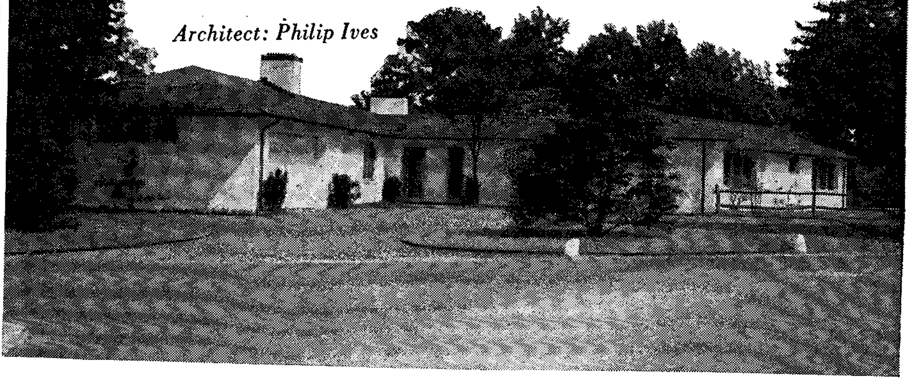
There's a master suite with fitted dressing room and bath, and two other master bedrooms, each with bath. In the service wing are a shining modern kitchen, a two-car garage with direct access to the house — and only one servant's room and bath because one maid is all you'll need. A gardener can keep the ¾-acre grounds shipshape in one day a week. It's only a 5-minute drive, across a causeway which connects with the mainland, to the Rye station and 36-minute trains to New York.

The price of the house is $80,000, a sizable capital investment but a logical one in terms of the low maintenance cost (taxes are approximately $780 a year), the complete landscaping, the quality of the house, its location and the yacht and beach club memberships which are included. To assure present as well as future owners of congenial neighbors, all buyers must meet with the approval of the North Manursing Island Association.

For illustrated brochure and complete information call Mr. Wyburn Lee at Previews or phone the property direct, Rye 7-1750. See your own broker if you prefer.

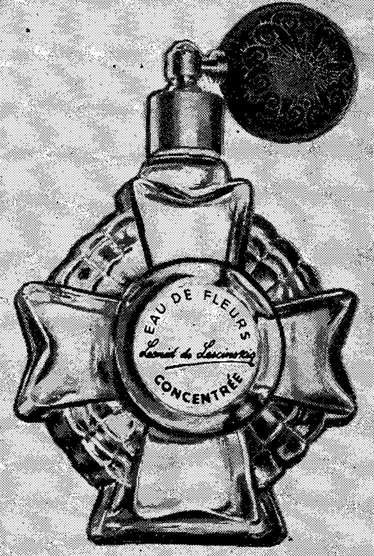
PREVIEWS INC.
The National Real Estate Clearing House
49 E. 53 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y. • PLaza 8-2630
BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • PALM BEACH
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Architect: Philip Ives



GRAND PRIX
GOLD MEDAL
PARIS 1927

Leonid de Lescinskis
PRESENTS
A MOST PRECIOUS GIFT
TO YOU



EAU DE FLEURS
COLOGNE CONCENTRÉE
with ATOMIZER
the haunting fragrance
—new to the new world,
famous in the old
4 oz. only $2.50*

EAU DE FLEURS
EXTRAIT
The Extraordinary Perfume
long awaited by the lovely ladies of America . . . in the purse size gold flaconette. $2.00*
* Plus Fed. Tax
NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON

EAU DE FLEURS
EXTRAIT

have been giving a license to murder not to bring him into court.

The legal situation created by the disagreement of the jury was quickly tidied up. The jury was discharged, another one was sworn in, and Hume was again charged with the murder of Mr. Setty, and asked to plead, and he pleaded not guilty. Then the prosecution announced that it intended to offer no evidence, and the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. This procedure was not automatic. Two days later, another jury, in the North of England, failed to reach a verdict after the trial of two men on a murder charge which lasted thirteen days, the longest murder trial that has ever taken place in Great Britain. The men went on trial again within a week, and one of them, a man named Kelly, was condemned to death and the other was acquitted. But there was plainly no use retrying Hume's case. Not that he went free. There was another indictment against him, which charged him with being an accessory after the fact of murder. He pleaded guilty to this offense, having confessed to it in his statement, and he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Then came the last strangeness of Hume's case. It did not end.

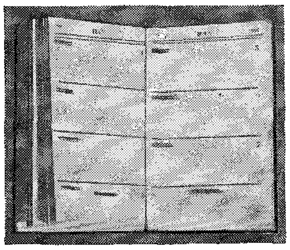
We all waited for more to happen. Hume was a man who would have to talk, who would have to go on making drama. In prison, it would be safe to talk. He had said that he had wanted to go to the police and tell them about the part he had played in getting rid of the body when the news of Mr. Tiffen's find on the marshes had been published in the papers but had been frightened into silence by a telephone call from the three men who had left the parcels with him. Well, he would be protected from such intimidation now. That he had another story to tell became surer as certain facts about his old story sank into our minds. There were three men in that story—Mac, or Maxie; The Boy; and Greenie. The description of Mac quite closely fitted one of the policemen who were in the police station where Hume was examined, and as for The Boy and Greenie, there is a novel, by Graham Greene, called "Brighton Rock," which had been turned into a film, and the chief character is a nasty little gangster who, like Hume, had been brought up in an orphanage, and he was known as The Boy and as Pinkie. It seemed very possible that Hume might forget that earlier story and tell us another, which might satisfy our wonder and restore our confidence

Tonight...for a new dessert serve straight
DuBouchett
Creme de Cacao

DuBOUCHETT
MANY-BLANC
CRÈME DE CACAO
MANY, BLANC & CO. INC.
60 proof

As a parfait, pour over vanilla ice cream.
DuBouchett Cordials (say doo-boo-shay)
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

THE IDEAL GIFT



"WAFER" DIARY
Keep your appointments and tax-deductible expense records in this flexible, leather-covered, gilt-edged diary from Smythson's of London. Exactly matches your "Wafer" diaries of years past and years to come.
4¼"x2¾"—wafer-thin. At current exchange, only $1.75 postpaid.
MM "London in New York" COMPANY, INC.
400 Park Ave. N. Y. 22 PL 5-7766

fine food beautifully served . . .
A charming rendezvous for quality food and cocktails since 1926.
LUNCHEON fr. 95c
DINNER fr. $1.40
University Restaurant
25 W. 8th St., NYC • in Greenwich Village

that if a thing happens, we can know about it.

But though there have been rumors that Hume made a statement in prison, nobody else has been charged with the murder of Mr. Setty, and Scotland Yard indicates that in its opinion the case is closed. In the minds of everyone who attended the trial, however, it is still open, and if one meets members of the various organizations that coöperated to bring Hume to justice, it is to be noted that they still find themselves brooding on it. The features of the murderer behind Hume are so mysterious. For one thing, they are so trustful. Who was the man who could devise a cunning and intricate murder that but for the whimsical pull of the moon on certain tides would have gone forever undetected, and yet confided the execution of the flying essential to the plan to a flying man who could only by a miracle have performed it, and who habitually gossiped and lied and boasted? Nobody could do anything so mad. But somebody had done something so mad, and the behavior of one of the witnesses was to give, before the case slipped down into the depths of memory, evidence that no course of action is so mad that some human being will not adopt it.

Duncan Webb, the crime reporter who had been haled before the court because of his letter and telegram to Mrs. Hume, was sitting in his office one day when there came in, with that shy smile that told of such a strong desire to be liked, Mr. Douglas Claye. He carried a telegram he said he had received at his London lodgings. It was from the gang, and it threatened him with revenge. What gang? And why did anybody want to revenge himself on him? Why, Mr. Douglas Claye explained, the gang in Paris. They were angry with him because he had gone into the witness box and said that he knew Maxie, The Boy, and Greenie. Mr. Webb was nonplussed by the reappearance of these characters. Pulling himself together, he expressed sympathy, regretted that he could do nothing about it, and advised Mr. Claye to go to Scotland Yard and tell them about it. He and his visitor went out and had some coffee and a chat, and Claye left him with a charming wave of the hand. Webb never expected to hear anything more of the matter. But Claye followed his advice. He went to Scotland Yard, where they took little interest in the telegram but looked at him sadly. Since he had come back to see them, they could not help arresting him on a new charge

Opening December 18th

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

The new branch office of the

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

57th Street at Madison Avenue

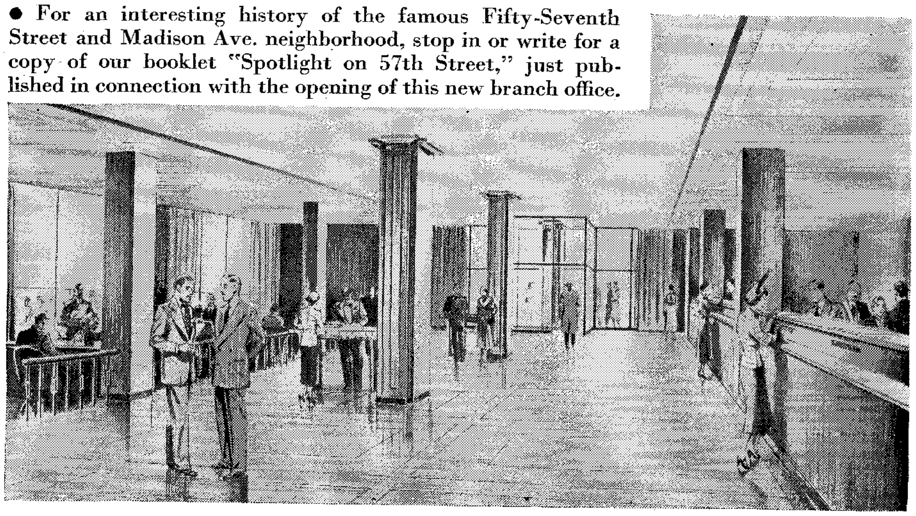
MUrray Hill 8-8100

If you live or work in midtown Manhattan, you'll find Irving's newest branch office a real convenience. It's right in the heart of one of New York's fastest-growing business districts . . . a good place to do *all* your banking.

You will like the friendly atmosphere and the inviting surroundings of this new office . . . find it fully staffed and equipped to handle the domestic and foreign banking needs of your business—as well as your personal or professional banking requirements. Complete Safe Deposit facilities for storage and protection of your valuables are also available.

You are cordially invited to visit us at your earliest opportunity.

● For an interesting history of the famous Fifty-Seventh Street and Madison Ave. neighborhood, stop in or write for a copy of our booklet "Spotlight on 57th Street," just published in connection with the opening of this new branch office.



MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

"it's dry for you"
"it's sweet for me"
MANHATTAN
MARTINI
Good Drinks START WITH G&D AMERICAN VERMOUTH
DRY
SWEET
DRY (for Martinis)
SWEET (for Manhattans)

Yes, the *best* cocktails call for the *right* vermouth . . . G & D American Vermouth.

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO, INC., NEW YORK
© 1950

that had been brought against him since he forced his way into the limelight by giving evidence in the Hume case. He had committed bigamy for the second time, and he got two years for it.

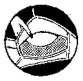
UP in Golders Green, Mrs. Hume was still living, as she is at present, in the apartment, not because she was insensitive to the tragedy that had befallen her there but because of the times. The apartment was under the Rent Restriction Act, so the Humes had got it for exactly three dollars and a half a week, and even if she had been financially justified in going out and looking for a more expensive one, the housing shortage is still so acute that it would have been difficult to find one. No fine feelings can disregard such solid facts. Now her sister and her little niece were living with her, but otherwise her domestic arrangements were much as before. The charwoman, Mrs. Stride, had presented herself on her usual day and had said that if Mrs. Hume did not mind her working for her after she had given evidence against Mr. Hume, she would be pleased to continue to give her every Wednesday. Domestic workers are so scarce that this was an incident of great import; and Mrs. Stride, asked by any other of her employers or in any of the local shops whether it is true that she is still working for Mrs. Hume, replies with dignity, borrowing locutions used only in old-fashioned and stately establishments of a sort not now found in Golders Green, that she is proud to do her best for Madam and Miss Margaret. By Miss Margaret she means the baby.

In that household, also, the Hume case is not closed. But it is not the same case that continues to perplex the outer world. What puzzles Mrs. Hume is not the identity of the man who sent the parcels to her husband; that was just somebody male doing something silly. It is the identity of her husband, the identity of her home. Nothing in her life is what she used to think it was, not even the dog. Not long after the trial, she found herself telling a visitor how this cheerful mongrel, part Alsatian, part collie dog, had come to belong to her husband. When he was in Europe with the R.A.F. in 1945, his squadron took over an airport that the Germans had abandoned and found a paddock in which the German airmen had left their dogs, and he and this mongrel had taken an instant fancy to each other, so he smuggled him back to England in his plane next time he flew home. That was the story she repeated, as she had

Perma·lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

ONLY **PERMA·LIFT** BRAS

have "The Lift That Never Lets You Down"



Because you love to look lovely, you must wear a "Perma·lift"* Bra to assure the curves you crave. It magically, lastingly supports your breasts from below. Wash it, wear it—the Magic Insets lift you always. At your favorite store—$1.50 to $4.

For comfort beyond compare, wear a "Perma·lift" Magic Inset Girdle—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma·lift", a trade-mark of A. Stein & Company Chicago, New York, Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

ENROLL IN THE MAGIC CIRCLE

of gifted party-givers. Just serve Kijafa to your next card party or dinner guests—you'll be thrilled by the comments as well as by the rich flavor.

IMPORTED
KIJAFA
CHERRY WINE

CHERRY
KIJAFA
DANISH WINE SPECIALTY

Say KEE-YAFA.
Always serve it cold.

Get 2 Bottles at your Package Store — You'll enjoy KIJAFA so much you'll want to "gift-give" it to a friend.

Imported from Denmark by
BROWNE VINTNERS CO. INC.
New York, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS at

MUSIC INN

New Year's too. Skating, skiing, ice-fishing, music, dancing, horse-drawn sleighing, relaxed people, fireside entertainment.

Write Stephanie Frey Barber,

Music Inn, Lenox, Mass, or
270 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, MU 5-0866.

the rare Sabai

from Siam comes the rare and lovely *sabai* . . . to lend a touch of the exotic to sophisticated costumes . . . as a brilliant scarf, as a breathtaking stole. Hand-woven of pure silk, brocaded with silver and gold thread, its multi-coloured iridescence captures the subtle essence of the East. A cascading assortment of colours.

$36

BERGDORF GOODMAN
GUNTHER JAECKEL B. ALTMAN

thaibok fabrics, ltd.
37 E. 61st ST. TEmpleton 8-8050

give them a bushel of questions!

Why take chances on a mink lap rug, or a mere potted palm? Give them something *really* different—a subscription to *Facts Inc.* As often as they like, all year long, they can phone *Facts Inc.* in New York and ask questions about *anything*—business, theatre, sports, world affairs. While they wait, they'll get the correct answer! A year's subscription costs only $15.00. Phone Plaza 7-8600, or stop at Brentano's for a brochure on *Facts Inc.*

Brentano's
586 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

heard her husband tell it again and again to her, to their friends, to strangers, to anybody who was moved by the dog's jolly character to ask where he had got it. As she spoke, it suddenly struck her that it could not be true. Her husband had not been an R.A.F. pilot, he had taken no part in the liberation of Europe, he had been by then a civilian. This made the dog a double mongrel, part Alsatian and part collie, part real and part phantom. She looked at it doubtfully, as if fearing that, should she pat it, her hand might go through it, and she felt a like amazement about her husband. Not, it must be emphasized, about his participation in the murder. Women of Mrs. Hume's type resemble artists in their lack of interest in the exceptional event. What amazed her was the incongruity between the facts the police told her about her husband and what she herself knew about him. As far as her own knowledge went, she was for the most part silent; she has a great faculty for silence. But she mentioned to the visitor the exquisite and conscientious craftsmanship he showed in his work as an electrical engineer, and his careful kindness to the men he had employed in his factory. She did not deny that what the police said was true; she simply made a claim that what she knew was true, too, speaking without sentimentality. It was a pity, for her sake, that she was not more bemused, that she would have to go in a state of stone-cold emotional sobriety on all the visits to prison that lay ahead of her. But that, of course, was not the really important point. The baby upstairs was putting on the right amount of weight now. She was everything a baby should be. Her mother will bring her up so that she will be an attractive girl, very like any other attractive girl. Gently the snarl in Hume's genetic line will be disentangled. The Hume mystery will be written about so long as there is a literature of crime, but Mrs. Hume and Mrs. Stride will see to it that only on paper does it survive. On the field of reality, its effects will have quietly been cancelled.

—REBECCA WEST

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

•

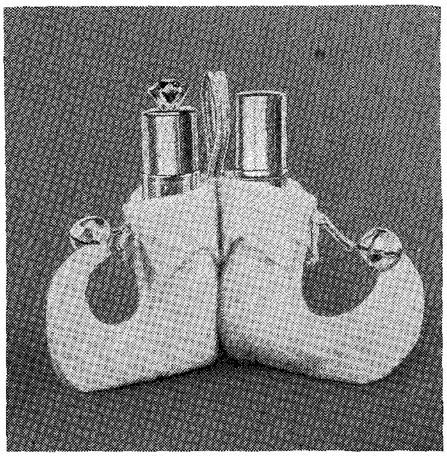
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Warren* (*Pa.*) *Times-Mirror*]

The resulting lake behind the dam would be no second Chautauqua Lake with unlimited resort possibilities, he said, but a body of Mrs. May Wallace, of Morrison, surface lined with mud banks and mosquitos.

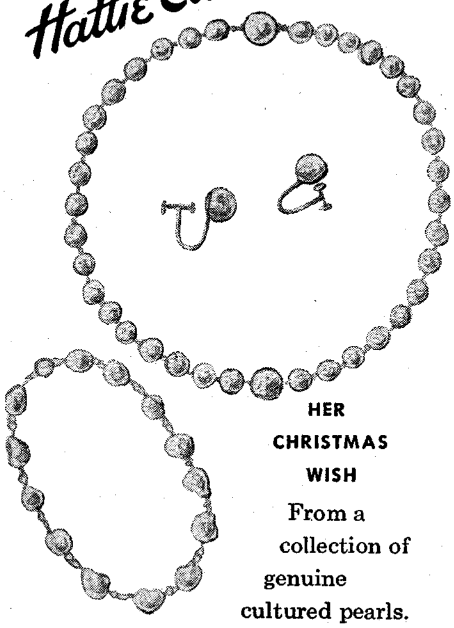
Elizabeth Arden
presents
Inspired
Christmas
Gifts

Up pops Santa-in-the-box!...
his heart filled with Elizabeth Arden's fabulous My Love perfume. The most enchanting way of conveying your love and greetings merrily in an exquisite package. $10.00.



Beauty's Booties
"Twinkle Toes" with bells to ring out your Christmas greetings. They hold an Elizabeth Arden lipstick plus a jewel-capped Perfumair filled with a memorable perfume. $3.50
prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PLAZA 9-2940



Hattie Carnegie

HER
CHRISTMAS
WISH

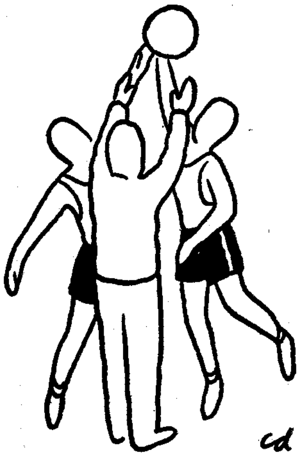
From a
collection of
genuine
cultured pearls.
Knotted choker $75.*
Ball earrings set in
14 K. gold $25.*
Bracelet with 14 K. gold links $25.*
*plus Fed. tax

42 East 49th Street
Gift certificates available

DON Q
Your "Q" to quality Puerto Rican Rum
GOLD LABEL
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., New York, N. Y.
Importers Since 1794

FLESH AND THE DEVIL

THE office where Frisbie worked as vice-president in charge of purchases had its Christmas party a week early, because the head of the corporation was leaving for Miami, but otherwise it was like any other Christmas party. Everyone stood around self-consciously at first, drinking whiskey from paper cups, then bandied intramural jokes as the liquor thawed them, and ended up by slinging arms around one another in general camaraderie. Frisbie found himself dancing (to music from a radio that had been left in the office since the World Series) with a Mrs. Diblanda, hired temporarily for the Christmas rush. He left with Mrs. Diblanda when the party broke up, and they stopped at a neighboring bar for another drink. Frisbie had told his wife not to figure on him for dinner, as there was no way of knowing how long the party would last or how substantial the refreshments would be. There had been loads of canapés, so little edge was left on his appetite, but when, calling a cab, he offered to drop Mrs. Diblanda off at her apartment and she invited him up for a last drink and maybe a bite of supper, he accepted. They had a couple of drinks, and then—quite naturally, it seemed—Frisbie kissed her. Mrs. Diblanda, a divorced woman of about thirty who lived alone, transmitted a clear sense of readiness for anything, but just at that moment the image of Mrs. Frisbie interposed itself between him and Mrs. Diblanda, and he rose, got his hat and coat, excused himself, and left.



Now, this forbearance struck Frisbie as a fine thing. How many men he knew—fellows at the office, say—tempted by an isolated pleasure that could have been enjoyed and forgotten with no complications whatever, would have denied themselves? Damn few, probably. The more he thought of it, the more gratifying his conduct seemed, and, presently, the more his satisfaction struck him as worth sharing with his wife, not for the light the incident put him in but as a certification of their bond. Superimposed upon the good spirits in which his drinks had left him, his moral exhilaration mounted. There were no cabs outside Mrs. Diblanda's apartment house, and, hurrying on foot through a cool, needling drizzle that he found ravishing to his face, Frisbie tried to put himself in a woman's place, and couldn't imagine a wife not grateful for the knowledge of her husband's loyalty. By the time he reached home, he had decided to tell Mrs. Frisbie of his.

IT was twenty minutes to ten when Frisbie entered the house. He greeted his wife with a jovial hoot from the hall when she called from upstairs to ask if it was he. He hung up his coat and hat and went on up to the bedroom, where Mrs. Frisbie was sitting in bed, filing her fingernails with an emery board. He answered a few questions about what the party had been like, and then took off his coat and vest and carried them into his closet. "Guess what," he said from there. "I had a chance to have an affair."

The sound of the emery board, which he could hear behind him, stopped, then resumed more slowly. "I say I had a chance to sleep with someone. A woman," he said. He reached for a wire hanger and knocked two or three to the floor in a tangle. He stooped to retrieve one, slipped his coat and vest onto it, and hung them up. "But I declined," he said, attempting to strike a humorous note.

The sound of the emery board stopped altogether. "Who's the woman?" Mrs. Frisbie asked in a tone slightly lower than normal.

"I don't see what difference that makes," Frisbie said. "All I'm saying is there was this woman I didn't sleep with. I just have an idea lots of men would have."

"Anyone I know?" she persisted.

"No," he said, looking at her around the edge of the closet door. "It's no matter. As I say, I got on my bike."

Mrs. Frisbie had been looking at the door with her eyes raised but with her head still bent over the emery board. Now she lifted her head. Her gray eyes were flat and opaque. She hitched herself up against her propped pillow and said, "Where?"

Frisbie's elation had worn off, leaving him with a feeling of having stepped out on a high wire on which going ahead might be difficult but turning around impossible.

"Where what?" he asked, taking off

his tie and hanging it on a rack fastened to the inside of the closet door.

"*Where* didn't you sleep with her?"

Frisbie drew off his pants and overturned them. Clamping the cuffs under his chin, he lined up the creases and let the legs drop over. "In her apartment," he said, slipping the doubled trousers on a hanger and hanging them up. He took off his shoes and set them outside the closet door, finished undressing, and got into a pair of pajamas. His wife put the emery board on the nightstand beside her and thoughtfully shook a cigarette out of a pack. Frisbie stayed awhile in the closet, smoothing down the sleeves of hanging coats and making a check of the garments suspended there. "Two of these suits need cleaning," he said, emerging.

His wife struck a match and lit the cigarette. "How did you find out you could sleep with her?" she asked.

A filament of anger began to glow inside Frisbie. "Just a while ago," he said.

"Not when—*how*. How did you find out you could?"

"What's the difference?" he said, kicking his shoes into a corner.

"You were up in a woman's apartment with her," Mrs. Frisbie said. "It was probably somebody from the office. You took her home and went up to her flat." Her hopeless failure to see the gay extemporaneity of all this galled Frisbie, filling him with resentment. The cold résumé continued. "You were drinking. You reached a point where you could have slept with her, which couldn't come out of a clear sky but had things leading up to it. What?"

"If you must know, I kissed her!" Frisbie said, well above his ordinary tone.

His wife threw back the covers and got out of bed, punching her cigarette out in an ashtray on her night table. She picked up a dressing gown from a chair, slipped into it, and thrust her feet into a pair of mules. Frisbie stood watching these movements as though mesmerized. "It didn't go any further," he said.

She knotted the cord of her robe and drew it tight. "Come on downstairs," she said. "We'll talk about it there."

FRISBIE followed his wife down the stairs, drawing on a warm robe of his own, for the house seemed suddenly chilly. "Don't I get any credit?" he protested. She marched on, her mules making a scuffing thud on the carpeted steps. "I mean there in my mind's eye was your face," he said. "The minute

Put a Love Song in her heart

. . . with dazzling gifts of fine perfumes, rich colognes

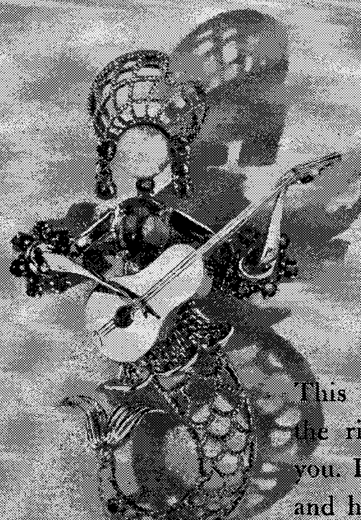
MASTERPIECES IN PERFUMES! *Beloved*—new, captivating, just arrived from France! *Stradivari*—brilliant, long-lasting. And flower-laden *Duchess of York.* Perfumes in gold-encrusted crown bottles, $4 to $45.

(*right*) **"TWO LOVES" SET...** haunting *Stradivari* and rich *Crown Jewel* colognes—potent, long-lasting. Gift-boxed in gold and velvet. $3.75.

(*left*) **COLOGNE COLLECTION...** a fragrance wardrobe of six different exciting colognes. In a shell pink and black two-drawer chest, $3.25.

Prince Matchabelli

AT IMPORTANT PERFUME AND COSMETIC COUNTERS. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.



Our Latin Lorelei

This lovely mermaid strikes the right chords to enchant you. Like her song, her guitar and headdress are pure gold. Her face is a pearl, her body a cabochon emerald. She wears sapphires at her ears and ruby armlets—$490.*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World famous French designers and manufacturers of precious jewelry

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

HOUSTON • PALM BEACH • NEWPORT • PARIS

LONDON • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE

*Fed. Tax Included

HOTEL

Charlotte Harbor

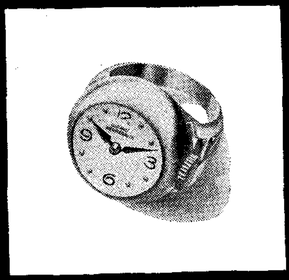
Old established clientele. A fine hotel, situated in a private resort estate on Charlotte Harbor, *in an area of dependable* winter sunshine. Excellent 18-hole golf, tennis, swimming pool, salt-water bathing, solarium, boating, fishing, hunting, dancing. Sprinkler-protected. Consult your travel agent, or A. P. St. Thomas, 500 5th Ave., N. Y. 18, or address

FLOYD ALFORD, Jr., Owner-Manager

PUNTA GORDA, Fla.

TIME *on her hands*

A ring of gold and a tiny timepiece . . . by Girard-Perregaux. Its moments magnified by a bubble of crystal . . . and verified by a movement of faultless precision. 14 kt. yellow gold. 17 jewels. At selected jewelers. $90 (federal tax included).



GIRARD PERREGAUX

FINE WATCHES SINCE *1791*

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20 • In Canada: Hamilton, Ontario

I kissed her, I knew I couldn't go whole hog."

"Fix a drink," his wife said, turning into the living room.

"Right."

Frisbie went to the cellarette. He had the illusion that it was the dead of night. The ice cubes clacked idiotically into the glasses. He mixed Scotch-and-sodas for both of them. Behind him, he knew, his wife was sitting erect in the middle of the sofa, her knees together and her hands in her lap, looking across the room. "Isn't there a French proverb 'A stumble may prevent a fall'?" he asked, and a moment later, "Who said, 'Women are not seduced, men are elected'? Somebody."

These remarks were made with no great thought of carrying weight, but were pasted flat on the silence like decalcomania. Frisbie handed his wife a Scotch-and-soda, and she took several swallows and set the glass down on an end table.

"Now, then," she said, "how did it all get started? What has there been between you?"

"Nothing, really," he said, picking up his drink from the cellarette. He had meant the "really" as an emphasis, but he realized that it came out as a kind of qualification. He walked to the mantel and stood there. "You're not looking at this thing right," he said. "Think of it just as the tail end of an office party—and you know what they're like. People kissing one another you'd never dream of." He gave a little reminiscent laugh. "Funny—I mean, to stand off and watch all that, which has *no* connection with their daily lives. Clarke, there, with his arm around his secretary, kissing her. Old H. Denim smacking everybody in sight."

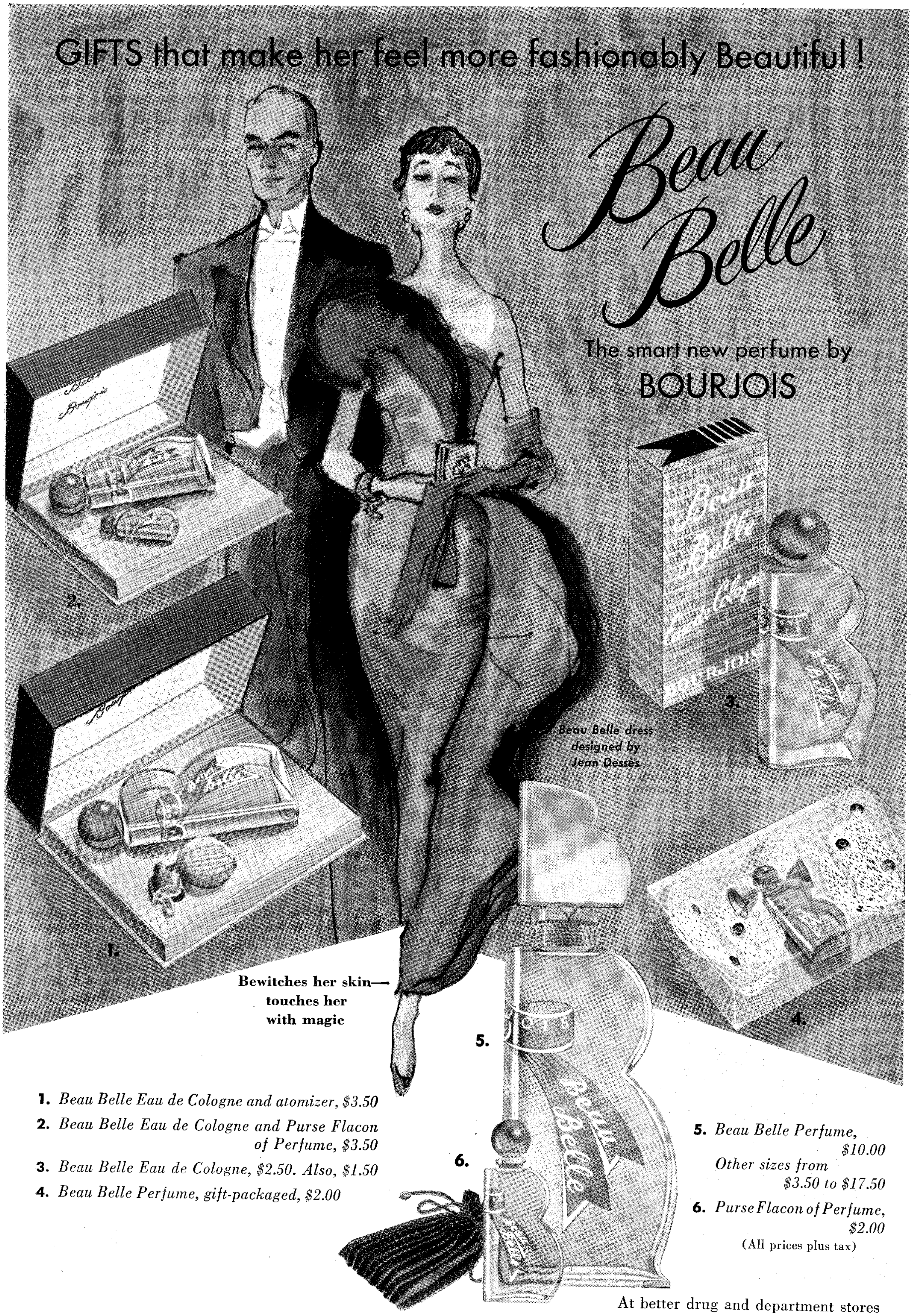
"Smacking everybody is different."

"I kissed others."

IT made no sense. They had simply floated off on a cake of ice, Frisbie thought, into a sea of absurdity. That they would at last fetch up on a farther shore he took for granted, though he couldn't at the moment see how.

"How can a woman ever be sure of her husband again?" his wife asked rhetorically, and then talked on.

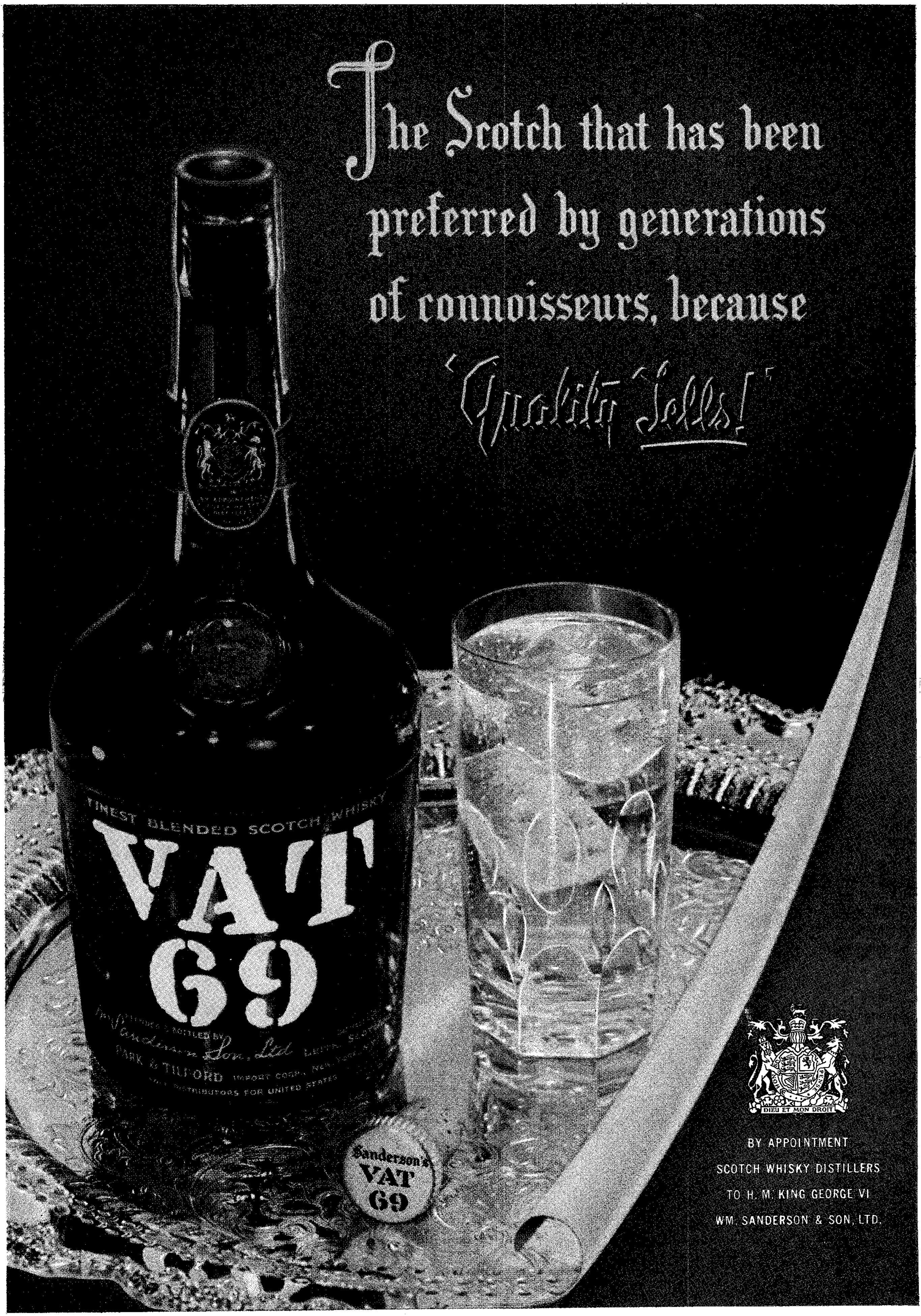
Frisbie could recall a hundred plays of marital stress in which husbands and wives spatted brightly or tumbled adroitly through colorful arcs of emotion, but he could think of nothing to say now. He frowned into his glass and ran the tip of his finger around the rim. Once, he grinned and looked at his feet. After taking him to task from various


GIFTS that make her feel more fashionably Beautiful!
Beau Belle
The smart new perfume by
BOURJOIS
Beau Belle
Eau de Cologne
BOURJOIS
Beau Belle dress
designed by
Jean Dessès
Bewitches her skin—
touches her
with magic
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

1. *Beau Belle Eau de Cologne and atomizer, $3.50*
2. *Beau Belle Eau de Cologne and Purse Flacon of Perfume, $3.50*
3. *Beau Belle Eau de Cologne, $2.50. Also, $1.50*
4. *Beau Belle Perfume, gift-packaged, $2.00*
5. *Beau Belle Perfume, $10.00 Other sizes from $3.50 to $17.50*
6. *Purse Flacon of Perfume, $2.00*

(All prices plus tax)

At better drug and department stores


The Scotch that has been preferred by generations of connoisseurs, because
"Quality Tells!"
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
PARK & TILFORD
Sanderson's VAT 69
DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF points of view, suggesting particularly that he put himself in his wife's place and imagine what *he* might think of *her* in another man's arms, Mrs. Frisbie broke off and looked into her own glass. "How did you feel?" she asked. "When you—did it."

Frisbie spread his free hand in a gesture preparatory to replying, but she interrupted him before he could speak. "No, don't tell me," she said. "I don't want to know about it." She looked at him squarely. "Tell me you'll never do a cheap thing like that again."

With that, Frisbie's resistance, till now smoldering and tentative, flared up. He took a drink, planked his glass on the mantel, faced his wife deliberately, and answered in words that surprised him as much as they did her, "A man can't guarantee his emotions for the rest of his life."

His wife rose and strode to the window. "Well!" she said. "What have we here?"

"Somebody trying to make a mountain out of a molehill," Frisbie said, warming now that he had found his tongue. "It's time we went at these things in a grown-up way. Why shouldn't there be sexual freedom as well as political? Let's look at it from a civilized point of view."

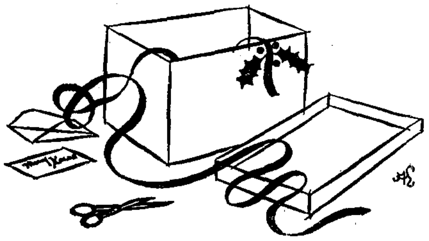
"You must be mad," Mrs. Frisbie said.

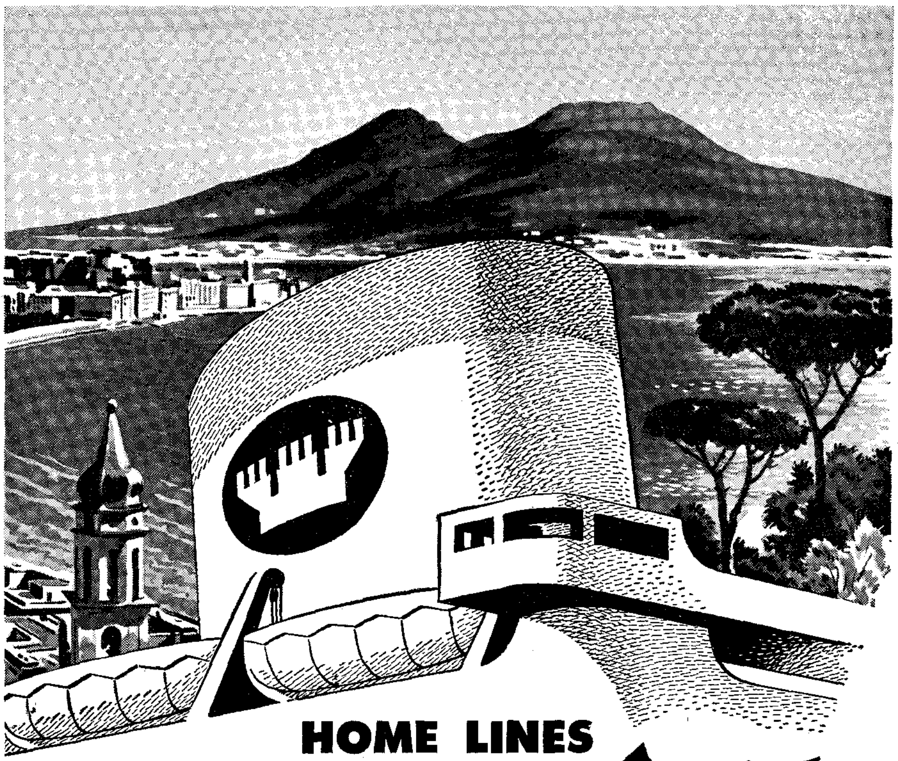
"Plenty!" he said. "I was reading an article in a magazine—that one right there on the table—some sex facts about the American male, based on statistics. Well, it seems that before marriage the average man has three point five affairs. *After* marriage—aside from his wife, of course—the average man has point seven affairs."

Mrs. Frisbie dug a package of cigarettes out of the pocket of her robe. "Let's hope you've had yours," she said.

He calculated a moment. "I'd say that's the grossest possible exaggeration of what occurred this evening," he said. "And that so far you've got very little to complain of."

That way lay anything but reconciliation. Mrs. Frisbie wheeled around. "Surely you don't mean any of this. You *can't!*" she cried. "Or you





HOME LINES

Cruises for '51

Choose your cruise now! Here are two to select from . . . to the radiant Mediterranean . . . aboard a 22,000-ton transatlantic liner celebrated for gracious Italian hospitality at its best! Convenient dates, fascinating ports, air-conditioned public rooms, fine continental food and superb service *in the 90-year-old Cosulich tradition.* Sail away from winter to the friendly warmth of sunny lands . . . enjoy the fun, rest and relaxation only leisurely shipboard life provides! And remember, the sooner you decide on your '51 cruise, the wider your choice of accommodations.

to the Mediterranean

S.S. ATLANTIC from New York **Feb. 6** to Madeira, Tangier, Barcelona, Naples, Tel Aviv, Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Istanbul, Piraeus, Messina, Capri, Naples, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Barcelona, Palma de Majorca, Lisbon — **44 DAYS, $945** *up,* First Class; **$675** *up,* Tourist Class.

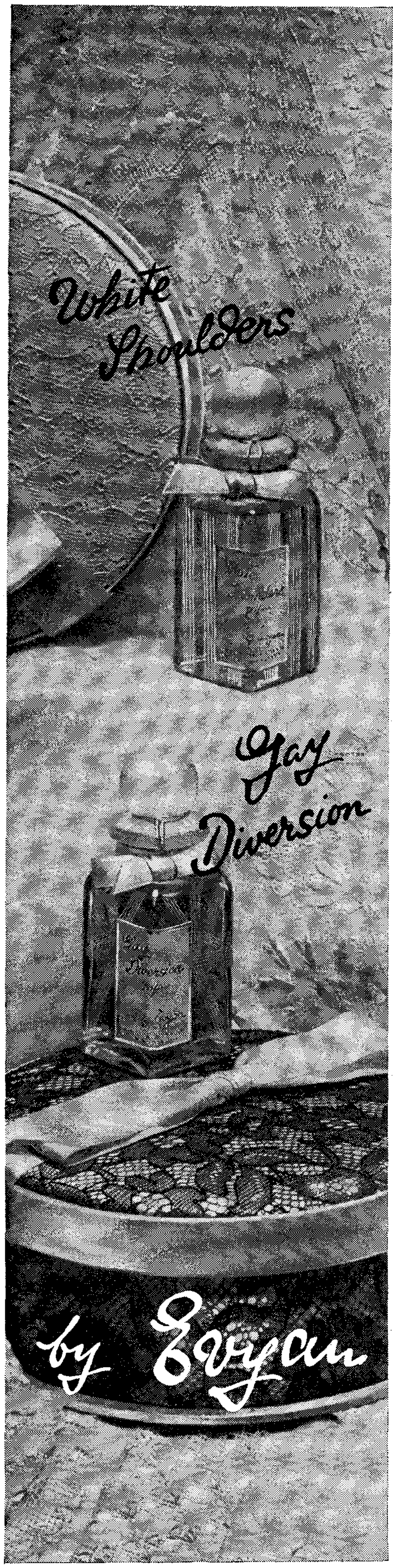
S.S. ATLANTIC from New York **March 24** to Madeira, Casablanca, Malaga, Algiers, Palma de Majorca, Barcelona, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Genoa, Naples, Capri, Taormina, Piraeus, Istanbul, Rhodes, Haifa, Beirut, Alexandria, Tel Aviv, Naples, Barcelona, Lisbon—**46 DAYS, $980** *up,* First Class; **$695** *up,* Tourist Class.

STOPOVER PERMITTED,
RETURN ANY LOW SEASON SAILING

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

HOME LINES

42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.
COSULICH LINE *Management*



The most precious of all perfumes "White Shoulders" and "Gay Diversion" – and an exquisite American Lace Handkerchief of the early 18th Century from the Lace Collection (16th to 19th Century) owned by Evyan

wouldn't have brought the whole business up the way you did. You couldn't get it off your chest soon enough." The reflection seemed to give her pause. "I suppose I should have appreciated that more, except that you caught me so by surprise." She assessed this new idea, and Frisbie with it. "You *had* to tell me before you could lay your head on your pillow. Wasn't that it?"

Like a man who, trying to trim his sails to contrary winds, finds a breeze springing up from an unexpected quarter, Frisbie prudently tacked for harbor on those lines. He sighed voluminously and flapped his arms at his sides. "I told you what I did because I thought it was something you ought to know," he said.

"You thought you owed it to me."

"Something like that," said Frisbie.

"Don't *think* I don't appreciate that part of it," Mrs. Frisbie said.

"Then let's leave it that way," he said, snapping on a table lighter, and, walking over to her, extended the flame to her unlighted cigarette. He lit one himself.

Still, she seemed to withhold something from the promise of eventual good graces, as though wanting yet a gesture from him to complete the ritual. She prompted him, at length. "You *are* sorry, aren't you?" she said.

Frisbie was reviewing to himself the hour's events, tracing their origins in that misguided impulse he had had when homebound. "I did a damn foolish thing tonight," he reflected, thinking aloud.

"One you'll not do again if the chance arises," Mrs. Frisbie said.

"You can say that again!" Frisbie said, walking back to the mantel and reaching for his drink. "You can certainly say that again."

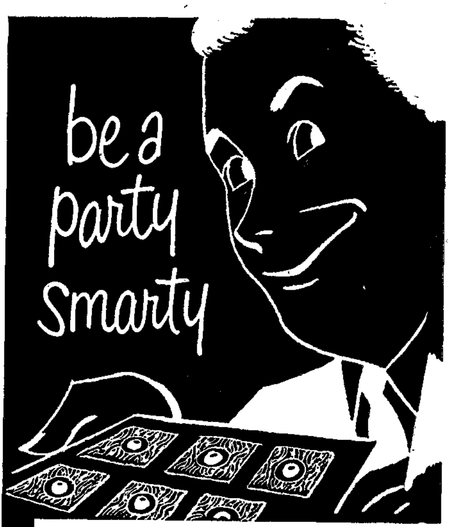
—PETER DE VRIES

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The chief thing now characteristic of irrigation farming in capitalist countries and their colonies is their service to the instigators of a new world war. Pushed by imperialist governments, the planters are increasing cotton production. The warmongers are trying to insure themselves a supply of cotton . . . in order to remake the cotton into an enormous amount of explosives. This is how the imperialists use irrigation for their own monstrous plans. —*Izvestia, September 15th, page 2.*

The Main Turkmenian Canal will be of particular importance to the further development of cotton growing in Central Asia. . . . It is proposed to use the newly irrigated land first of all for increasing production of raw cotton.—*Pravda, same day, same page.*



Everybody likes, loves and *never* leaves TRISCUIT wafers. Serve these whole wheat wonders with meats, spreads, cheese — for heavenly canapes. Drink-partners, too!

"Serve TRISCUIT THE DISTINCTIVE BISCUIT" ®

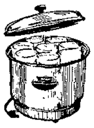
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

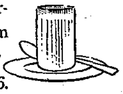
good news for... YOGURT lovers

It is now possible to get —by special air service—the original Rosell Institute Yogurt Culture made for us at a Trappist Monastery in Canada. You simply add this potent, tested Culture to whole milk —right in your own home—according to ABC directions. Result? REAL Bulgarian Yogurt, rich in friendly lactic acids that make for "inside health." You've never tasted Yogurt like it! $1.80 (plus 20c for air mail) brings you enough Culture to make a month's supply of Yogurt. Order today—see address below.

NEW! The Electromatic THERMO-CULT YOGURT INCUBATOR!

For those who want to be really scientific about their home-made Yogurt! This *electric* incubator makes perfect Bulgarian Yogurt every time; makes enough for the whole family (4 quarts) in individual serving containers. Automatic; foolproof; easy to clean. AC or DC current. Only $14 complete. Order from **International Yogurt Co., Dept. NY**, 8377 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46.





FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(FRONTIERS OF CONVENIENCE DIVISION)

[*From the phone directory of Addis Ababa*]

APPEAL FROM THE MINISTRY OF P.T.T.
TO THE TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS
OF ADDIS ABABA

Instructions for correct use of the Telephone Subscribers' Set equipped with a number dial.

1—Make first sure of the subscriber's number you wish to select with your number dial, before taking the microphone off the hook. In other words do not lift the microtelephone off the hook, and by so doing taking up the machinery of the central office, while you seek for the wanted number in the telephone directory.

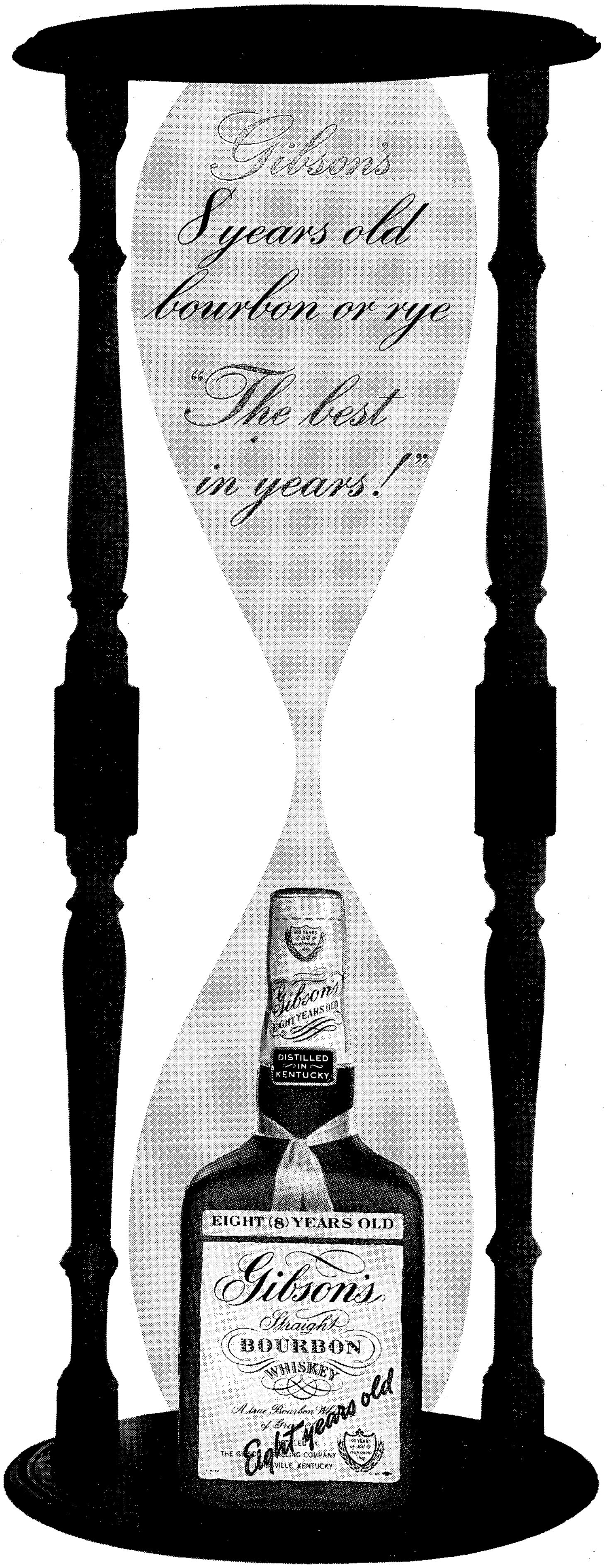
2—Take the microtelephone off and wait patiently for the central announcement tone. Do not depress or knock the switch hook while you are waiting for the announcement tone in the hope that the tone will come sooner. This you usually see actors doing in films. But this does not help the film actor nor you. However, the film actor does no harm, as his telephone is not connected to the telephone centrale. But if you imitate the film actor you delay the arrival of the tone for yourself and you are making things worse for the other subscribers who call the exchange at the same time as you do.

3—When the tone is received start at once sending the 4 figures of the wanted subscriber number but do slip the dial free each time after having wound up the dial for each of the 4 figures of the wanted number, and do not help with your finger the dial to go back to its rest position. If you do so, you will, in most cases, get a wrong number. The result is that you have to call again, you engage again the machinery of the exchange which becomes overloaded, and the telephone service becomes congested and unsatisfactory.

4—When you hear that the ringing signal is sent to the subscriber you have called, wait patiently from 10 to 15 seconds until he answers. If he does not, it means that he is either out of the room or of his home, or that he does not want to answer or talk to you because he is having a rest. Hang up the microtelephone then and call some time later.

5—When the called subscriber answers, don't speak too loud. Your telephone apparatus and the apparatus in the central office are very sensitive and do not transmit clearly too loud a speech.

6—The number of machines on the automatic exchange is calculated for local conversations lasting maximum 3 minutes. If many of the subscribers talk for example 6 minutes the traffic carrying capacity of the machines is reduced to the half. However, during inspection in the telephone exchange we have even found that there are subscribers talking from half up to 3 quarters of an hour. In most cases these subscribers were found to be men, which does not at all confirm the usual old saying that ladies talk too much.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey and Straight Rye Whiskey.
8 years old. 90 proof. ©1950 Gibson Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

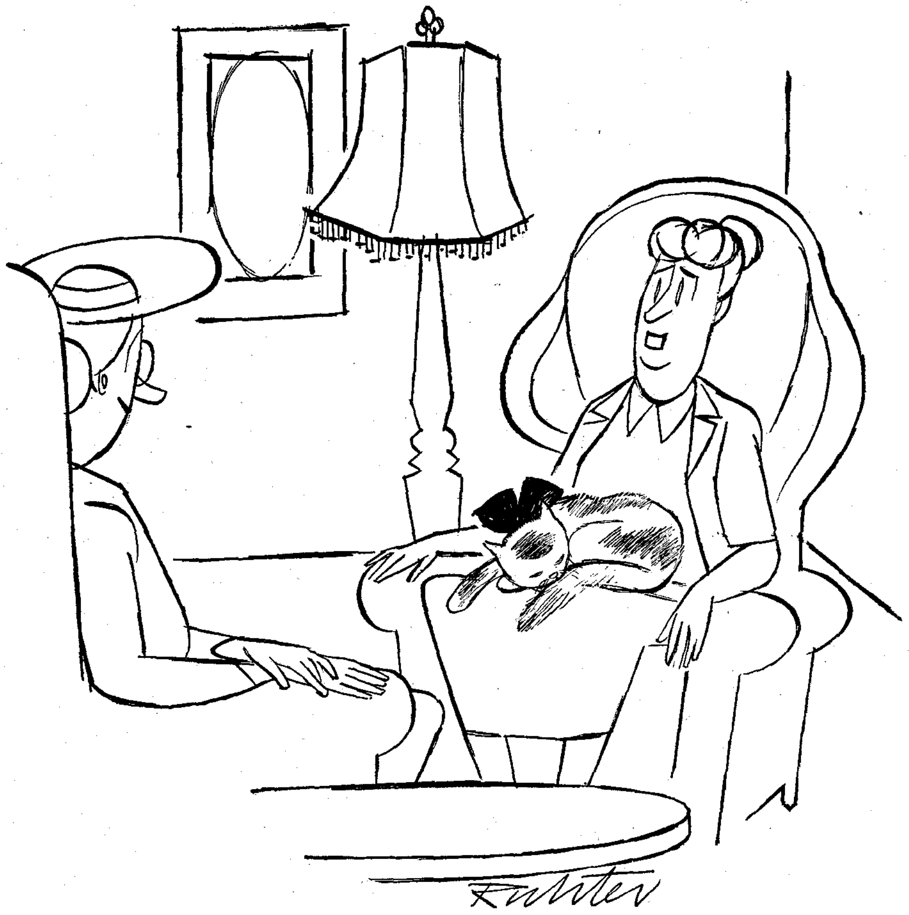
CONFERENCE IN ROOM 474

President Truman is usually excessively prompt; from the time of his rising, at about five-thirty each morning, he seems forever to be pressing his colleagues and staff to catch up with him. His arriving four minutes late at his press conference on Thursday morning, November 30th, was therefore noticed and commented upon by some of the reporters who were waiting for him in Room 474 of the old State Department Building, across the street from the west office wing of the White House. This conference caused frightful headlines all over the world about the possible use of the atomic bomb in Korea or China, and it also provided a hair-raising example of how bad news can be manufactured. It was unfortunate, all in all, that the President couldn't have been delayed long enough to let him skip the whole thing.

At ten-thirty-four, when Truman did arrive at the ornate conference room, two hundred and eight reporters there—about as big a crowd as he has ever had for a press conference—stood up in honor of the President. Truman was wearing a dark-blue suit and a tie that had on it a figure of the legendary strong man Paul Bunyan carrying over his shoulder a great tree as easily as if it were a mere carbine; the President looked, as he somehow manages to look even in the most depressing periods, pleased with the world. As his personal staff took seats facing the reporters, he stepped to the microphone provided for him at front center and briskly greeted the reporters and asked them to sit down. He said he had a statement he wanted to read to them; there would be copies available when they got ready to leave; he would take it as slowly as he could. He began, then, to read a typewritten document.

The President's prepared statement represented the considered collaboration not just of some of the junior minds on his staff but also of the topmost officials of the State and Defense Departments. The statement had been proposed two days before, on Tuesday, November 28th, the day Chinese intervention in Korea had become undeniable fact. Tuesday afternoon, after meetings of the National Security Council and the Cabinet, successively, had taken place in the Cabinet Room of the White House, Dean Acheson, Averell Harriman, and some members of Truman's staff sat around trying to decide where they were supposed to go from where they were—wherever that was. One question they discussed was when and how President Truman could address the country on the new crisis with maximum gravity, dignity, and effect. One of the White House staff remarked that a carefully prepared statement, which the President could read at his press conference on Thursday, might help communicate to the public the seriousness of the situation. The others agreed. The Secretary of State said he would assign Ambassador at Large Philip C. Jessup, who is an expert on the Far East, to draft such a statement. The White House designated George McKee Elsey, a thirty-two-year-old administrative assistant to the President, to work with Jessup.

Jessup telephoned Elsey that evening and again the next morning to discuss the outlines of the statement. Neither man mentioned the atomic bomb. Early Wednesday afternoon, Jessup sent a draft, which contained no reference to the atomic bomb, to Elsey, who sent one copy to the President's Press Secretary, the late Charles G. Ross, and went over another with the President's special counsel, Charles S. Murphy, and two of Murphy's assistants, David Bell and David Lloyd. At four-thirty, Elsey and Lloyd went to an office in the old State Department Building and began to rewrite the statement. At six-fifteen, they took their draft, which did not mention the atomic bomb, to the White House and met with Jessup, Murphy, Bell, Assistant Secretary of Defense Marx Leva, and, later, Theodore Tannenwald, Harriman's counsel. Until ten-thirty, with time out for some supper in a cafeteria near the White House, the seven men went over the draft sentence by sentence. Various members of the group phoned their superiors for opinions on specific points. When they adjourned, Jessup took a copy of the revised draft for Acheson, Tannenwald took a copy



"There's no need for your kitty to be envious. After state and federal taxes and legal and administrative fees, Chessy's share of Aunt Martha's estate came to hardly anything."

for Harriman, and Leva took copies for Marshall, Bradley, and Lovett. At eight-thirty Thursday morning, Elsey and Murphy began to receive by phone suggestions for changes, all of which were incorporated in a final revision; no one at the highest level suggested mentioning the atomic bomb. At nine-forty-five, Ross took the final copy to the President, who read it for the first time and approved it as it was. Ross hurried it out for mimeographing, so that copies would be ready for the press conference at ten-thirty.

At the conference, the President began to read the statement: "Recent developments in Korea confront the world with a serious crisis. . . ." He tried to read slowly, but soon he was going along trippingly. The heart of the statement was a promise to meet the new situation in three ways: "We shall continue to work in the United Nations for concerted action to halt this aggression in Korea. We shall intensify our efforts to help other free nations strengthen their defenses in order to meet the threat of aggression elsewhere. We shall rapidly increase our own military strength." The statement was sober, dignified, and likely to do more good than harm. It contained no stirring rhetoric, such as Roosevelt or Churchill would have used in the circumstances. Truman, who is, after all, no one but himself, favors a blunt and straightforward prose, devoid of what he calls "five-dollar words." Unfortunately, the statement contained nothing that a hardboiled city-desk man would consider news, so when the President came to the end of his reading and told the reporters to ask questions, they got ready to do some news manufacturing.

Half an hour before the conference, the President had convened his staff in the President's Office in the White House for a meeting of the sort his staff calls pre-press. Here the President and his assistants had tried to anticipate all the questions that might be asked by reporters. They had discussed Korea, jobs, patronage, lame ducks, a conference Truman was scheduled to have the next day with Congressional leaders, forthcoming supplemental appropriations—just about everything *except* the atomic bomb. That was not mentioned once.

THE first reporter to ask a question was Mrs. Sarah McClendon, who represents six newspapers in Texas and one in Ireland. "Mr. President," she asked, "do you think, in view of this situation, that we should delay any fur-

DINK SIEGEL

At Armando's Where the food's a treat
And the supper music's sweet
They Mix with HOFFMAN

Wherever you enjoy the finest in hospitality, food or drink, you will find Hoffman Club Soda and Ginger Ale are served because:

In Metropolitan New York*

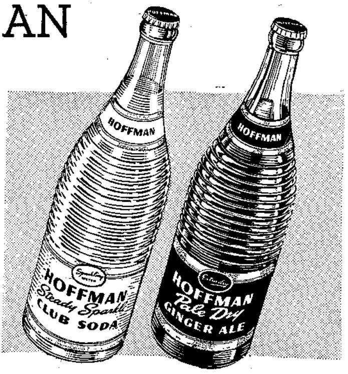
MORE PEOPLE SAY:

"HOFFMAN is the finest!"

CLUB SODA ★ GINGER ALE

*Results of Repeated Surveys in Metropolitan New York by Leading Independent Research Organizations.

Copyright 1950, Hoffman Beverage Co., Newark, New Jersey


HOFFMAN
HOFFMAN Steady Sparkle CLUB SODA
HOFFMAN
HOFFMAN Pale Dry GINGER ALE

The sorcery of flowered zephyrs and jasmine in the night . . .
Messager de RENOIR

MESSAGER DE RENOIR PARIS

compounded, bottled, sealed and packaged in France.

it's Parisian
parfum–
not perfume
there's a difference

GAMBADE • GRANDE ÉPOQUE
FUTUR • MESSAGER

RENOIR
Parfumeur à Paris
New York: 120 West 42nd St.

ther general mobilization and control of materials and price controls and supports and—"

As he was to do fourteen more times in the next few minutes, the President broke in before the reporter had finished the question. He said that that matter was being constantly considered; he did not intend to answer that question.

Anthony Leviero, of the New York *Times*, asked, "Mr. President, are you about to name a Supreme Commander for the—"

The President said he had been ready to name a Supreme Commander for a long time.

Leviero tried to round out his query. "You are waiting on European—"

The President said he was waiting on agreement with our European allies.

Raymond P. Brandt, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, asked, "Mr. President, in what detail were you informed about these MacArthur moves?"

Every detail, the President indicated.

Brandt asked, "Did you or the State Department raise the question of whether this offensive would affect the chances of a negotiated settlement with the Peiping government?"

The President said that the whole matter had been discussed with General MacArthur every day.

Edward T. Folliard, of the Washington *Post*, began a question: "Mr. President, there has been some criticism of General MacArthur in the European press—"

The President interjected that there had been some in the American press, too, if he wasn't mistaken.

"Particularly," Folliard added, trying to keep his question on the track, "in the British press—"

The President broke in again, observing that people are always for a man when he is winning but that when he is in a little trouble, they all jump on him with suggestions about what he ought to have done—which they hadn't told him beforehand. The President said that MacArthur had done a good job and was continuing to do a good job. Then he turned directly to Folliard and said, "Go ahead with your question, Eddie."

Everyone laughed. Then Folliard, taking an exaggeratedly deep breath, said, "The particular criticism is that he exceeded his authority and went beyond the point he was supposed to go."

Quickly the President said that MacArthur had done nothing of the kind.

There was a long pause. The reporters still had no news. The pause made

A touch of France for your Christmas Dinner
FROM BURGUNDY
CHAUVENET
"Red wine at its sparkling best".

RED CAP
AP
RED CAP

Carillon Importers Ltd., 693 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters.

PORTRAITS, Inc.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

97 PROOF
TRY DAGGER Punch Brand JAMAICA RUM
Rich, Full Flavored
also TRY THREE DAGGER RUM
10 YRS. OLD—97 PROOF

WRAY & NEPHEW
DAGGER PUNCH BRAND Dark JAMAICA RUM

Schieffelin & Co., New York • Importers since 1794

it seem that they had been bewildered by the speed and aggressiveness of the President's replies, and, like a fighter taunting a tired opponent, the President asked the whole room, "Well, what's the matter with you?"

At this, three or four reporters jumped up, and the President recognized Laurence H. Burd, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who asked, "Mr. President, a few months ago this government declined the offer of Chinese Nationalist troops. Has that been up for reconsideration, in view—"

The President, interrupting again, said that the offer of Chinese Nationalist troops was refused for the reason that this country hoped not to be involved in a world war. He added that that situation still continued.

"Along the same line, then," Burd went on, "our Formosa policy of neutralization—"

The President said it still continued.

There were questions from other reporters about the Chinese Communist delegation to the United Nations, about further mobilization, and about the supplementary appropriations. Then Mrs. Elisabeth May Craig, who for many years has attended Presidential press conferences as correspondent for papers in Portland, Kennebec, and Waterville, Maine, asked, "Mr. President, what Congressional leaders will you see?"

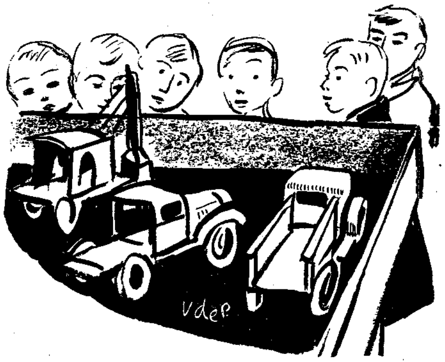
The President said he would see the usual ones.

Mrs. Craig asked, "Will that mean Republicans— include Republicans—"

The President said that the leaders would come to see him in the White House; that it would be the usual conference, with the usual agenda.

Mrs. Craig pressed her point: "Will it include Republicans?"

The President said that it always had and that of course it would. He addressed Mrs. Craig with the air of an exasperated teacher addressing a slow pupil. "Don't you re*mem*ber, May?" he asked, and the reporters laughed. But the President was serious; he told Mrs.



Countess Mara
INCORPORATED
338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

No need for the mistletoe when you give her these!

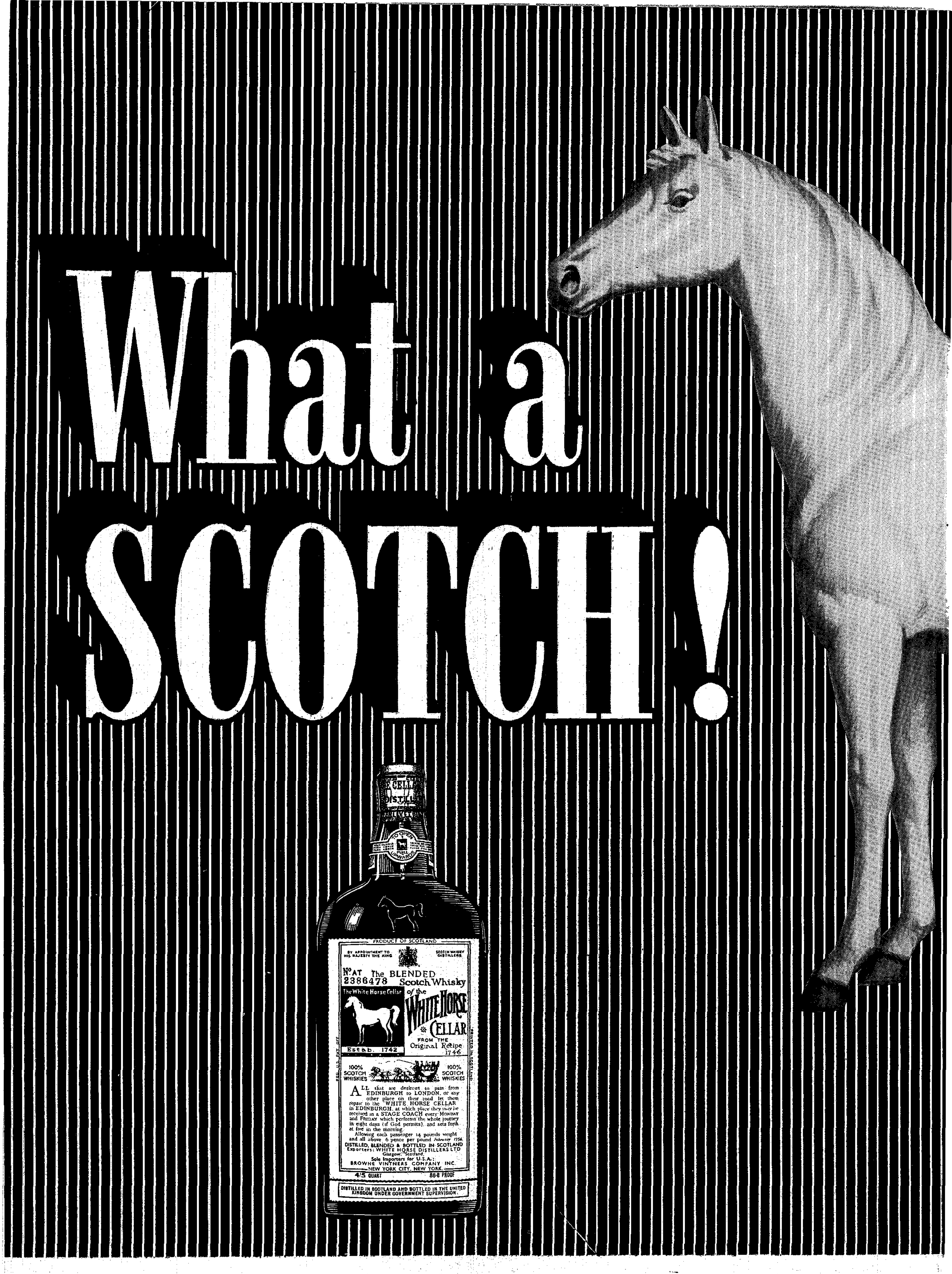
Put the mink coat and the pearls under the tree. But don't make her wait for Huyler's CONVERSATION PIECES. They were made to be devoured by nice people, special people. In fact they *are* the Favorite Pieces of Famous People. See if the foil-wrapped, autographed pieces are your favorites too. Fifty-seven delights in each box. With Christmas and New Year's both ahead, better get several boxes while you can.

One dollar seventy-five

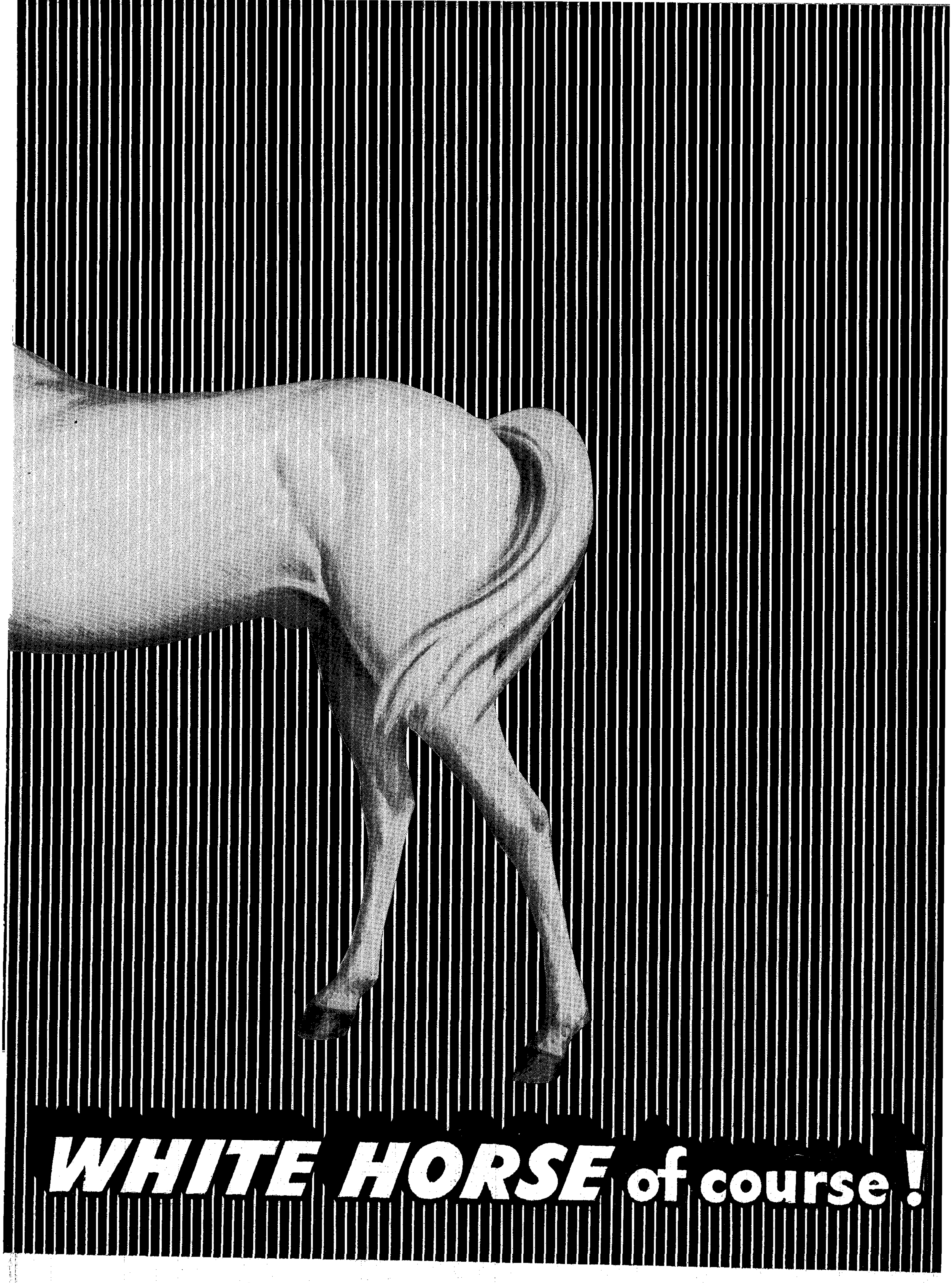
THE FAVORITE PIECES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

CREATED BY Huyler's OF NEW YORK

Huyler's CHOCOLATE
Conversation Pieces
Favorite Pieces of Famous People


What a
SCOTCH!
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
Nº AT 2386478
The BLENDED Scotch Whisky of the
The White Horse Cellar
WHITE HORSE CELLAR
FROM THE Original Recipe 1746
Estab. 1742
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PRINTED IN SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL that are desirous to pass from EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any other place on their road let them repair to the WHITE HORSE CELLAR in EDINBURGH, at which place they may be received in a STAGE COACH every MONDAY and FRIDAY which performs the whole journey in eight days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning.
Allowing each passenger 14 pounds weight and all above 6 pence per pound February 1754.
DISTILLED, BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Exporters: WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD
Glasgow, Scotland.
Sole Importers for U.S.A.:
BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY INC.
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.
4/5 QUART
86.8 PROOF
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION.

● Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof


WHITE HORSE of course!

● Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., New York Sole Distributors

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO H.M. THE KING
J. & E. ATKINSON LIMITED

ATKINSONS

Mirage

ATKINSONS
Mirage
MADE IN ENGLAND

Cologne
direct from England
sweet, but oh so subtle
a scent for an aura of
sophisticated loveliness
perfect for festive
holiday living
pluperfect for romantic
gift giving

4 oz. $3.50 9 oz. $7.00
18 oz. $12.00 plus tax

The Halle Bros. Co.

Cleveland, Ohio

Craig to remember back, that there had been nine or ten similar conferences. He told her that if she would look back over the reports of those conferences, she would find the answer to her question.

Mrs. Craig bobbed her head and said, "My editor tells me not to take anything for granted."

Again the reporters laughed, and the President, laughing with them, said that that was too bad. Then, suddenly, his face was very serious again, and he said that Mrs. Craig's editor's attitude was one of the things that were the matter with the country. He said her words exactly stated, and answered, a national question. Confidence in the government, the President said, is the first thing needed to keep it *running* as it should.

Underneath the laughter, an atmosphere of contest—an almost certain corollary at press conferences of the reporters' wanting to know everything and the interviewee's unwillingness to tell everything—had been firmly established. At this point, the old hands were ready to move in and dig out some news.

Jack Doherty, of the New York *Daily News*, asked, "Mr. President, will the United Nations troops be allowed to bomb across the Manchurian border?"

The President said he couldn't answer that question that morning.

Diosdado M. Yap, of the Manila *Chronicle*, asked, "Mr. President, in increasing our military strength, do you consider using Japanese manpower?"

The President didn't quite catch the question.

"The Japanese manpower," Yap said, "in increasing our military strength—speaking of the United Nations—"

The President said he would cross that bridge when he came to it.

Leviero asked, "Mr. President, will attacks in Manchuria depend on action in the United Nations?"

Yes, entirely, the President answered.

"In other words," Leviero continued, "if the United Nations resolution should authorize General MacArthur to go further than he has, he will—"

The President broke in to say that "we," meaning the government, would take whatever steps were necessary to meet the military situation, just as "we" always had.

Doherty then asked, "Will that include the atomic bomb?"

The President said that that would include every weapon that the United States has.

ST. CHRISTOPHER PRAY FOR US

14 kt. gold bell earrings . . .	$51.50*
14 kt. gold chain bracelet . . .	$118.00*
14 kt. gold St. Christopher medal	$27.50

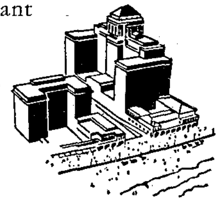
Booklet on request

Olga TRITT
18 EAST 57TH STREET,
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

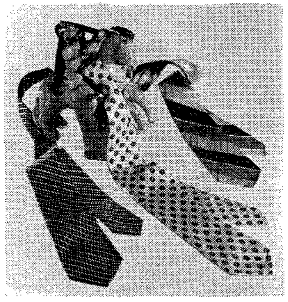
GIFT SUGGESTION

What do *we* want
for Christmas?
Your presence,
of course.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 60 years
Write for illustrated brochure No. 3

Always
preferred . . .
The world famous
heavy silks of
Italy in Regimentals, Twills,
and Foulards by
Nicky of Milan.
Prepaid, 6.75
No C.O.D.'s please



Piazza

Open Saturday 10 to 5

HOUSE OF ITALIAN HANDICRAFTS
217 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. PL 9-6510

Paul R. Leach, of the Chicago *Daily News*, asked, "Mr. President, you said 'every weapon that we have.' Does that mean that there is active consideration of the use of the atomic bomb?"

As he frequently does in the rapid interchange of these conferences, the President in his answer repeated words his questioner had used. He said that there has always been active consideration of its use. He added at once that he did not want to see it used. He said that it is a terrible weapon, one that should not be used on innocent men, women, and children who have nothing to do with military aggression. He said that that happens when the bomb is used.

There, as far as the President was concerned, the matter rested. There was no particular story in that sequence of statements, and, next, Charles Parmer, of radio station WMBG, in Richmond, asked a question that changed the subject: "Mr. President, Senator Byrd says not a single dollar for Yugoslavia, and he backed it up this morning with the Southern bloc. Have you any comment?"

There was laughter again. The President said he had no comment. Then he changed his mind and said that that was what would be expected from Senator Byrd.

At this point, Merriman Smith, representing the United Press, stood up and asked a question that pulled the story out. He said, "Mr. President, I wonder if we could retrace that reference to the atom bomb? Did we understand you clearly that the use of the bomb is under active consideration?"

The President said that it always has been, that the bomb is one of our weapons. He called the U.P. man by his nickname, Smitty. This time, the Presi-

Established 1830
BELLOWS
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY–A BLEND
BELLOWS & COMPANY, Inc.
BELLOWS
CLUB SPECIAL
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS WHISKEY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
DISTILLED IN KENTUCKY
BELLOWS & COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

BELLOWS

Presents Two Great Whiskies

— each, we feel, the BEST of its kind.

Our 120 years of experience is your assurance of fine quality and fair value.

A leader among premium blends

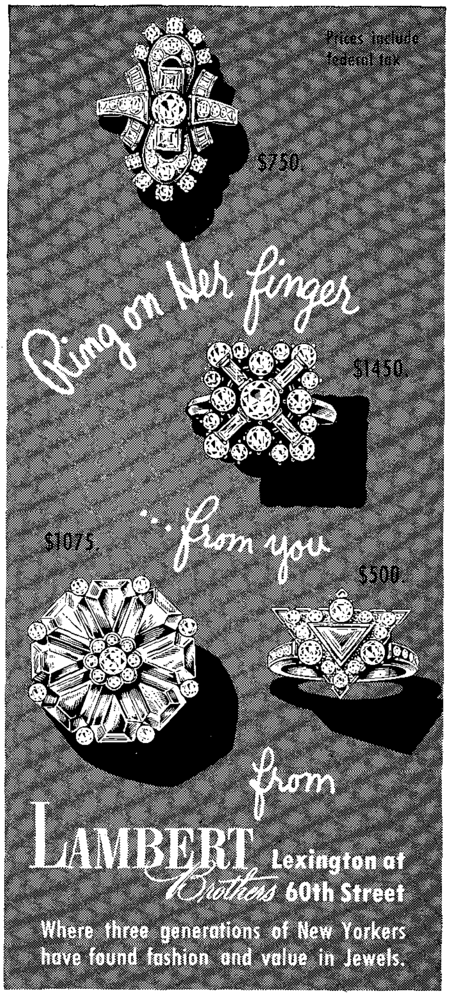
A superb Kentucky Straight Bourbon

BELLOWS & COMPANY

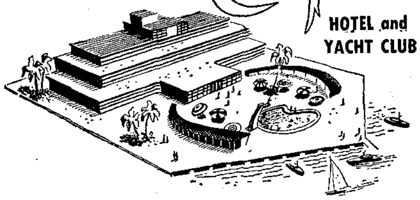
Importers & Wine Merchants

ESTABLISHED 1830 - NEW YORK CITY

PARTNERS CHOICE, A BLEND. 86.8 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF


Prices include federal tax
$750
$1450
$1075
$500
Ring on Her finger ... from you from
LAMBERT Brothers Lexington at 60th Street
Where three generations of New Yorkers have found fashion and value in Jewels.

Isle de Capri
HOTEL and YACHT CLUB

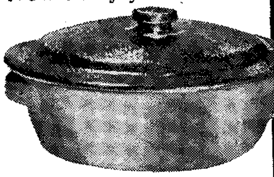


Come to "Our House" for Christmas
Renew "Auld Acquaintance" on New Year's Eve

Under direction of G. SIDNEY PICKARD

INAUGURAL SEASON
7900 Harbor Island
MIAMI BEACH

NOW! Enjoy It at Home!



PATE de FOIE by Daniel

Just as he used to serve on the French Riviera

"Truly great Pate! Superb . . . sliced cold. Delicious on canapes! Shipped in same pottery casserole in which it is cooked.

1 lb. . . $3.45 2 lbs. . . $6.40
(prepaid anywhere in U.S.)
send check or money order to
DANIEL, *Caterer*, 53 East 54th St.
PL 9-5941

dent did not repeat the Leach phrase "active consideration" but did use again an important word he had used in answering Leach—"always."

Now Robert G. Nixon, of International News Service, asked, "Does that mean, Mr. President, use against military objectives or civilian—"

The President broke in to say that that was a matter the military people would have to decide. The President said he was not a military authority who passes on such things.

Leviero suggested, "Mr. President, perhaps it would be better if we are allowed to quote your remarks on that directly."

The President said he didn't think that was necessary.

Frank Bourgholtzer, of the National Broadcasting Company, said, "Mr. President, you said this depends on United Nations action. Does that mean that we wouldn't use the atomic bomb except on a United Nations authorization?"

The President said he did not mean that at all. He said he meant that the possibility of action against the Chinese Communists depended upon the action of the United Nations; the military commander in the field would have charge of the use of weapons, as he always had.

The reporters had their story. Questioning went on, but the big story was sewed up. The President, who throughout was apparently so busy meeting each question as it came that he neither followed the tendency of the questions collectively nor understood the way the patchwork was being put together, nevertheless seemed to sense that he had somehow been pushed. He began to answer questions rather abruptly, and at last, in reply to one from Mrs. Craig as to whether the Korean conflict was "going beyond police action at this time"—in other words, whether we were openly going to war with China—he lost patience. He said he couldn't answer that question, and he again addressed Mrs. Craig as "May." He said that the government was examining the matter. He said the government had exerted every effort to prevent a Third World War; that every maneuver that had been made since June 25th had had the purpose of preventing another terrible war. The government, he said, was still trying to prevent that war from happening, and he hoped it might be possible to prevent it. With increasing heat, he said that all the attacks and speculations and lies about members of the government had not helped the

ENJOY YOURSELF

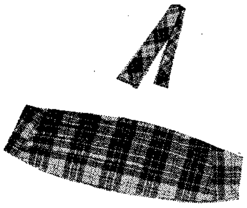
It's nearer than you think to the friendly hospitality of Puerto Rico where the days are warm and fair and the evenings pleasant and cool. The Caribe Hilton offers the utmost in modern comfort. 300 delightfully air-conditioned rooms, each with its private balcony overlooking pool, beach and ocean.

European Plan • Single $9-$15 • Double $12-$19

Consult your travel agent, write direct, call Caribe Hilton N. Y. Res. Office: Tel. MUrray Hill 8-2240 or any Hilton Hotel.

GEM OF THE CARIBBEAN
Caribe Hilton
san juan • puerto rico
FRANK G. WANGEMAN, GEN. MGR.

OUR TARTAN CUMMERBUNDS and MATCHING TIES
. . . authentic clan plaids in beautiful silks.



WALLACE
MAC INTYRE
MAC DONALD GORDON
GRAHAM OF MONTROSE
MENZIES GREEN
DRESS MAC LEOD

per set $10

Mail orderers state waist size

Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST NEW HAVEN

Gentlemen prefer
Ladies remember
THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILET WATER
3½ oz. $6.75
7 oz. $10.00
plus tax
At fine shops nationally
Wholesale Distributor
KNIZE TEN SALES CO., 385 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

government's efforts one little bit. He said there was a big lie on the front page of the paper that morning, about Acheson's having interfered with the command in the Far East. (He was referring to a demand by three Republican senators that Acheson stop sniping at MacArthur.) The President said there wasn't a word of truth in it, and never had been; that Acheson had attended strictly to his business as Secretary of State and had done a good job. By now in quite a temper, the President said he was getting tired of "all this foolishness." Then, suddenly, he recovered his good humor and, with a broad smile, declared that he was going to bust loose on the reporters one of these days. That brought a loud laugh from the room.

After three more questions—unimportant ones—Merriman Smith, the senior news-agency man among the White House correspondents, said, "Thank you, Mr. President," whereupon all the news-agency and many of the afternoon-newspaper reporters in the room rushed for the door.

At ten-forty-seven, the U.P. wire carried the following bulletin:

> WA10A WASHINGTON NOV. 30—(UP)—PRESIDENT TRUMAN SAID TODAY THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS UNDER CONSIDERATION USE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR IN KOREA.

One minute later, the A.P. moved its bulletin:

> A127WX WASHINGTON NOV. 30—(AP)—PRESIDENT TRUMAN SAID TODAY ACTIVE CONSIDERATION IS BEING GIVEN TO USE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB AGAINST THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS IF THAT STEP IS NECESSARY.

Not until five messages and seventeen sentences later, in its "bulletin matter," did the A.P. explain that the President's remarks on the atomic bomb had not been included in his prepared statement but had been made in response to reporters' questions. Charles Ross, distressed by the implication in the bulletins coming over the ticker in his office that *new* consideration of the use of the atomic bomb had been undertaken as a result of the Chinese intervention, called the White House correspondents together and explained that this was not true.

The A.P.'s message A133WX, a few minutes later, said, in part:

> HE SAID . . . THE DECISION OF WHETHER TO DROP ATOMIC BOMBS WAS ONE FOR THE COMMANDER IN THE FIELD.

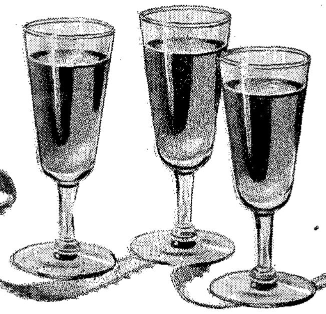
At once, the New York office of the

"They stump me, darling–*you* suggest a gift"

There's so much gold in Herman's pot,
Whatever gift you buy, he's got!

That Mark! Sophistication plus!
To please him sure non-plusses us.

And good old Joe—so warm and kind
He rates the best gift we can find.



Of course! Give cordials! Sure as fate,
They'll all say "Hiram Walker's—great!"

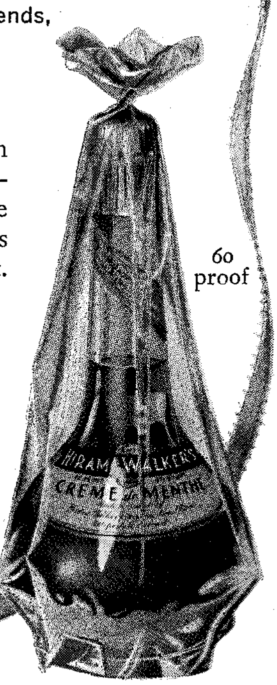
For the best of gifts for the best of friends,
Give the best in cordials!

Creme de Menthe *by* Hiram Walker

Sprightly inspiration for holiday dinners, Hiram Walker's Creme de Menthe says "Merry Christmas" with the best of taste. With 21 distinctive Hiram Walker's Cordials, Brandies and Cocktails to choose from, you can please anyone on your list.

For the best of gifts
for the best of friends, give

HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS
★
COCKTAILS



60 proof

In gay holiday cellophane wrap

A taste variety of 18 distinctive Cordials and 3 delicious Cocktails

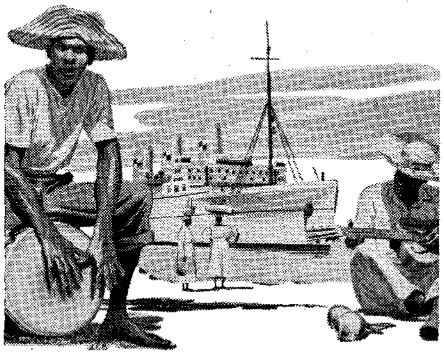
Hiram Walker
Creme de Cacao
Hiram Walker's
Manhattan Cocktail
Hiram Walker's
Rock-Rye
Hiram Walker's
Hiram Walker's
Apricot Flavored Brandy
Hiram Walker
extra dry martini Cocktail

60 proof 66 proof 70 proof 60 proof 70 proof 70 proof

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1950

Cruise TO THE ENCHANTING

West Indies AND South America



ABOARD CANADIAN PACIFIC'S CRUISE LINER EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

12- and 14-Day Winter Cruises

Cruise south this winter on Canadian Pacific's luxury liner, Empress of Scotland. Your adventure-filled itinerary includes visits to fabulous Jamaica... La Guaira, Venezuela, with its spectacular mountain shoreline...Curacao...Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, and exciting Havana.

Shipboard life is relaxing...luxurious. Large, airy staterooms...modern accommodations...superb food, graciously served...fully air-conditioned dining room. Your choice of two swimming pools...gay deck sports... dancing and night club entertainment.

No passports or visas required.

12-Day Cruises—Dec. 22, Jan. 5 Departing New York

VISIT: Kingston, Jamaica; La Guaira, Venezuela; Havana, Cuba. Fares from New York—minimum $300.00*.

14-Day Cruises—Jan. 19, Feb. 4, Feb. 20, March 8, March 24—Departing New York

VISIT: above ports plus Curacao, Dutch West Indies and Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone. Fares from New York—minimum $350.00*.

*Not subject to U. S. Transportation Tax

Canadian Pacific

Reservations early: See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

A.P. sent a directive to its Washington bureau suggesting that in the "first lead"—the first rounded story on the conference—the MacArthur reference should go to the top. The Washington bureau had already framed, and was beginning to move, message A147WX:

> FIRST LEAD TRUMAN KOREA
> WASHINGTON, NOV. 30—(AP)—PRESIDENT TRUMAN SAID TODAY USE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB IN KOREA HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNDER CONSIDERATION—AND WHETHER IT IS USED IS UP TO AMERICAN MILITARY LEADERS IN THE FIELD....

By this time, an inexorable process—the exploitation of a good story—was well begun. At eleven-fifty-five, the A.P. sent out its "noon advisory":

> A159 WASHINGTON IS ROUNDING UP CONGRESSIONAL COMMENT ON PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S ATOM BOMB REMARKS AND WILL MOVE IT SHORTLY.
> REACTION FROM ABROAD IS EXPECTED.

Ross was now quite upset. Afternoon newspapers were beginning to appear with scare headlines. Various government officials were calling in to find out what the story was all about. The Voice of America people phoned to ask what they were supposed to say to the world about *this* one. Just before lunchtime, Ross called in James S. Lay, Jr., executive secretary of the National Security Council; his own assistant, Eben Ayers; and George Elsey, to help put the matter straight. They established that the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, known as the McMahon Act, is explicit about who can order use of the bomb. "The President from time to time may direct the Commission (1) to deliver such quantities of fissionable materials or weapons to the armed forces for such use as he deems necessary in the interest of national defense . . ." Ross, Ayers, and Elsey then collaborated with Edward Barrett, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, on a statement that made two things clear: that there had been no *new* consideration of using the bomb, and that the President, who is the only one who can authorize the use, had not done so. Ross gave the statement to the press at about one-forty-five. (Five days later, Charles Ross died at his desk of a coronary occlusion.)

Before the clarification moved out on the news-agency wires, the damage had been done. Every New York afternoon paper was carrying immense front-page headlines saying that Truman might use the A-bomb—as if it were to happen at any moment. Afternoon papers all across the country played the story

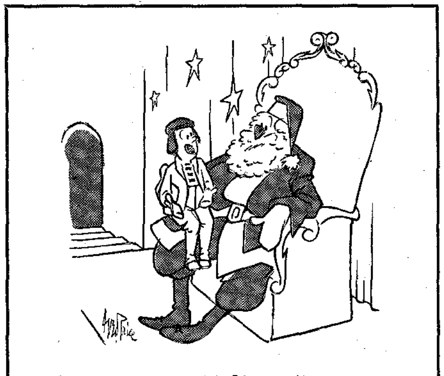
Bisquit
COGNAC ★★★
Good all ways
Bisquit
Bisquit Dubouché
COGNAC ★★★
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
84 PROOF

Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Our ORIGINAL Tartan Bean-bag Ash Tray

This clever non-tip ash tray sets firmly anywhere—even on the arm of a chair! Will not stain, tarnish, tip or scratch fine finishes. Gay as a Highland Fling in a variety of Scotch wool plaids. Set of 2 for $3.00, plus 25¢ postage. Send check or money order.

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Ave., at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

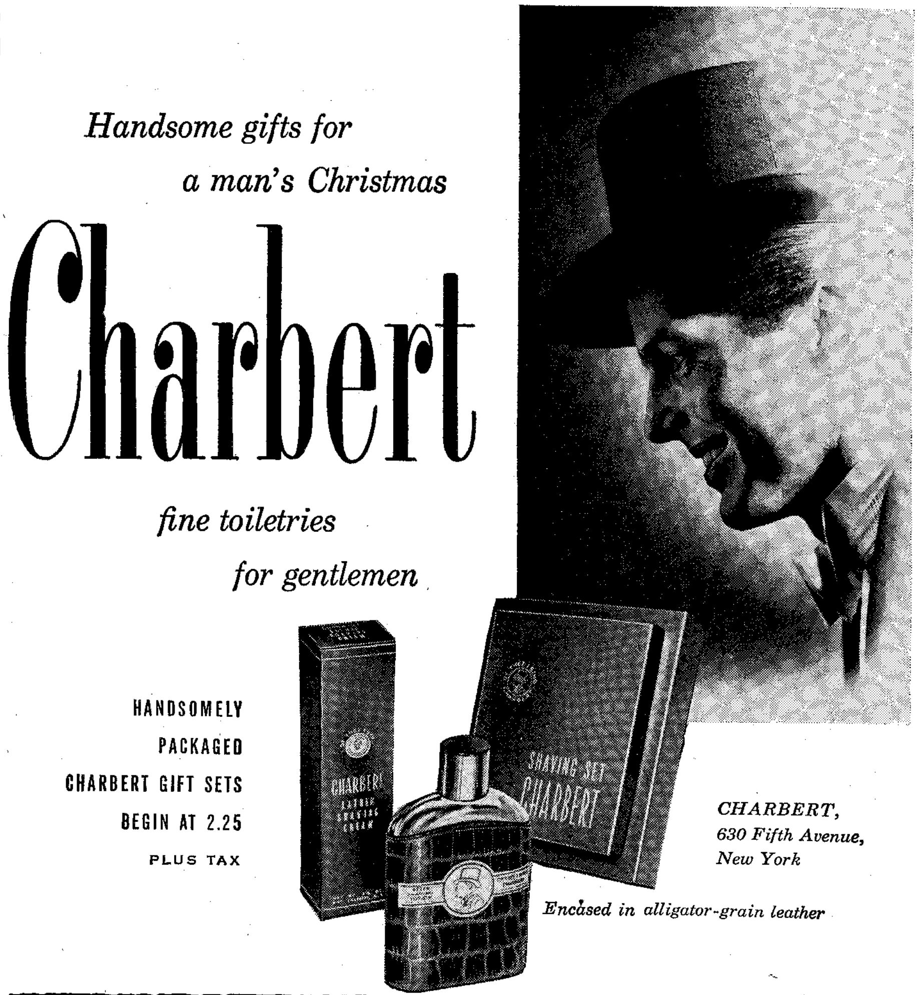


"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(Advertisement)

hard. Even after the clarification, Congressional comments went out on agency wires. Senators Maybank, Flanders, O'Mahoney, Russell, McClellan, and others contributed their august confusions to the already mixed-up story. Senator Brewster was quoted, perhaps inaccurately, as saying, "We ought to use the A-bomb against these troop concentrations and ammunition dumps. I think it would save a thousand of our troops in the next two weeks." According to the A.P., Senator George said, "If we use the bomb, it means war."

THE foreign reaction, which the A.P. so confidently expected in its "noon advisory," developed. There were alarming headlines in Paris. However, the M.R.P. newspaper *Aube* was reassuring: "UNITED STATES KEEPS SANGFROID." (The next night, Premier Pleven said, in an address to the French Assembly, "The erroneous version of a reference made by President Truman to the atomic weapon caused a legitimate and understandable emotion in Europe.") Big headlines in Finland gave the impression that MacArthur had already received the go-ahead. In Vienna, the story had the lead spot in all the morning papers except the Soviet Army sheet, *Osterreichische Zeitung*. *Volksstimme*, the Communist paper in Vienna, threw in an ingenious invention of its own, declaring that Truman's statement proved that the United States planned to intensify pressure for a Western European army. All the papers in Rome carried sensational headlines. *Il Momento* reported that the Tokyo bomber command was ready to take off with the bomb one hour after Washington gave the order. The Socialist *Avanti* had this headline: "WASHINGTON WILL DISREGARD UNITED NATIONS." The sensible Swedes featured the second, clarifying statement; their newspaper stories made it clear that Truman's statement had been in reply to questions and had been taken out of context. In Poland, the *Kurier Codzienny* headed its story "ATOMIC BOMB PLANS OF TRUMAN, ACHESON & CO." In Moscow, Tass put out its own version of the first bulletins: "President Truman has given it to be understood that the ruling circles of the United States are considering the possibility of using the atomic bomb against the Chinese People's Republic if necessary." The *Times of India* ran an editorial under the heading "NO NO NO." The *Indian News Chronicle* spoke of "the immense risk


Handsome gifts for
a man's Christmas

Charbert

fine toiletries
for gentlemen

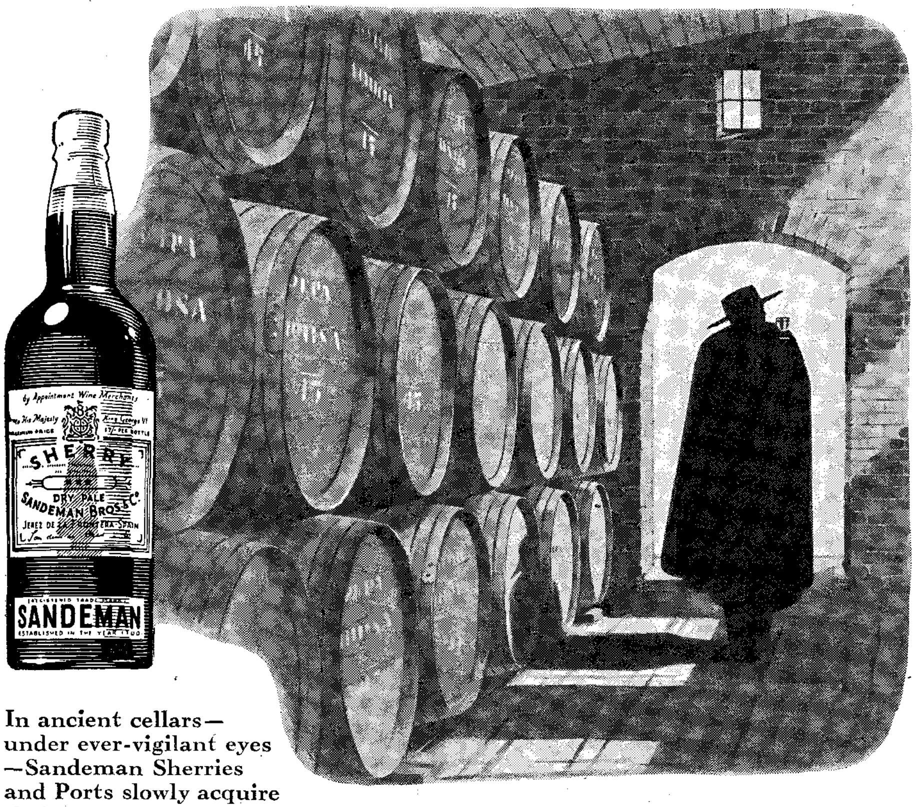
HANDSOMELY
PACKAGED
CHARBERT GIFT SETS
BEGIN AT 2.25
PLUS TAX

CHARBERT,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York

Encased in alligator-grain leather

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELERS SINCE 1847

Cartier Watches — recognized for the finest movements and distinctive cases — unequaled in value . . . Men's watches, 18Kt. gold: modern tank design, $360; round design, $155 . . . Ladies' 18Kt. gold watches: round, $135; rectangular, $160. Double gold chain bracelet watch with sapphires and diamonds, $450 . . . Prices include Federal Tax
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0111



In ancient cellars—
under ever-vigilant eyes
—Sandeman Sherries
and Ports slowly acquire
their rare excellence.
A type for every taste and
occasion. Some are frankly
expensive, but many
are quite
modestly priced.

SANDEMAN

Established in the Year 1790

SHERRIES *from Spain* • **PORTS** *from Portugal*

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C., SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

NOW...

Save up to 39%

on TWA round trips to EUROPE

Take advantage of TWA's special 15-day round-trip fares... effective January 1 through March 16. The ONLY one-airline service between 60 U.S. cities and London, Frankfurt, Paris, Rome and other European capitals.

See your travel agent or call Trans World Airlines

TWA
Across the U.S. and overseas... you can depend on TWA

of earning the passionate hatred of the Asian peoples."

In London, at about five o'clock Thursday afternoon, when the first misleading news-agency flashes reached the ticker against the wall of the library in the House of Commons, Parliament was in the midst of a two-day debate on foreign policy, during the course of which Eden, Churchill, and others pressed Attlee to fly to America and talk with Truman. All too quickly, a whisper ran along the benches that Truman had said MacArthur could use the atomic bomb any time he wanted to. Within a few minutes, someone was circulating a letter addressed to the Prime Minister, declaring that if Attlee endorsed the President's statement, it would *not* be possible for the signers to go on supporting the Government. The paper was passed among the Members as debate continued, and more than a hundred of them, including Alice Bacon, chairman of the Labour Party, signed it. One of the Prime Minister's secretaries whispered to him what the gist of the bulletins was, and at once Attlee said, "Then I shall have to go to Washington to see the President." He called an emergency Cabinet meeting, and at six-forty-five it took place in his rooms in the House of Commons. The meeting lasted only eight minutes; Attlee told the Ministers of his plan to fly to Washington, and they unanimously approved. Messages went off to Washington through both British and American channels. Concluding the foreign-policy debate that evening, Attlee said, "His Majesty's Government consider that a decision of such grave import could not be taken on behalf of the United Nations without the fullest prior consultation with those member states who are at present participating in the international police action in Korea." Then he announced his intention to visit Truman, and was cheered for it. In Paris, the next day, speaking of Attlee's trip, *Franc-Tireur* said, "Thus a false, bad news story has produced the best of true stories." That, however, was about all the good that came of it.

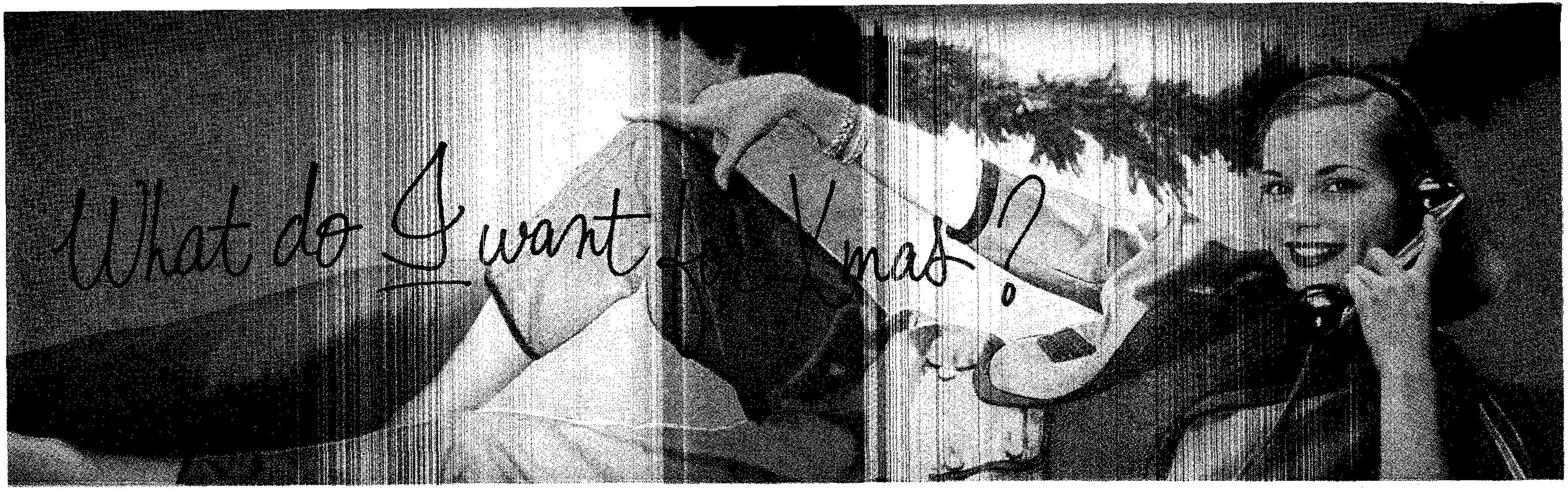
—JOHN HERSEY

•

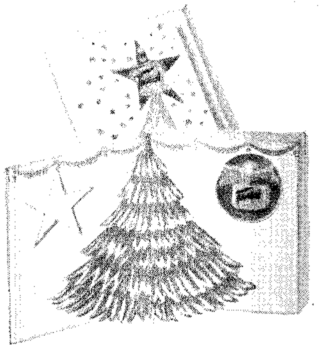
PATIENT

With what devotion he obeys
The regulations of malaise,
Suffers the soft indecency
Of eggnogs served on folding trays,
And gazes with complacency
On evanescent days and days!

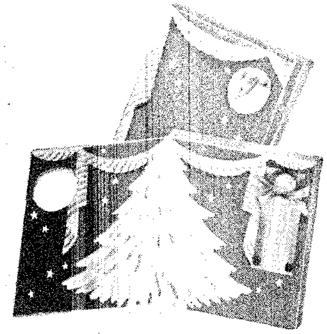
—WALKER GIBSON


What do I want for Xmas?

"SANTA TWEED." Gay roly-poly Santa hides a drawer holding ½ oz. Tweed Perfume. Makes a spirited Christmas tree decoration, $5.50

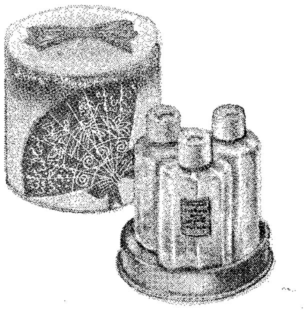


REPLICA CHRISTMAS TREE. A one-dram perfume Replica in gift box with unfolding tree. Tweed, $2.00; Miracle, $2.25; Repartee, $2.50

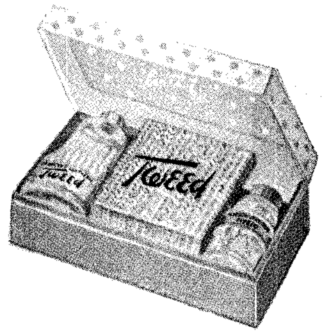


PURSE FLACON CHRISTMAS TREE. Lovely gift box holds a perfume purse flacon of Tweed, $2.25; Miracle, $2.50; Repartee, $2.75

CHRISTMAS FLORAL DUO. 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet Muguet (Lily of the Valley) and Bouquet Red Rose. In attractive Christmas box, $1.00



THREE SILENT MESSENGERS. Three 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet Lenthéric. Tweed, Confetti and Shanghai or Miracle. Attractively gift wrapped, $2.50



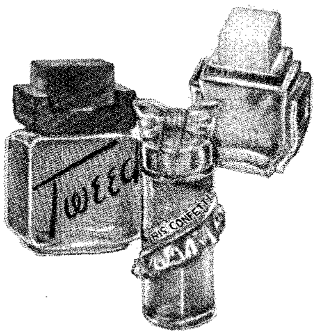
DE LUXE 3-PIECE BATH SET. 2-oz. flacon of Bouquet Lenthéric, Bath Powder and Sachet. Tweed or Miracle, $3.50. Repartee, $4.15

Bouquet Flacon 3½ oz.—Confetti, Tweed, Miracle, or Shanghai, $1.25; Dark Brilliance, $2.50; Anticipation or Repartee, $1.50. *Gift wrapped.* **BATH DUO**... 3½ oz. Bouquet flacon and talcum powder. Tweed, Miracle or Shanghai, $2.50; Repartee, $3.00

REPARTEE PERFUME (made in France), $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, $15.00, $25.00

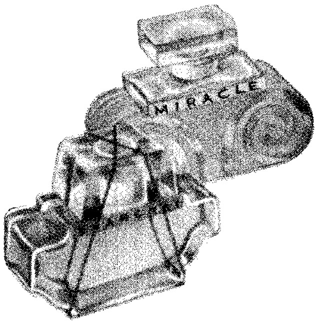
BOUQUET REPARTEE DECANTER. 4-oz. decanter, $3.50

DARK BRILLIANCE PERFUME, a rich, haunting fragrance. Made in Paris. $3.25, $5.00, $5.75, $15.00, $30.00



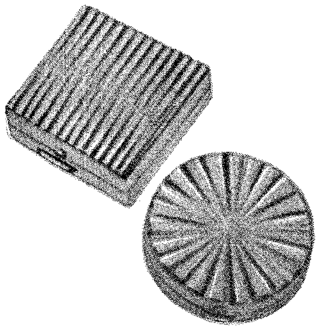
TWEED PERFUME or **CONFETTI PERFUME,** $1.75, $2.00, $3.25, $5.50, $10.00, $18.00

ANTICIPATION PERFUME, $2.50, $15.00, $35.00



SHANGHAI PERFUME, $2.00, $2.25, $4.00, $7.00, $12.50, $22.00

MIRACLE PERFUME, $2.00, $2.25, $4.00, $7.00, $12.50, $22.00



"BACKGAMMON" GOLDTONE COMPACT (single), $3.95. **TWEED DE LUXE COMPACT** in goldtone case. Powder is pressed in to guard against spilling. $3.00

All Prices Plus Taxes

. . . and here's Lenthéric's incredible new

'TOILET ESSENCE'

Lenthéric's exciting new fragrance idea . . . lasts longer than toilet water, costs less than perfume extract! In cherished Tweed or smart, witty Repartee . . . $2.50 for 2 full ounces.

Lenthéric

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

PERFUMED LUXURIES

Your Key to Holiday Hospitality

In Kentucky, where a man is judged by the whiskey he keeps, OLD FITZ is *first* for sending . . . *first* for serving. Like our whiskey, our egg nog is a family affair—an old fashioned recipe bringing you all the traditional flavor of our slow-distilled oak-ripened sour mash bourbon. Try it? Here's how!

Egg nog for 12—Stir 12 egg yolks with 12 tablespoons sugar until smooth. Slowly stir in 1 pint Old Fitz, 1 pint *un*whipped double cream. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 12 eggs: stir in additional pint Old Fitz: Chill until serving. Then fold in 1 pint *whipped* double cream—sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg—and dip in!

OLD FITZGERALD
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD FITZGERALD
KEY TO HOLIDAY HOSPITALITY

OLD FITZGERALD

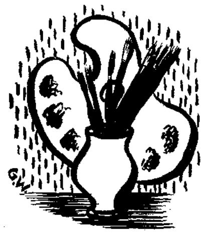
OLD FASHIONED... *but still in style*

BONDED
100 PROOF KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

THE ART GALLERIES

Americans at the Metropolitan and Elsewhere



AS I believe I have remarked before, what American painting looks like today depends a great deal on the standpoint from which one regards it, and the various big annuals and other surveys that are got together periodically to appraise it differ considerably in their atmosphere in consequence. To the Whitney Museum, our native art now leans heavily toward the experimental and the abstract, and on the basis of the last couple of annuals down there it is getting abstracter by the minute. The Corcoran's view is rather sedate, and the National Academy's, of course, is even more so. Now the Metropolitan, with its current "American Painting Today—1950," presents another viewpoint, and I suppose we must revise our estimate accordingly. This show, which contains some three hundred items, is the first of what's to be a fairly leisurely series, presumably keyed to the tempo at which a great institution like the Metropolitan operates. It is to be followed—at a safe distance, so to speak—by a similar show next year of American sculpture, and a year later by another, of water colors, drawings, and prints, after which, if we can wait that long (that will be 1953), we can expect that the cycle will start all over again with another investigation of American painting.

The present show is, despite its large size, a remarkably coherent and attractive collection. To be sure, there is a vague but pervasive air of politeness about it, which means that if, on the one hand, there is nothing likely to shock or offend in the show, there is also, on the other, very little that's truly outstanding, and this reminded me of the Whitney Annuals of five or ten years ago. But if the affair tends more toward the average than toward the unusual and the solidly competent rather than the daring, the average is still high and the competence is impressive, and I think that the Museum can congratulate itself on a very successful first venture into what is for it a more or less new field.

The arrangement is especially to be commended. Starting with such broad-

JAMES A. FARLEY
Chairman of the far-flung
Coca-Cola Export
Corporation

"Wonderful service... marvelous food...

I just can't say enough in favor of the

SS "America"

"In the last few years I've traveled a lot," says Mr. Farley, "and I cannot praise the *America* too highly. Recently, Mrs. Farley and I crossed both ways on this beautiful ship. Once again we were delighted with the courteous service, the superb food, the entertainment and the friendliness and comfort which we always enjoy on the *America*.

"She makes me proud that she flies the stars and stripes. I'm sure that any American crossing on her will tell you the same thing."

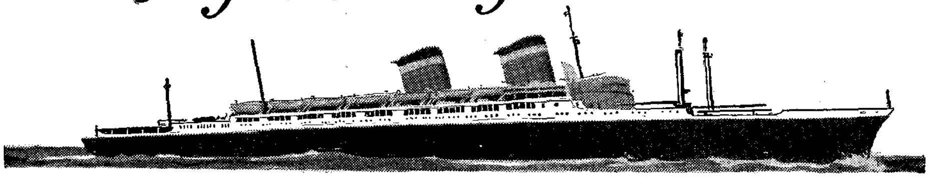
• • •

Reduced fares for winter and spring sailings from New York to Cobh, Havre, Southampton: Jan. 3, Jan. 23, Feb. 10, Mar. 1, Mar. 27, Apr. 14. *First Class* $295 up; *Cabin*, $200 up; *Tourist*, $160 up.

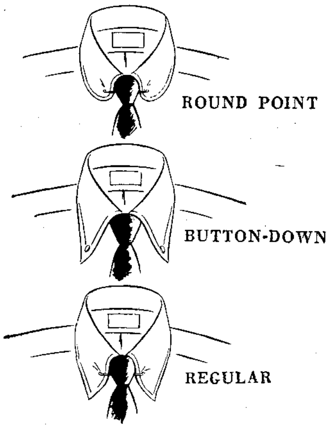
See your Travel Agent or United States Lines . . . New York, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, San Francisco, Washington.

United States Lines

No finer service afloat or ashore



FINE SHIRTS
make fine gifts!



OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE OXFORD

. . . silky, soft, long-wearing, preshrunk. Tailored with every refinement, in the three most popular models. The button-down collar rolls in the accepted university manner, the round and regular points take a collar pin. Sizes 14-17, sleeves 33-35, in white or blue. $4.50

mail orders filled

EDWARD REED LTD.
49 West 49th St. in Rockefeller Center, N.Y. 20

Tonight . . . a really smooth Manhattan all mixed and ready to serve! **DuBouchett** Manhattan Cocktail

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
MANHATTAN Cocktail
SERVE CHILLED
MANY, BLANC & CO.
66 proof

Also try DuBouchett Martini Cocktail.
DuBouchett Cordials *(say doo-boo-shay)*
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

ly realistic artists as Kenneth Hayes Miller, John Sloan, Edward Hopper (see his eerie "Conference at Night"), Andrew Wyeth (the gently satirical "Young America"), and John W. McCoy (a beautifully effective study of a Pennsylvania Dutch barnyard called "Midday"), it goes on, through a rectangular series of galleries that lead you gracefully back to the beginning, past the modern Impressionists and the Expressionists to the abstract painters and the Non-Objectivists, at which time you find yourself approaching the realists again. I don't know whether a moral was intended by this meeting-of-extremes, or serpent-eating-tail, arrangement, and it may be that there was none. On the way, one encounters a good many excellent pictures. Moses Soyer is represented by what seems to me to be far and away his best painting, the glowing and handsome "Three Dancers," and so is Zsissly, by his spacious "Yaquina Bay, Oregon." I liked, too, Philip Evergood's jolly and animated study of a swarm of kids playing called "Sunny Side of the Street," Robert Gwathmey's stern, stylized "Southern Scene," Virginia Cuthbert's wistful "The Empty Street," and the misty "Cathedral in Guadalajara," by Kenneth A. Reid, while as for the work of more advanced schools, I was taken most with Perle Fine's grave "Pale Gold and Gray," Walter Quirt's bright, kaleidoscopic "Man Meets Woman, Tips Hat," Charles Henry Alston's compact "Painting," and "Night of the Ritual," by Attilio Salemme.

One test of the thoroughness with which a jury of selection works (in this instance, there were five regional juries, which submitted their findings to a national one) is the number of little-known artists it turns up, and it's pleasant to observe that the show contains a more than usually large share of relative newcomers. I don't want to do much listing, although there's a surprising amount of good work by these newcomers. But I can't help mentioning the expertly contrived abstraction "Child: Labyrinth," by Richard D. Houghton, Jr.; the small, mazy "Color Progression," by Robert Leon Knipschild, and Emil Bisttram's "Marine Patterns," both abstract too; Carl A. Hall's boldly planned landscape "Currents" and Tom Richard Cavanaugh's "Toward the Open Sea;" and the somewhat Surrealist, very evocative "Landscape and Rider," by Werner Groshans. The show is conservative, but, whether because of or despite that, it's a testimonial to the volume of sound,

Sissy Schuss!

A thrilling two mile run beloved by novice and expert alike. Part of the forty miles of trails which make Mont Tremblant the finest ski center in the East!

Five lifts and tows, Ski School directed by Benno Rybizka, accommodations from dormitories to suites, three bars. Dancing nightly.
Reservations: MUrray Hill 4-4705.

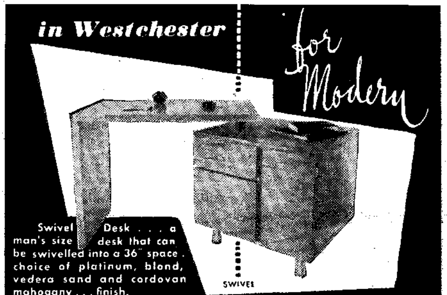
Only 90 miles north of Montreal

JOHN H. SINGLETON, *General Manager*

Mont Tremblant Lodge

MONT TREMBLANT
P. Q., CANADA

in Westchester *for Modern*



Swivel Desk . . . a man's size desk that can be swivelled into a 36" space . choice of platinum, blond, vedera sand and cordovan mahogany . . . finish.

furniture futures
three floors of modern furniture
154 Main Street White Plains 9-7500

FROM POODLEVILLE, PARIS—

Fifi, the lovable puppy is Properly Pedigreed, and stands almost 2 ft. high. An exact replica of a real poodle, right down to her soft, cuddly fur. Fifi behaves just like any other poodle—but she won't walk into the Plaza with you.

A wonderful Xmas gift!

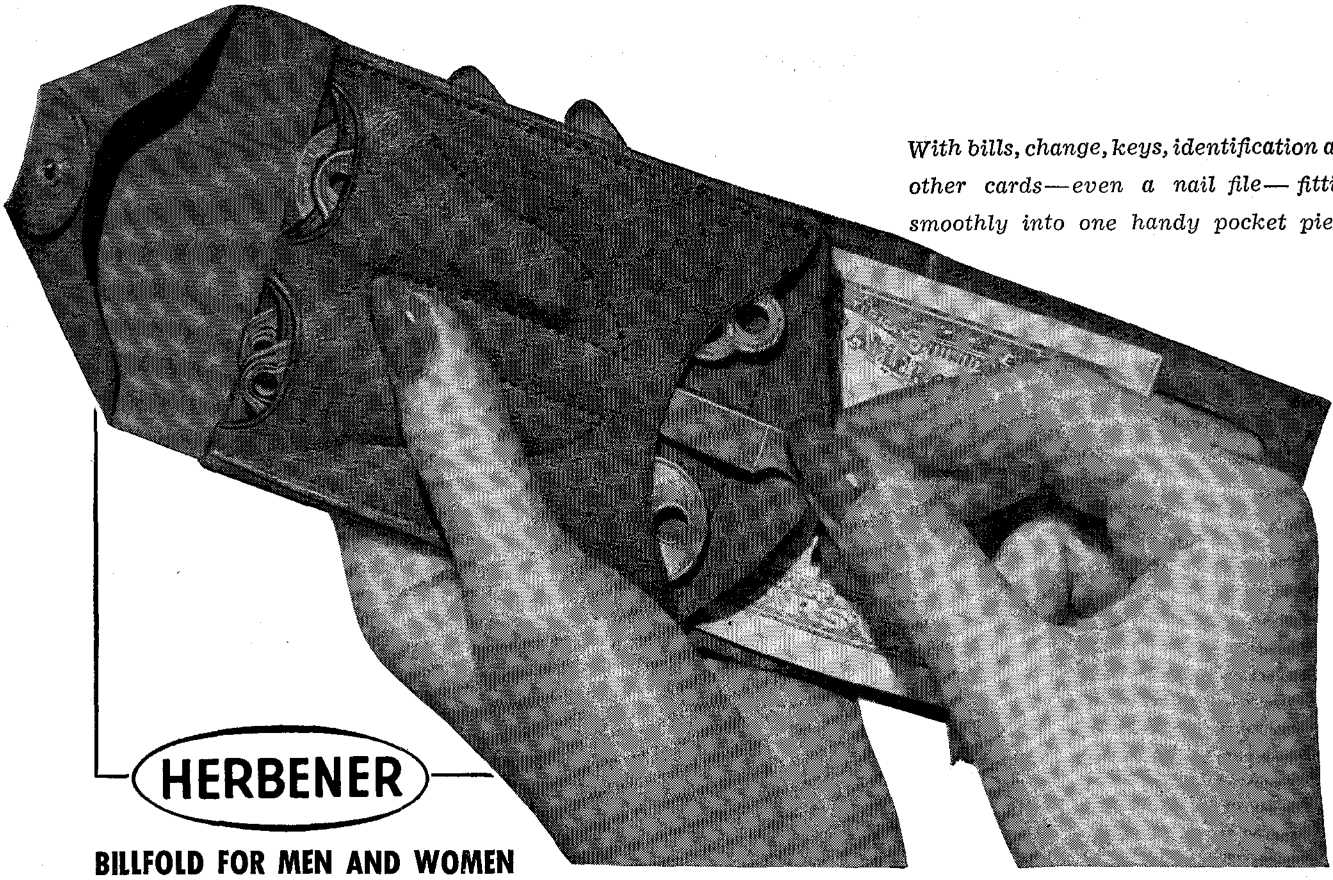
$7.50 postpaid

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Marietta Larsen 724 5th Ave., N.Y.C.
5th Fl., CI 6-2090

ROBIN-DELL *RESTAURANT*

Featuring
Tender-Cured
BAKED VIRGINIA HAM
Dinner till 1 A.M.
Closed Mondays
2887 BROADWAY • BET. 112 & 113th STS.

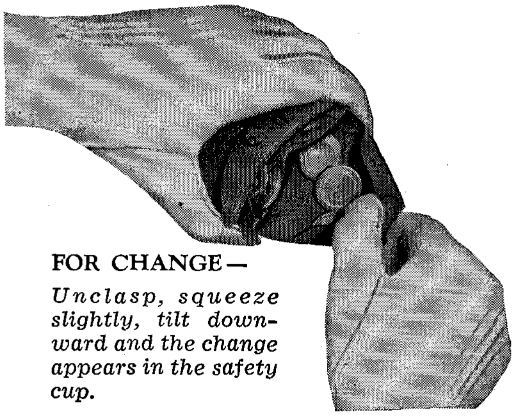

With bills, change, keys, identification and other cards—even a nail file—fitting smoothly into one handy pocket piece.

HERBENER

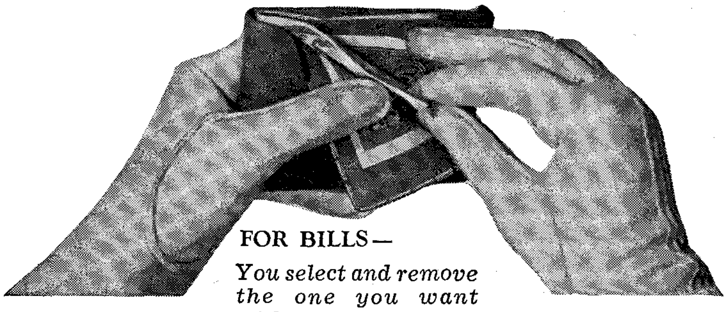
BILLFOLD FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SO COMPLETE....SO COMPACT....

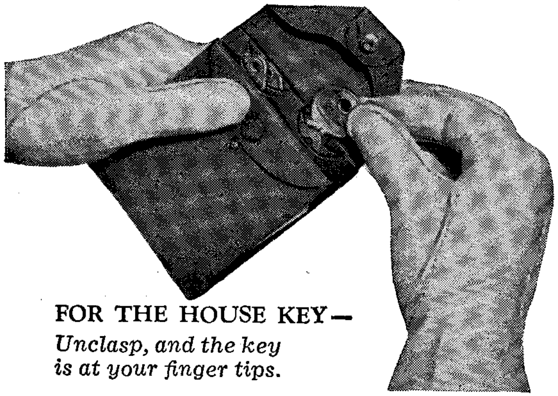
Just the Thing for Gloved Hands



FOR CHANGE—
Unclasp, squeeze slightly, tilt downward and the change appears in the safety cup.



FOR BILLS—
You select and remove the one you want without opening the billfold.



FOR THE HOUSE KEY—
Unclasp, and the key is at your finger tips.

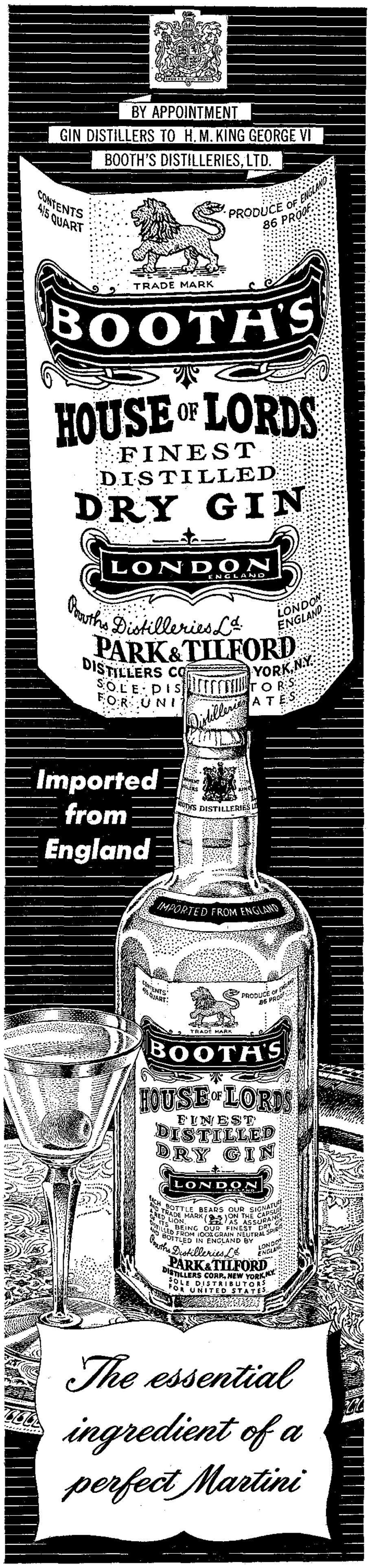
U. S. Pat. Nos. 2,277,104; 2,288,704; 2,346,433; 2,346,434

The Herbener Billfold is so different that you actually have to learn how to use it to take advantage of its many new desirable features, but once learned you will always want it. Men may find the change pocket more useful for extra keys or small papers.

Beautifully made of pigskin, red or black morocco with no outside stitching to wear. At $5 retail in its simplest form —at $7.50 with the new 3-Way pocket. Either style with gold filled edging at $2.50 extra. (All prices plus tax.)

At Abercrombie & Fitch and Saks-34th, NEW YORK CITY; *Bloomingdale's,* NEW YORK CITY, NEW ROCHELLE and FRESH MEADOWS; *Deene's Luggage Shops,* EAST ORANGE and WHITE PLAINS; *The Wright Shop,* BRONXVILLE; *Frank Martin & Sons,* STAMFORD; *Gift in Hand,* GREENWICH; *The Town Shop,* PRINCETON; *Holiday House,* UPPER MONTCLAIR—*and smart stores elsewhere.*

Ascot, Ltd., Sales Agents. 303 Fifth Ave., New York
Herbener Industries, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.



Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof
PARK & TILFORD Distillers Corp., New York

craftsmanlike painting that's being done in this country today.

KNOWNS and unknowns appear here and there, too, at the galleries. We have had several chances recently to see the work of the younger French artists, and now, to vary the procedure, the Hacker Gallery is exhibiting a couple of paintings or sculptures apiece by a group of eighteen young Americans who are working in Paris. It's a lively show but, I thought, an inconclusive one. Two pieces are rarely enough to judge a man's talents by, and that is especially true in this case, since the work is both youthful and extremely experimental. I liked the dark "Still Life" by Norman Rubington; the two Roy Boot offerings, one a cleverly combined landscape and still life called "Fish" and the other a handsome, if sombre, figure study called "Clown;" and the large "The Table," by Oscar Chelimsky.

At the Kootz, there is a show called "Fifteen Unknowns," and here the work, for the most part, seems not only immature but indecisive. With but few exceptions (Francine Barkan's prim but nicely handled interior "Small Hour" is one), the items are done in the freest sort of abstract Expressionist style, and though a good deal of enthusiasm is displayed, I'm afraid there's little feeling for the formal values of design beneath all the splashing on of color. I can, however, exempt William Machado's sober, sombre abstraction "Black Ochre," Robert Kobayashi's "Sculpture No. 1," and Lee Abbott's fluent abstraction called "Goats."

At the Buchholz, that shrine of sculpture, there is an excellent exhibition of small bronzes and other pieces called "The Heritage of Auguste Rodin," and though the title seems a misnomer (how, for instance, can Brancusi, Lipchitz, or Calder, all of whom are represented, be said to derive from Rodin?), the collection is a superb one. Look particularly for the rarely seen Matisse "Serf," a standing nude, as well as the fine "Portrait of Igor Stravinsky" by Marino Marini, the "Prometheus" by Gerhard Marcks, and "Honoré de Balzac," "Seated Torso," and "Mouvement de Danse," by Rodin himself.

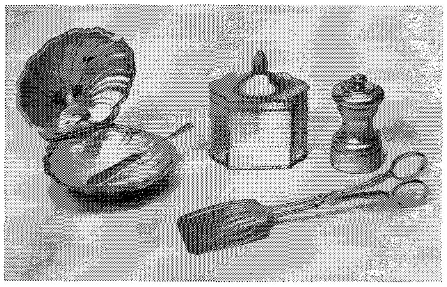
—ROBERT M. COATES

•

No more than 3 per cent of Italians get any meat. They get almost no eggs and no milk, which they make into cheese.—*Washington Star.*

And *we* talk about know-how.

Gracious Gifts



Butter shell and server in English silverplate, glass liner, $12.50

Tea caddy in English silverplate with ivory pineapple finial, $15.00

Sterling silver peppermill of better-than-usual quality, $16.50

Server, 9" long, for asparagus or sandwiches: English silverplate, $12.50

All prices inc. Fed. tax

For out-of-the-ordinary gifts, see our collection of antique silver and china; unusual reproductions just suitable for Christmas.

James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., N.Y. 19
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions

FOR XMAS EVE & NEW YEAR'S EVE DINNER PARTIES—CALL

The Casserole Kitchen

DELIVERS COMPLETE DINNERS OF TEMPTING DELICIOUS FOOD TO YOUR DOOR

DINE AT HOME TONIGHT • SUNDAYS TOO •

Phone Karl
RE 7-3749
Formerly of 21 CLUB
Buffets — Canapes for Parties

FORGOTTEN SOMEONE?

It's not too late—no cash needed! I'll send your friends a gift package of 100% pure MAPLE SYRUP now—you pay me after Christmas. Gal. $5.50, ½ gal. $2.95, qt. $1.60. Creamy Maple Butter $1.25 lb. jar. Maple Sugar Candies $1.25 lb. All plus postage. Gift card included. Send your list today.

OTIS GOSS, Williamsburg, Mass.
Member Berkshire Pioneer Maple Producers' Assn.

N. J. Representative
THE FISHER
Radio - Phonograph
Geo Perdue
8 South Park St
MOntclair 2-0680

what's your angle, angel?

If you're out to woo him, wow him, or win him . . . we suggest Monsieur as the gift to turn the trick. A gift that denotes the woman of imagination . . . the air that marks the man of the world. For your special Monsieur then . . . Monsieur!

An air conceived in Paris that successfully blends subtlety and strength, — and always in good taste! Gift boxed in handsome black-gold presentation box (including atomizer) ½ oz. — $10 (plus Federal Tax).

Wherever fine toiletries for men are sold.

For name of store nearest you, write
MONSIEUR INC., 125 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

Monsieur

THE MUST FOR THE WELL-GROOMED MALE

MONSIEUR, INC. • New York • Paris • Los Angeles

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

HOMECOMING

ONE night a few weeks ago, while I was having a smoke on a sidewalk on West Forty-eighth Street between the acts of a play, I met Warren Park, a man I used to know in Columbus, Ohio.

"You ought to come out to Columbus and see the old place," he said after we had exchanged a few pleasantries about the play. "They've gone entirely nuts this year on football."

"They always do in Columbus. Craziest football town in the world," I said. I used to live out there many years ago.

"But they're worse than ever this year," Warren said. "On account of Ohio State being just about the best team in the country."

"That's what I see in the papers," I said.

"Come on out for Homecoming Week, why don't you?" he suggested.

"O.K., maybe I shall," I answered. And I did go out there, leaving New York the Tuesday before the Saturday of the game with Michigan. The last game of the season is always the one with Michigan, and it is always, on the alternate years it is played at Columbus, the Homecoming Game.

IT didn't take long, wandering around Columbus after I arrived there on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, to discover that Homecoming Week is observed just as fervently as it ever was. Everywhere I went, preparations were being made for the returning alumni. One reason Ohio grads return for Homecoming Week is that they hate the State of Michigan so much—in a nice way, of course. This is odd reasoning, but that's how it is. There was some gloom in the town, because on the Saturday before, after my brief talk with Warren Park, Ohio State had been defeated, 14–7, by Illinois. That marred the record somewhat, but by the time I reached the city, the 374,770 residents of Columbus (1950 census) were madly intent upon the game with Michigan, for by defeating Michigan, Ohio State would cinch the championship of the Western Conference—the Big Ten. So universal is football daffiness in the region that during the recent political campaign, one canard circulated about a candidate had it that his entire foreign policy could be summed up in two words: "Beat Michigan!"

YOUR WEIGHT
1¢

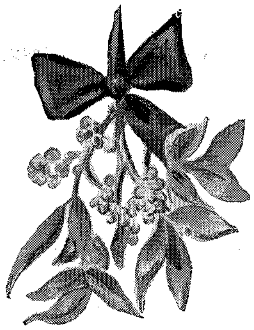
The rivalry between the states of Michigan and Ohio is apparently part real, part synthetic. It has been going on for a hundred and fifteen years, since 1835, at which time Ohio and Michigan were at war with each other. At least, there was an armed shindy between the two, perhaps the most hot-tempered incident of the sort in our history, not counting the Civil War, of course.

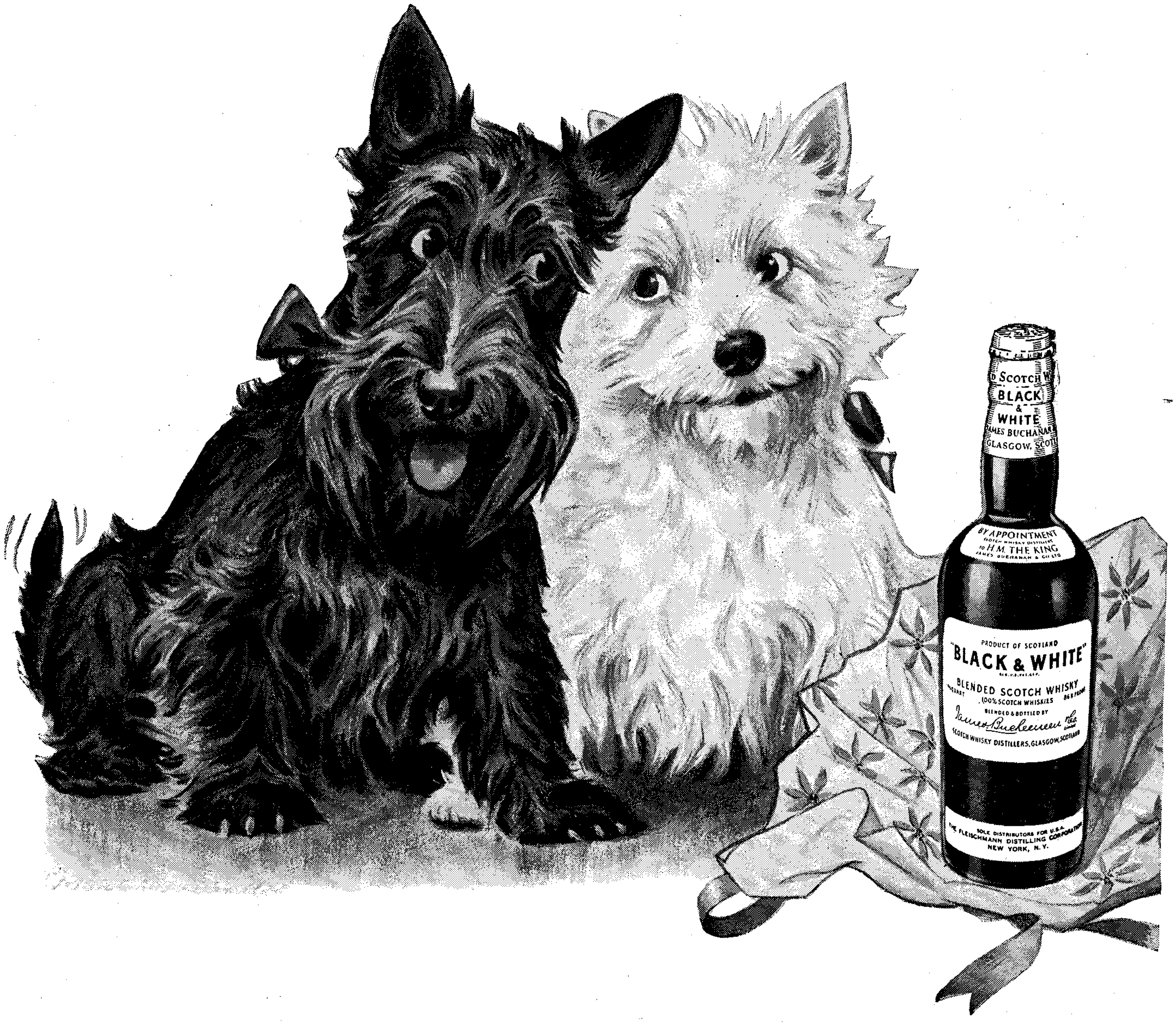
Hugh Huntington, a Columbus attorney with a liking for history, once dug into the past and came up with the information for football fans that the war between Ohio and Michigan started when the Northwest Territory was being broken up into five states. It was originally provided that the line separating Michigan from Ohio and Indiana should run east and west through the southern tip of Lake Michigan, extending eastward to the territorial line in Lake Erie. That brought the boundary south of the city of Toledo and put Toledo in Michigan. "However, when Ohio was made a state," Mr. Huntington told some friends, "its constitution provided that the boundary should be on a line from the southern tip of Lake Michigan to the north cape of Maumee Bay, in Lake Erie. That was eight miles farther north and put Toledo in Ohio. The matter came up in Congress, and the then Representative John Quincy Adams made a recommendation in favor of Michigan and against Ohio. The Ohio Legislature immediately passed an act providing that Ohio law and Ohio officials would govern the disputed territory. Michigan did exactly the same thing, favoring Michigan, naturally, and two sets of officials were elected—one set of Ohioans, one set of Michiganders—in the April, 1835, voting."

The sheriff of Monroe County, Michigan, organized a posse and carted some Ohio partisans off to jail, and all hell broke loose. An Ohio prosecutor then obtained an indictment against Governor Mason, of Michigan, and double-dared him to come to Ohio and be arrested. Mason refused. "Governor Lucas, of Ohio, levied troops and moved into the eight-mile zone north of Toledo," Huntington said. "Governor Mason, on his side, levied troops, who marched around the Ohio military and seized Toledo from the south. The Michigan rowdies, as one account put it, 'overran the watermelon patches and robbed all the hen roosts.' The Michiganders had to live off the country because the Ohio army had cut off their supplies."

The war was ended when President Andrew Jackson sent two commissioners from Washington to study the situation. On the basis of their findings, Congress gave the eight-mile strip to Ohio but placated Michigan by giving her the large and now valuable Northern Peninsula, taking it away from Wisconsin. "There were few inhabitants in Wisconsin and they neither knew nor cared what became of the Peninsula," Mr. Huntington said. "Michigan and Ohio have had a hundred and fifteen years of honorable fighting history. There have been no deaths and few casualties, but both sides have had an immense amount of fun in those hundred and fifteen years. In recent years the fighting has been especially inspiring."

I began to realize just how synthetic




Scotch W
BLACK
&
WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOT
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

"What could be nicer at Christmas?"

BLACK & WHITE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS much of the rivalry between the universities is these days when I came across William G. Wilcox, public-relations director of Ohio State University, and he said to me, "We are endeavoring to start a new tradition at the Michigan game this Saturday." The notion of a new tradition's being laboriously and cold-bloodedly established struck me as peculiar, and I asked him what he meant. He explained that Dick Sims, president of Sphinx, a senior men's honorary society at Ohio State, was to present the Toledo Cannon, which may or may not be a relic of the ancient war, to the Ohio State, or Buckeye, student body between the halves of the game, as a symbol of the Ohio-Michigan rivalry. "The secret about it is," said Mr. Wilcox, further clarifying the process of starting a new tradition, "that sometime next week Michigan is going to steal the cannon, and won't give it back until the next time Ohio State beats Michigan. That's the secret part, the stealing. I believe it will be a good tradition, don't you?" I agreed that, as traditions go, it seemed good enough.

I WAS rather surprised to find that, as one Columbusite after another buttonholed me, it was not Vic Janowicz, the star Ohio State player—or the football team at all, for that matter—that I was told about. Instead, it was the band, and the wonders the band would perform before the game and between the halves. The whole city, it appeared, had been terribly hurt when *Life*, not long before, had called Michigan's band the best in the land. That was more than Columbus, and a large part of the rest of Ohio, could take.

"Would you have felt so bad if *Life* had said Michigan had the best football team?" I asked one man.

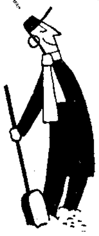
"No, I don't think so. No, we wouldn't," he replied. "There's room for argument about that, perhaps. But there can't be any argument about the band. Everybody knows we've got the best marching band in the whole history of music in the world."

There were even remarks about treason in connection with the bands. I was frequently told that Michigan's band wouldn't amount to a row of pins if Michigan, in its snide way, had not managed to lure a graduate of Ohio State to Ann Arbor to direct its band. "After all," wrote Roger Nelson in his *Ohio State Journal* column called "Broad and High" (that's the principal corner in Columbus), "the Michigan band copies the Ohio State formations, lock, stock, and barrel. A Buckeye grad

A premium Cognac available in limited quantities only!
COGNAC HENNESSY X.O
X.O
JAs HENNESSY & Co COGNAC

PACKED IN OLD-WORLD GIFT CARTON • 80 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N.Y.

Picture yourself SKIING in Reno



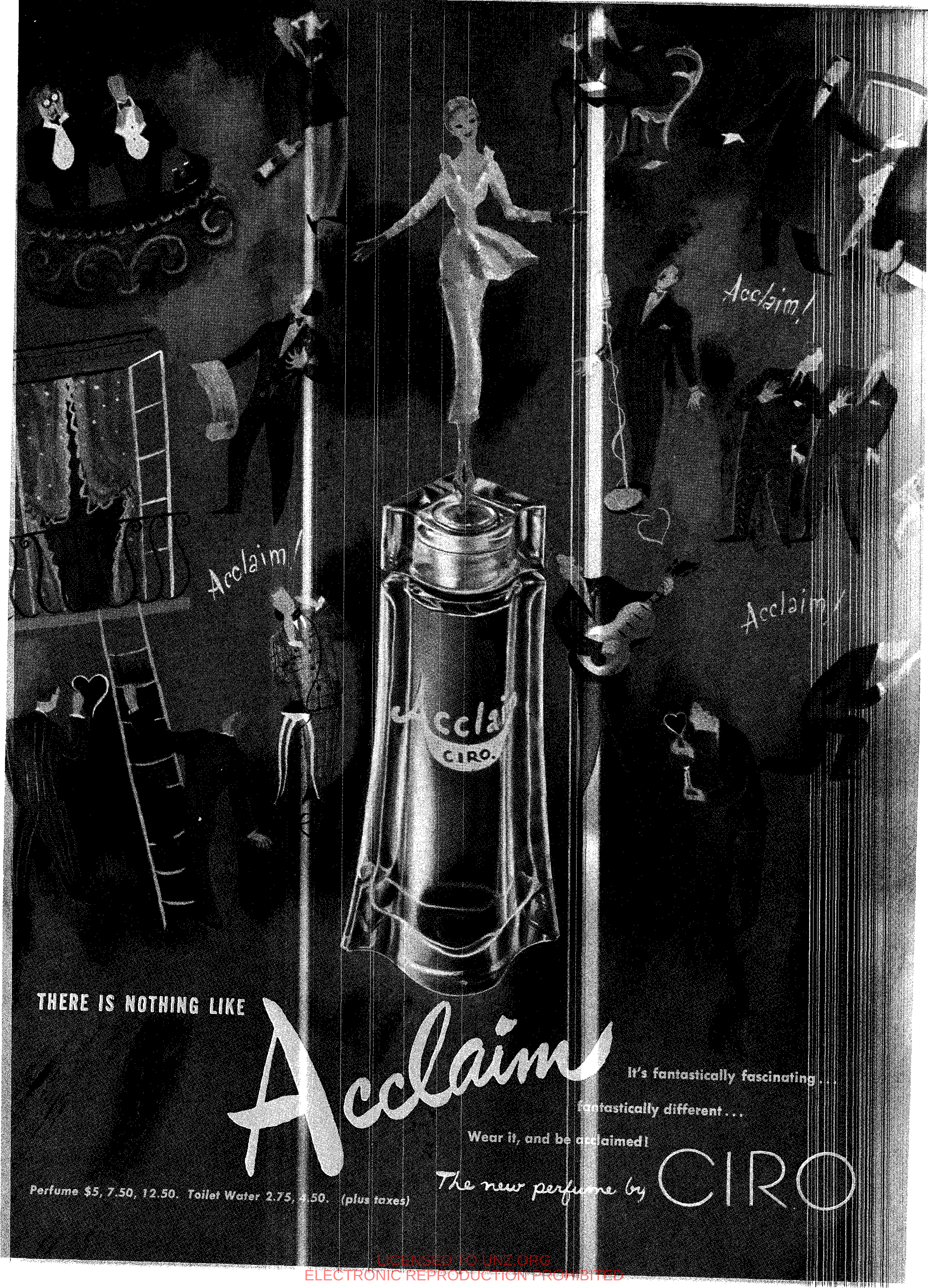
Reno lies midway between six of the finest ski resort areas in the West, all within a 30-minute drive, all with T-Bar or Chair lifts, all with varying slopes, snow conditions, and elaborate ski facilities.

Reno offers you metropolitan accommodations and plenty of nighttime recreation with an unequalled choice of nearby skiing for daytime fun. The season starts about now, and continues into April, often into May. Stay in Reno, ski in Reno's "front yard" for the finest season of winter sports you have ever known, in America or Europe.

Beautiful sunny days all winter, long slopes down the eastern side of the Sierras . . . better "Winter in Reno this Season". . .

for further information . . . write . . .

RENO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE


Acclaim!
Acclaim!
Acclaim!
Acclai
CIRO.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE

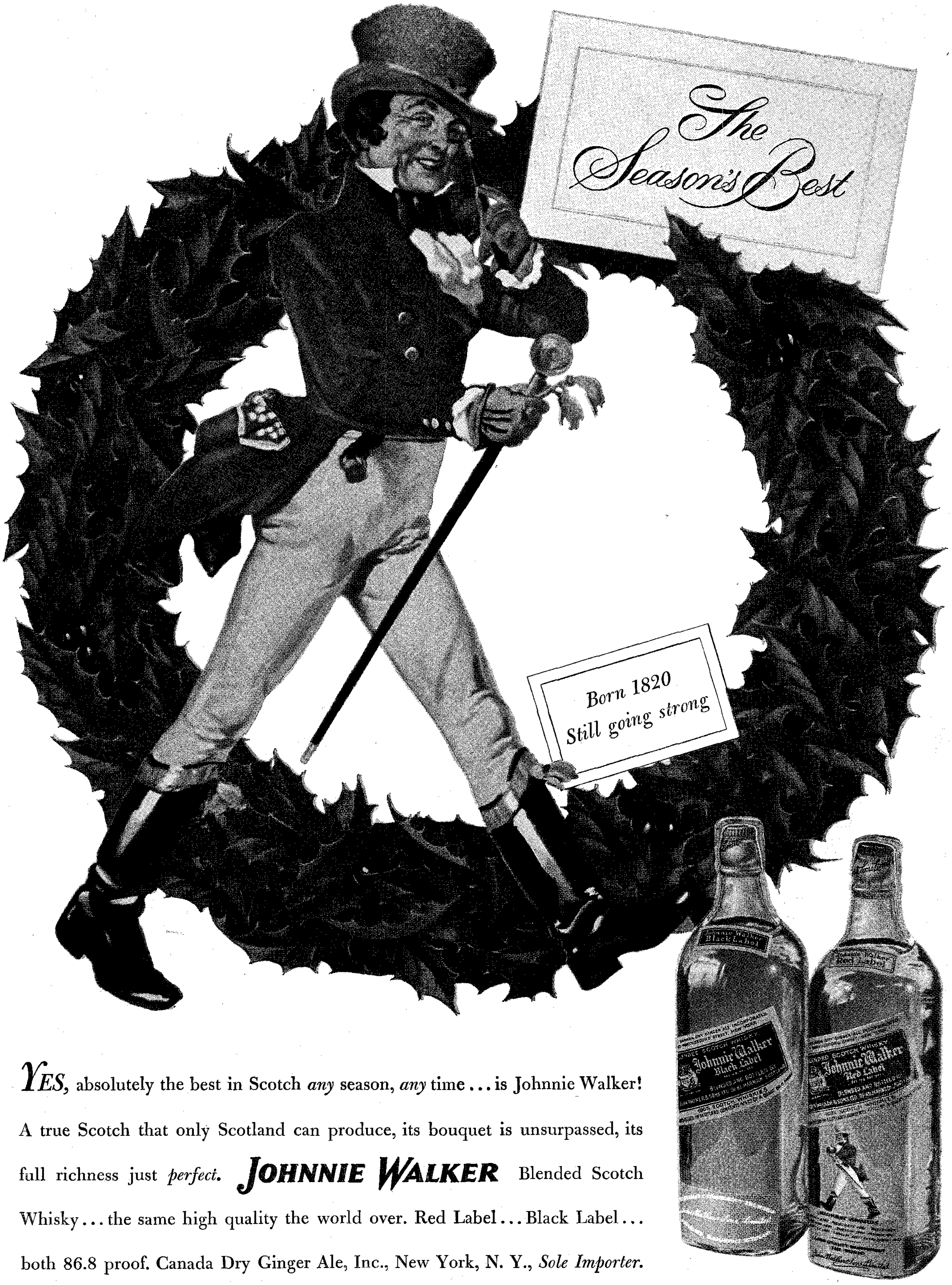
Acclaim

It's fantastically fascinating... fantastically different... Wear it, and be acclaimed!

The new perfume by CIRO

Perfume $5, 7.50, 12.50. Toilet Water 2.75, 4.50. (plus taxes)

LET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON SAY...


The Season's Best
Born 1820
Still going strong
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Red Label

YES, absolutely the best in Scotch *any* season, *any* time... is Johnnie Walker! A true Scotch that only Scotland can produce, its bouquet is unsurpassed, its full richness just *perfect.* **JOHNNIE WALKER** Blended Scotch Whisky... the same high quality the world over. Red Label... Black Label... both 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

is at the helm of the Wolverine formations and he's taught them what he learned on the Ohio State campus."

Only one old grad among the dozens I talked to before the game was at all irreverent about the band situation. "Personally, I think Ohio State will win Saturday's game by twelve trombones," he said.

In my wanderings about the town, I happened to come across an advance copy of the official program, and therein I studied a synopsis of the marvels that were planned by the band for Saturday. It read:

> Entering from the north end of the stadium in ten files, the Band steps onto the field to the tune of the "Ohio Bugle March." As the front man in each file reaches the 20-yard line, they suddenly turn and the spectator is confronted with three lines stretching across the field. To the tune of the "Buckeye Battle Cry" three lines surge towards the south goal posts. As they reach the middle of the field, they pivot and turn and pivot again in a flashing drill. To the tune of "Michigan Victors" the steady rise and fall of white spats takes the Band into a large "M."
>
> A fancy about-face heads the group for the west side lines and the outline of a camel takes form as the music changes to "In a Persian Garden." The loudspeaker informs the spectators that this is a saga of the buckeye and that originally the buckeye came from Persia bringing with it Persian mystery, glamour, and magic. During this announcement the Band forms the outline of a dancing girl who dances to the accompanying music. "The Last Time I Saw Paris" takes the Band into the outline of the Eiffel Tower as the loudspeaker points out the fact that in France the starch of the buckeye is used in laundering clothes. During this announcement, the formation changes to an old-fashioned washing-machine and Bandsmen go through the wringer to show the effect of the starch that is in the buckeye.
>
> Next, a tepee takes form upon the field and Indian dancers point up the fact that the Indians were the only folk capable of overcoming the bitterness of the buckeye in using it as food.
>
> Suddenly the music of Oley Speaks' "Trees" bursts forth and the Band marches into the outline of the buckeye leaf. The Band halts and a solitary trumpet plays the music which accompanies the lines, "Poems are made by fools like me." The Band crescendos to a large forte with the music to the lines, "But only God can make a tree." As the final chord is reached, banners unfurl on each side of the leaf formation showing the new band patch donated to the Band by Milt Caniff [the cartoonist is a Buckeye graduate] and the new University flag authorized by the Board of Trustees. With the beautiful new emblem outlined on the field, the strains of "Carmen Ohio" now echo through the stadium and loyal Buckeyes all over the world are urged to join in the singing of the Alma Mater.

Some of the intricate maneuvers thus described appeared to me to be only remotely pertinent to the game of foot-

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HATS accessories clothes perfume

53 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRONZINI

5 East 52nd Street, New York

A shop for men

Scarfs—

of pure silk twill 19.50

RAWLINGS

Christmas at Broadstreet's

Portrait of your
Warmest Wish

$42.50

Our arctic-inspired
North Bay Coat

A foul-weather friend if ever there was one!

The fine gabardine is cravenetted to shed snow flurries and showers. The collar is genuine mouton. White lambskin lined to the hip, red wool from there downwards.

Quilted sleeve linings and knitted wristlets give added warmth to arms and the man.

Broadstreet's

5th Ave. at 47th St. 5th Ave. at 33rd St.
50 East 42nd St. 61 Chambers St.
Broadway at Liberty St.

ball. Still, as an old softy with a weakness for the tingling effect on the spine of massive bands swinging into college songs, I looked forward to the game and its attendant music with zest.

"The band is one of the biggest things in university life here," I was told by Ed Penisten, as loyal an old grad and sports authority as Ohio State has. "There's a waiting list to get on the band that's probably longer than the list of those trying to get on the football team." Shortly after my chat with Mr. Penisten, I saw in the *Dispatch* an ad that read:

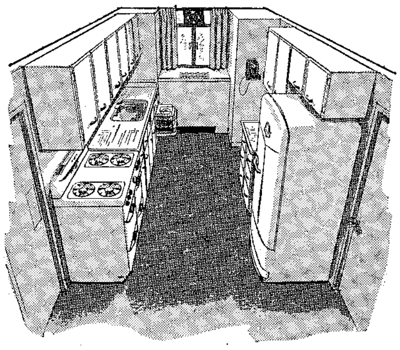
> LEARN BATON TWIRLING
> Classes for Boys and Girls All Ages
> Reasonable Rates
> JOHNNY MURPHY STUDIO
> 20 South Third Street

A skilled and flashy baton-twirler, boy or girl of any age, is bound to be held in high esteem in Columbus. Time and time again that week, I heard at football luncheons and dinner parties (in Columbus, most luncheons and dinner parties for several days before the big game are football affairs) glowing praise of two Ohio State immortals. One was Chic Harley, believed in Ohio to be the greatest football player who ever lived. He was All-America in 1916, 1917, and 1919. The other immortal, about whom I heard as much as I did about the peerless Harley, was Tubby Essington, reputed to be the most spectacular drum major and strutter who ever twirled a baton. Tubby flourished some thirty years ago, shortly after the Harley era.

THIS year's Ohio State-Michigan game was sold out last August. Enough, and more, applications for tickets were received by return mail after the announcement that they had gone on sale to dispose of every seat available, and the assumption was that the attendance would be the maximum 82,300. The normal seating capacity of the stadium, stretched tryingly for the game with Michigan, is 78,413. Laid out like a horseshoe, with walls ninety-eight feet high, the stadium covers ten acres. It cost $1,341,000 to build it, in 1922, and because the admission fees paid by the crowds that Chic Harley had attracted went a long way toward providing that sum, the stadium is frequently referred to around Broad and High Streets as "the house that Harley built."

Hotel reservations for the weekend of the Michigan game start coming in to Columbus and towns nearby six or seven months ahead. "We've been booked up for this weekend for several

Manhattan House
200 East 66th Street
features
Dream Kitchens



- WESTINGHOUSE ILG VENTILATOR FAN
- KITCHEN MAID CABINETS GALORE
- HOTPOINT AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER
- HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR
- ROPER STOVE

Choice apartments available as this superb building is completed include:

3 Rooms plus DR & Bath
4 & 5 Rooms, 2 Baths
6 & 7 Rooms, 3 & 4 Baths
A 6 & 7 Room Penthouse

OTHER FEATURES: R.C.A. Master Antenna System, Roof-top Solarium, Garage in Building, Longchamps Garden Restaurant.

Owned and Managed by
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Office on Premises • TEmpleton 8-0100

PORTABLE RADIO
The Perfect GIFT for a MAN

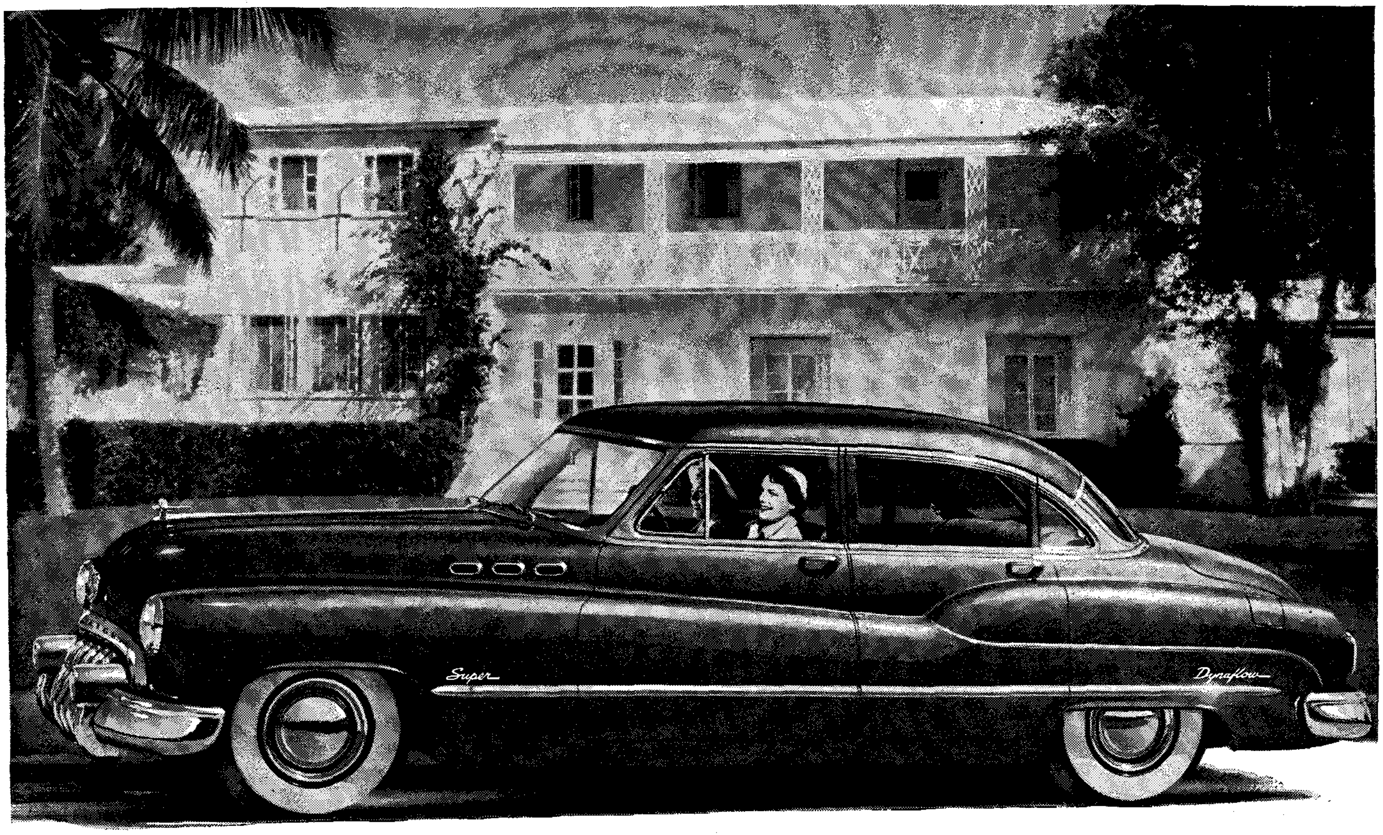
$23.95
Postage extra

THE "PRIVAT-EAR"

- Weighs only 6 Ounces
- Uses Inexpensive Flashlight Batteries
- Built-In Telescope Antenna
- Amazing Tone Quality
- Pocket size—6" high, 2⅝" wide, ⅞" thick

CARL FISCHER
Inc.
165 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. 19 • PL 7-2027
Open every evening until 9 pm

CHARLIE SHAVERS
Sensational Trumpeter, & Combo
Featuring the Famous
JOHN KIRBY on Bass
No Min., No Cover, No Cabaret Tax
Fine Italian-American Cuisine
Lou Terrasi's
254 W. 47th Street LO 3-8928



Enjoy yourself
—it's saner than you think

It would be easy to let the breathtaking power, the luxurious ride and the gleaming good looks of a Buick sweep you off your feet.

And once you've sampled the sweet response of Dynaflow Drive*—you feel a big lack in anything else.

But let's be practical about all this.

What does it cost to buy—and to own—this star performer?

The first answer is a look at delivered prices—and most people still are surprised to find that a car which offers so much actually costs so little.

That's true, whether you put the SPECIAL, the SUPER or the superb ROADMASTER against other cars of comparable dimensions. They certainly shine on a first-cost basis.

But this is only half the story, as you'll soon find out on any used-car lot.

Year in, year out, the resale prices of Buicks stay much closer to first cost than the prices of cars with lesser merit.

And among recent models, Buicks with Dynaflow Drive command such a premium that you can almost figure you get this dream drive for free.

So why not let yourself go? Why not walk right into your Buick dealer's now and say, put me down for one of those!

There's no time like the present for showing your good judgment.

When better automobiles are built
BUICK will build them

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

Only Buick has Dynaflow — and with it goes:

HIGHER-COMPRESSION Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models)
NEW-PATTERN STYLING, with MULTI-GUARD forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights
WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY, close-up road view both forward and back
TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE, less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius
EXTRA-WIDE SEATS cradled between the axles
SOFT BUICK RIDE, from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube
WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS with Body by Fisher.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening

Your Key to Greater Value GM

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

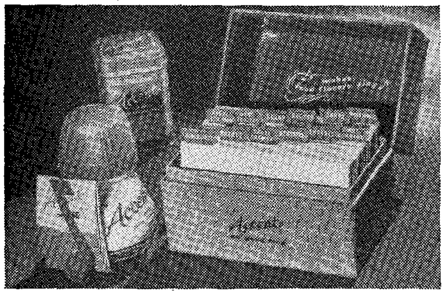
Better Buy Buick-Now!

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

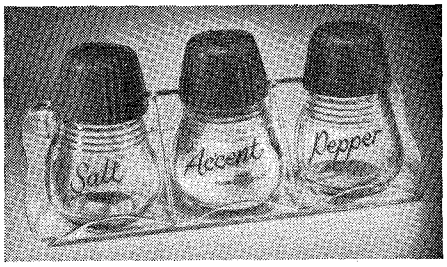
How to keep your reputation for unusual gifts

If you're famous for unique, imaginative gifts—or if you want to be—Ac'cent is for you!

• AC'CENT is the remarkable basic seasoning that brings new surprises every day to gourmets and casual eaters alike. Like no other product, Ac'cent intensifies *natural* flavors in nearly every food. It adds no flavor. It simply, yet wonderfully, *heightens* and *holds* the good flavors already in meats, vegetables, soups, gravies, salads—even leftovers! Specially offered in two unique, attractive gift packages. Available at better food stores, or write: Amino Products Division, International Minerals & Chemical Corp., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.



• *Recipe Gift Box* contains both a shaker of Ac'cent and a refill canister—8 oz. in all. An indexed recipe file; box holds hundreds of cards. Attractive linen finish, washable.



• *3rd Shaker Set* is a brand new idea for the kitchen. Crystal-clear plastic rack, handsomely designed for wall or shelf use. Glass shakers are lettered in permanent ceramics. Gay red plastic tops. 4 oz. of Ac'cent included.

Ac'cent®
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

The unique basic seasoning that makes food flavors sing...makes good cooking taste better!

months," Tom Sabrey, of the six-hundred-and-fifty-five-room Neil House, told me. "Some applications were made as early as last April, and all we have accepted have been paid for in advance." Nevertheless, a late cancellation enabled Mr. Sabrey to give me a front room in his establishment, facing South High Street. Looking out my window, I could see, in the yard of the State House, a statue of President William McKinley. The statue was put up as a sentimental tribute to McKinley, who, when he was Governor of Ohio, lived at the old Neil House (torn down years ago to make way for the present hotel). McKinley's wife was an invalid, and she used to sit in a wheelchair at a window of their suite, and each morning her husband would turn and wave to her as he walked through the State House yard on his way to the Governor's office. The statue stands just about at the spot where he used to turn and wave. Columbus is like that.

From my window, I could also see the northeast corner of the State House yard, the corner where, I remembered, a truckload of penitentiary trusties used to arrive each workday morning when I was living in the town. They'd jump off the truck and saunter up through the State House yard on their way to such chores as cleaning and sweeping the State House offices, mowing lawns, and raking leaves. At noon, they'd assemble on the same corner to be taken back to the prison for lunch, and then they'd return to the State House for the afternoon, and go back to dinner and their cells at night. In summer, some of them would be dressed in sporty-looking trousers made from remnants of the blue-and-white-striped ticking the convicts used in making mattresses for public institutions—one of the prison industries. The trousers, worn with a white shirt and sneakers, created a gay ensemble that was in sharp contrast to the grim walls the men had left behind them. The vogue for this ticking as a sports fabric, I have noticed, has since spread to folk who are innocent of penitentiary offenses.

IT began snowing on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The snow continued, intermittently, all day Friday. That day, the thousands arriving in town for the game looked like extraordinarily well-to-do refugees from a war-torn region, so laden were they with parkas, blankets, boots, sweaters, Daniel Boone caps, stocking caps, heating devices, binoculars, umbrellas, bags, and suitcases. Bellboys were all but immobilized by the travellers' impedi-

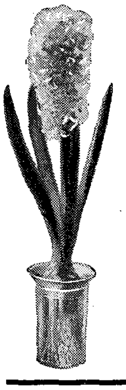
Tonight...for a new dessert serve straight DuBouchett Blackberry Flavored Brandy

DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
70 proof

A delightful long drink with soda and ice.
DuBouchett Cordials *(say doo-boo-shay)*
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

IN PHILADELPHIA-
You'll want to stay at The Barclay. Beautifully situated on Rittenhouse Square, center city. Convenient to everything. Rooms $5 single and $8 double. Suites $14 and up.

The Barclay
Philadelphia 3, Pa.
Arthur T. Murray,
Managing Director



GROW Genuine DUTCH HYACINTHS INDOORS In Glasses • No Soil!
CUPS fit any glass or jar. Beautify the home. Succession of gorgeous, large winter blooms in choicest colors.
Ideal Christmas Gifts!
5 STASSEN HYACINTHS one each WHITE, PINK, CHINA BLUE, BRIGHT RED, SKY BLUE; 5 HYACINTH CUPS. Complete INSTRUCTIONS. $2.00
3 ORDERS $5.75
Shipped to any addresses, ppd.
STASSEN FLORAL GARDENS
Dept. NK, Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

BERLITZ
FOR LANGUAGES
® 630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) CI 6-0110

menta. The lobby of the Deshler-Wallick Hotel (about a thousand rooms) had been stripped of furniture as a precaution against the antics of its share of the throng. Restaurants were jammed at every meal, of course, and toward evening the rapidly heightening storm, with its numbing effect on traffic, warned of a tough Homecoming. As things turned out, it didn't warn half enough.

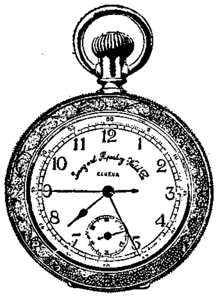
By Saturday morning, more than nine inches of snow had fallen, and it was still snowing. Hopefully, the Weather Bureau predicted a tolerable fifteen degrees above zero for the game, but at midmorning the temperature was down to seven and a stiff wind was blowing. The roads to the stadium were clogged. The temperature continued to drop, the wind rose, and the snow fell more thickly. By noon, the snow was no longer falling, really, but was being driven horizontally by the bitter wind.

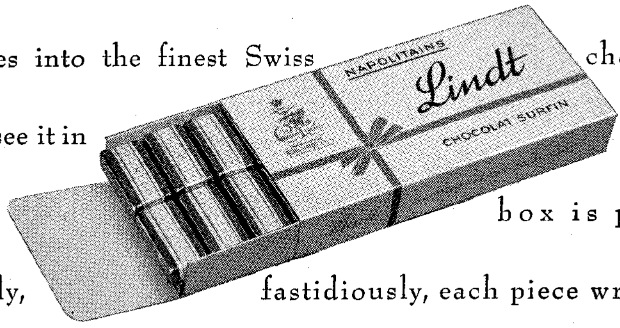
Suddenly, tickets, which had been impossible to procure for nearly four months, became readily available. In the restaurants, they were being offered at their original prices to the lines of customers waiting for tables. Here and there, a frightened scalper offered a pair at less than box-office prices—and found no takers.

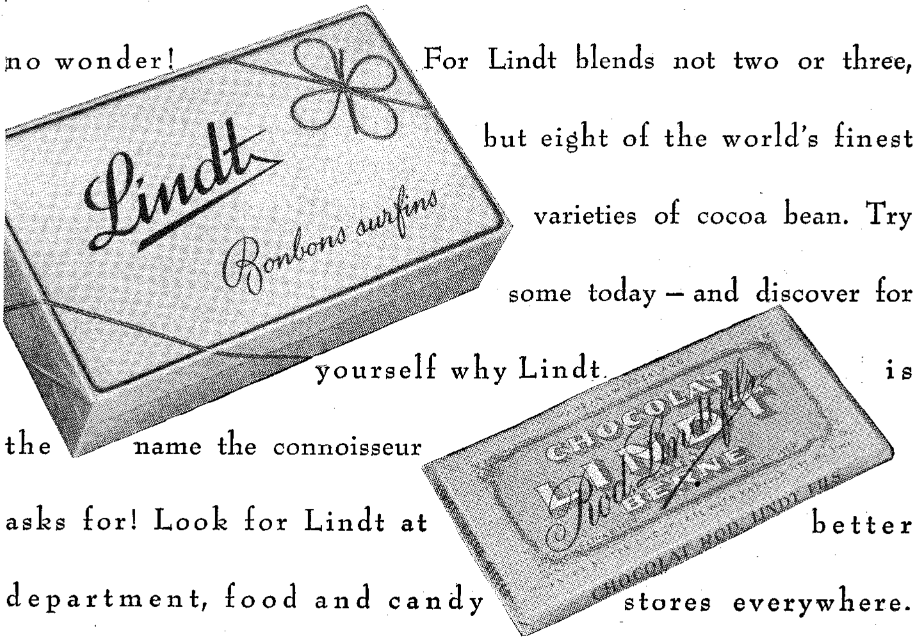
Every Saturday on which Ohio State plays a home game, a luncheon for about four hundred of the élite among the fans—faculty members, officials, distinguished alumni, and prominent Columbusites—is given at the stadium itself, in a section of a dormitory built under the stands. This time, only about two hundred guests managed to fight their way through the blizzard to attend. Dr. Howard L. Bevis, president of the University, loyally made it, and stood in the receiving line as snow-covered guests staggered in with the latest bulletins on the storm. "It's nearly zero now and the wind is getting tougher," one announced. Word went around that the band would not play. It would be impossible in that cold to put lip to mouthpiece, people said. "The plan is to go through with the maneuvers and use canned music for it," a courier reported.

The Michigan team, making the trip aboard a special train from Ann Arbor, had spent the night in Toledo. By Saturday noon, railroad travel was coming to a halt all over Ohio, but the train got through, and, together with two or three special trains loaded with fans from Detroit, pulled up on a spur a quarter of a mile from the stadium entrance. The Michigan players climbed out and fought their way to the stadium. Tar-

in Swiss chocolate, too, skill is of major importance







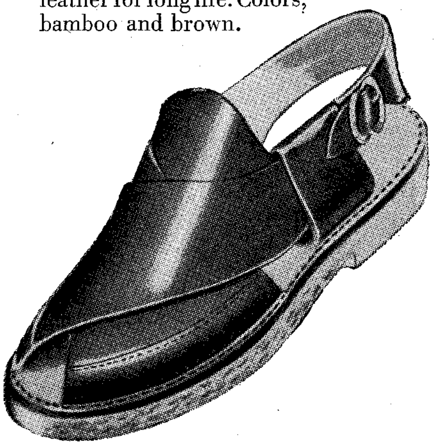
The same talented attention to detail that goes into the finest Swiss watches goes into the finest Swiss chocolate—Lindt! You see it in the way your Lindt box is packed—sumptuously, fastidiously, each piece wrapped for perfect freshness. You taste it in that unsurpassed Lindt flavor—and no wonder! For Lindt blends not two or three, but eight of the world's finest varieties of cocoa bean. Try some today—and discover for yourself why Lindt is the name the connoisseur asks for! Look for Lindt at better department, food and candy stores everywhere.

Lindt
imported Swiss chocolate
EXCLUSIVE IMPORTERS: Cresca Company, Inc., New York 11, N. Y.

Cheers for Chupplees!

The British Army discovered this Indian Sandal—wore it for everything but dress parades. Kept feet cool in the desert and made light of mountain terrain.

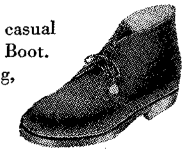
Foot-Ease with CHUPPLEES! Clarks skilled craftsmen cut and curved this sandal that looks smart and feels fine; that shifts its shape to the shape of your foot. Cool—Firm—Comfortable. Crepe Soles for that springy step. Richest, toughest leather for long life. Colors, bamboo and brown.



Available at better men's shops and university outfitters at $10.75 in U. S. A. (slightly higher in Canada) or write for the name of your nearest store.

FORD-DAVIS & COMPANY
32 Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.

Tops for campus or casual wear—Clarks Desert Boot. Ideal for golf, riding, relaxing. Brown and sand suede.



Clarks
SHOES
MADE IN ENGLAND

paulins that had been spread over the playing field were covered with snow and frozen to the ground. Several hundred undergraduates, groundkeepers, and Boy Scouts were hard at work struggling to peel the coverings off. For a while, there was doubt that the game could, or would, be played. Coach Wesley E. Fesler, of Ohio State, did not want it to go on. But no Western Conference game had ever been postponed.

Up in the stadium, crowds, unbelievably, could be seen clambering toward their snow-covered seats. Now, as they battled the storm and plodded beneath their burdens of blankets and other paraphernalia, they looked like a trek of despondent refugees crossing some arctic tundra. Many of the people had had to park their cars more than a mile from the stadium gates. Richard C. Larkins, the athletic director of Ohio State, and H. O. (Fritz) Crisler, the athletic director of Michigan, were fearful of disappointing such determined, dogged souls. Nobody mentioned so crass a factor, but there would be a refund due of around two hundred thousand dollars if the game were called off. At about one-thirty, though the snowfall showed no signs of abating, the word came: "The game is on!"

IT took until two o'clock to bare the field, with some of the huskier of the newly arrived spectators lending a hand, and when the tarpaulins were finally removed, it was only a matter of minutes before the yard lines were obliterated by the snow. The reports about the band's not playing proved to have been wrong. The tarpaulins had hardly been hauled away when a brave blare of brass sent the "Buckeye Battle Cry" riding on the wind, which, a moment or two later, was officially announced as blowing at twenty-eight miles an hour. A hundred and twenty strong, the bandsmen—a hundred and ten of them brass and the rest percussion—manfully swung into the maneuvers for which they are famed. The temperature then was an official ten above, but one scientific-minded spectator, complete with thermometer, informed me that it was really only three above. Bandsmen said later that their lips peeled when they put them to the mouthpieces of their instruments. Each of the band's hundred and twenty men had been counting on using the yard lines as guides in forming the intricately diagrammed figures on the field. But now, of course, there were no yard lines, or at least no yard lines to be seen.

Yet the bandsmen went on, and

700 YEARS OF FINE BREWING

Since Eric the Viking — Beer to your liking!

THREE TOWNS
imported
SWEDISH BEER
Brewed and Bottled in Sweden

THREE TOWNS BEER

wherever fine beer is served or sold

THREE TOWNS BEVERAGE CORP.
New York Los Angeles Chicago
Sole U. S. Importers

Christmas Flowers ★

Mail, telephone and telegraph orders are intelligently handled. Prompt deliveries anywhere. You may charge your purchases.

Constance Spry Incorporated
50th STREET & PARK AVENUE
New York 22
PLaza 5-2766

CHARTREUSE
LIQUEUR FABRIQUÉE A LA Gde CHARTREUSE

try the one and only Chartreuse the queen of liqueurs

Yellow Chartreuse, 86 Proof
Green Chartreuse, 110 Proof

Schieffelin & Co., New York • Importers since 1794

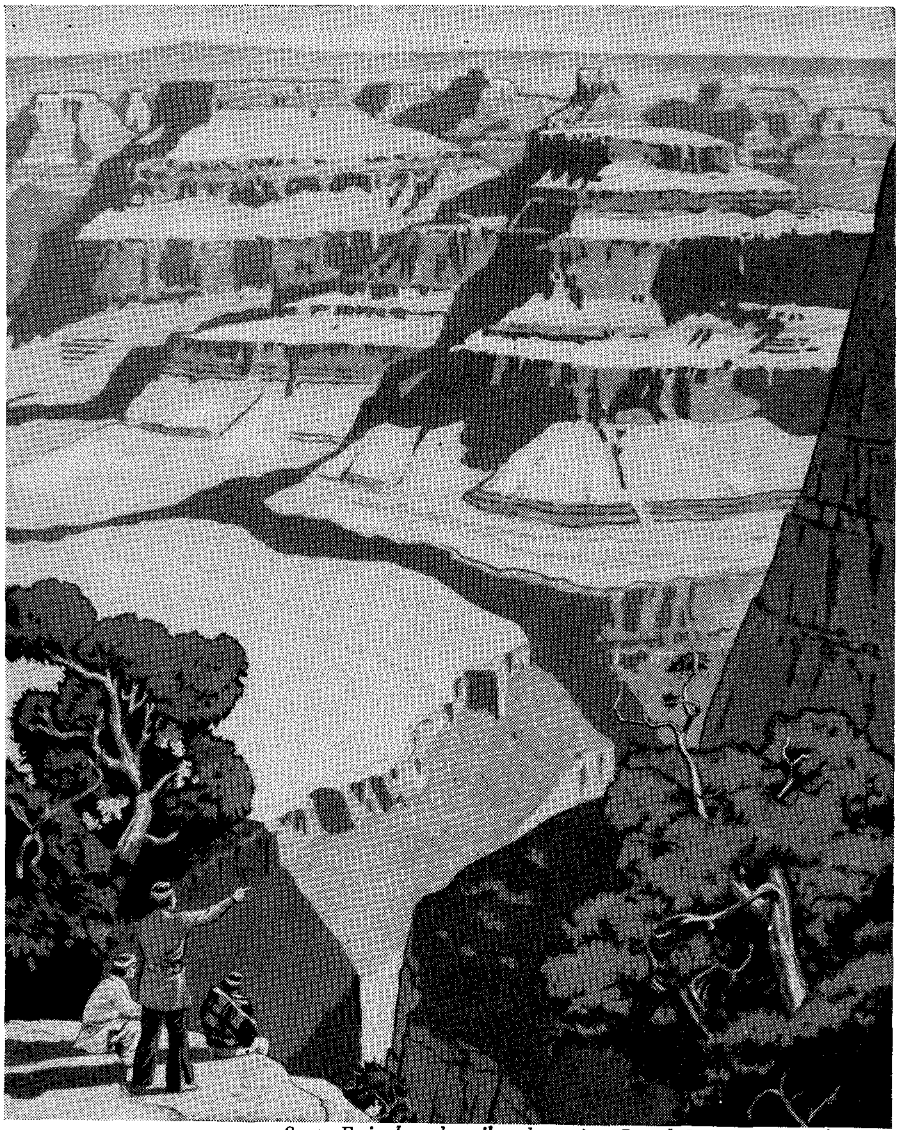
cheers from the astonishingly large crowd greeted their performance. It was not what it would have been on a sunny day, but it was good, and it seemed incredibly stouthearted of them to be out there at all.

THE game itself was no doubt as grotesque as any on record. The players all wore gloves, including the ball-handlers. Every few minutes, the ball became covered with a thin coat of ice, like frigid cellophane. A kerosene heater was set up on the sidelines, and after every two or three plays a warm ball was put into the game and the old one thawed out and heated. For the most part, neither team wanted to have the ball unless it could have it on the other fellows' ten- or twenty-yard line. It was plain that the strategy on both sides was to kick the ball to the opponent, then pray that he'd fumble it in his own territory. Both teams treated the ball as if it were a bouquet of poison ivy.

"The official attendance," said the loudspeaker at about three o'clock, "is 50,503." A little figuring with a pencil in numbed fingers showed that this meant 31,797 persons had stayed away. Presumably the 31,797 were hearing the radio versions of the game. (Televising football games is forbidden by Western Conference rules.) Several thousand spectators left at the half, but most of those departing stayed long enough to see the bandsmen go through with the rest of their performance. "We just carried out two women with frostbitten feet," a cop told me as we had coffee at a counter beneath the stands between the halves. "One was a young woman, and, by God, the other must have been fifty! They were both heavy as hell, let me tell you."

In the last half, the snow was so dense, and the wind that carried it so strong, that the play frequently could not be followed from the stands. Yet thousands remained until the final whistle, nearly two and a half hours after the start of the game.

As for the game itself, for a time Ohio State was ahead, first 3–0, following a field goal, then 3–2, after a safety was scored against it. Then Michigan went into the lead, 9–3, when a kick by Ohio's Vic Janowicz, on a third down, was blocked and Tony Momsen, of Michigan, fell on the ball behind the Ohio goal line. This crucial kick occurred only forty-seven seconds before the end of the second quarter. No one scored from there on in, so the game ended Michigan 9, Ohio State 3. I'm sure that blocked kick will be discussed at Broad and High twenty years



Santa Fe is the only railroad entering Grand Canyon National Park.

Have you seen Grand Canyon yet?

Go Santa Fe

DIRECT TO THE SOUTH RIM

There's only one Grand Canyon. It's in northern Arizona—and it took a million years to make.

There's only one railroad entering this National Park. It's the Santa Fe—and its Pullmans take you direct to the South Rim the year round.

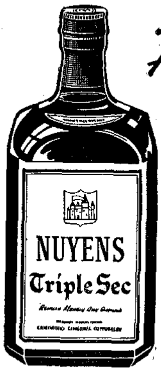
Last year well over a half million people saw the spectacular grandeur of Grand Canyon, enjoyed rim drives and trail trips, and the traditional Fred Harvey hospitality at El Tovar Hotel and the Bright Angel Lodges.

This month is a fine time to see the Canyon from the South Rim—the only part of Grand Canyon open the year round.

Let us send you our color folder on Grand Canyon giving the details. Simply mail the coupon.

Santa Fe

R. T. Anderson, G.P.T.M.
Dept. NY-14, 80 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago 4, Illinois
Please send me Grand Canyon folder.
Name________________
Street________________
City and State________________
My Phone________________
Expires Feb. 28, 1951



Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

Dry, fragrantly flavored with the Curacao orange. One sip of Nuyens Triple Sec tells why Nuyens Cordials are "America's finest!" They're made domestically by a guarded, 147-year-old French formula.

Triple Sec
80 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

NUYENS
BLACKBERRY
Liqueur

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 147-year-old French formula.

Blackberry
60 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

NUYENS
Crème de Menthe

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

Sip... or mix delightful cocktails with... Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 147-year-old French formula.

Creme de Menthe
60 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

from now. It was the first time in the memory of man that a team won a football game without once making a first down.

MANY of the autos to which the spectators perilously made their way from the stadium after the game were buried under snowdrifts. Skidding cars and stumbling, half-frozen men and women jammed the narrow roads that led back to the railroad spur and to the gates of the University.

A friend of mine and I were riding toward the gates in his car when we saw two people more sorely beset than the rest in the lines of trudging fans. One was a man, the other a woman. Both were bent to the wind. The woman was trying to help the man, who seemed about to fall at every step. My friend stopped the car beside them and asked them in. The man must have been past seventy. Beyond all doubt, he was at the end of his rope. He could hardly get into the car, even with the assistance of the woman, whom I took to be his daughter. Exhausted, his eyeglasses covered with ice, his face purple with exertion and cold, he slumped into the seat. It was fully two minutes before he could speak.

"I haven't missed a Michigan-Ohio State game in twenty-five years," he finally managed to say.

"I'm going to see that you miss the next one," said the woman. "We'll never go through this again."

We left them at a train on the spur—a train bound for Detroit, their home.

IT was not until the following Wednesday or Thursday that the last of the visiting fans got out of Columbus. Roads had been closed by the blizzard, trains were running ten and fifteen hours late, all planes were grounded. Just before I left the city, the Homecoming over, I met Danny Cronin, a Columbus racing man and an old friend of mine. Danny's a great hand at figures, as many racing men are.

"Best I can say about that whole thing on Saturday is this," he told me. "They sold 82,300 tickets and 50,503 people were out there. On my figures, that proves that exactly 50,503/82,300ths of the population of Ohio and Michigan are off their rockers, out of their heads, and crazy."

"Were you there, Danny?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Do you think I'd miss a Michigan game?"

—JOHN McNULTY

• •

ELEGY FOR G. B. SHAW

"If I survive this, I shall be immortal."

Administrators of minutes into hours,
Hours into ash, and ash to its own wedding
At the edge of fire and air—here's time at last
To make an ash of Shaw, who in his time
Survived his times, retired, and for a hobby
Bred fire to fire as one breeds guinea pigs.

In time, one can imagine, school children
Will confuse him as a contemporary of Socrates.
For a time, the fact is, he confused us;
We half believed he really had lived forever.
Sometimes, perhaps, a man can. That is to say,
Civilization is one man at a time

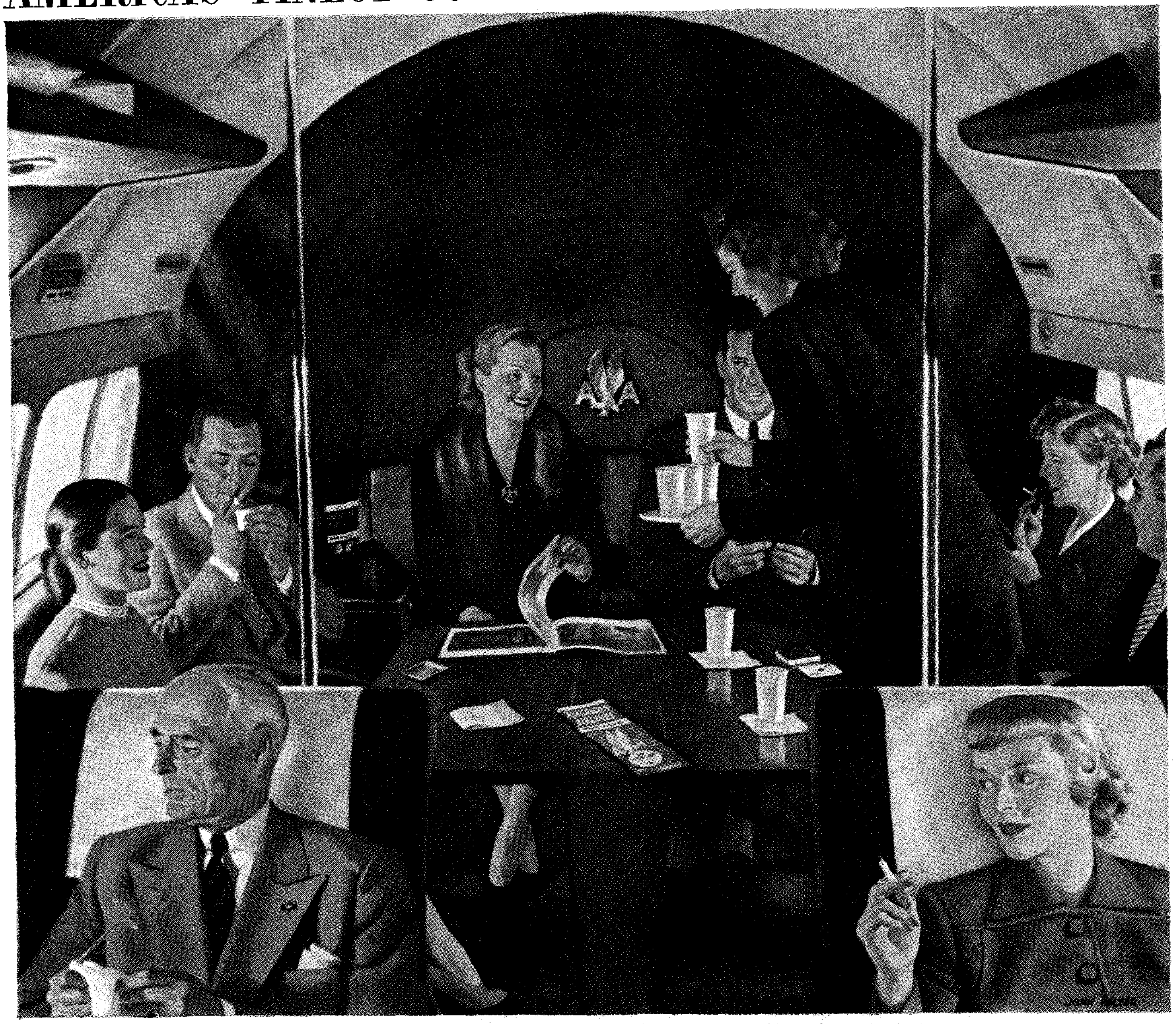
And that forever, and he was that man.
For this we will not forgive him.

Consider his crimes: He would not commit our diet.
He opened our tombs. He sold his medals for cash.
His laughter blew out our anthems. He wiped his nose
On the flags we die for—a crazy Irishman
Who looked like a goat and would not be serious.
But when we are finished, he will be our times.

And all times will be nothing in his eye—
All marshals, kings, and presidents we obey.
His presence in men's minds is contempt of court,
Of congress, and of flags. So must we pray
That he be born again, anarch and rare,
The race we are not in the race we are.

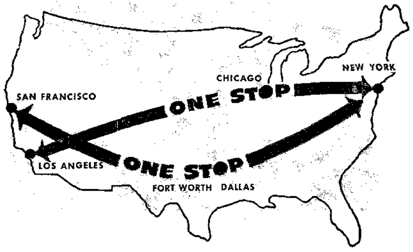
—JOHN CIARDI

AMERICA'S FINEST COAST·TO·COAST TRANSPORTATION



The Mercury

between NEW YORK
and LOS ANGELES
11 HOURS, 30 MINUTES



The Southerner

between NEW YORK
and SAN FRANCISCO
13 HOURS, 30 MINUTES

"The Mercury" and "The Southerner" are two good examples of why more people TRAVEL AMERICAN than any other airline in the world.

American's famous DC-6 Flagships are the world's finest and most modern transport aircraft. In spacious seats beside big picture windows you relax in complete comfort as you see America's most spectacular scenery including the Grand Canyon, Pike's Peak and Boulder Dam—all on the route of the Flagships.

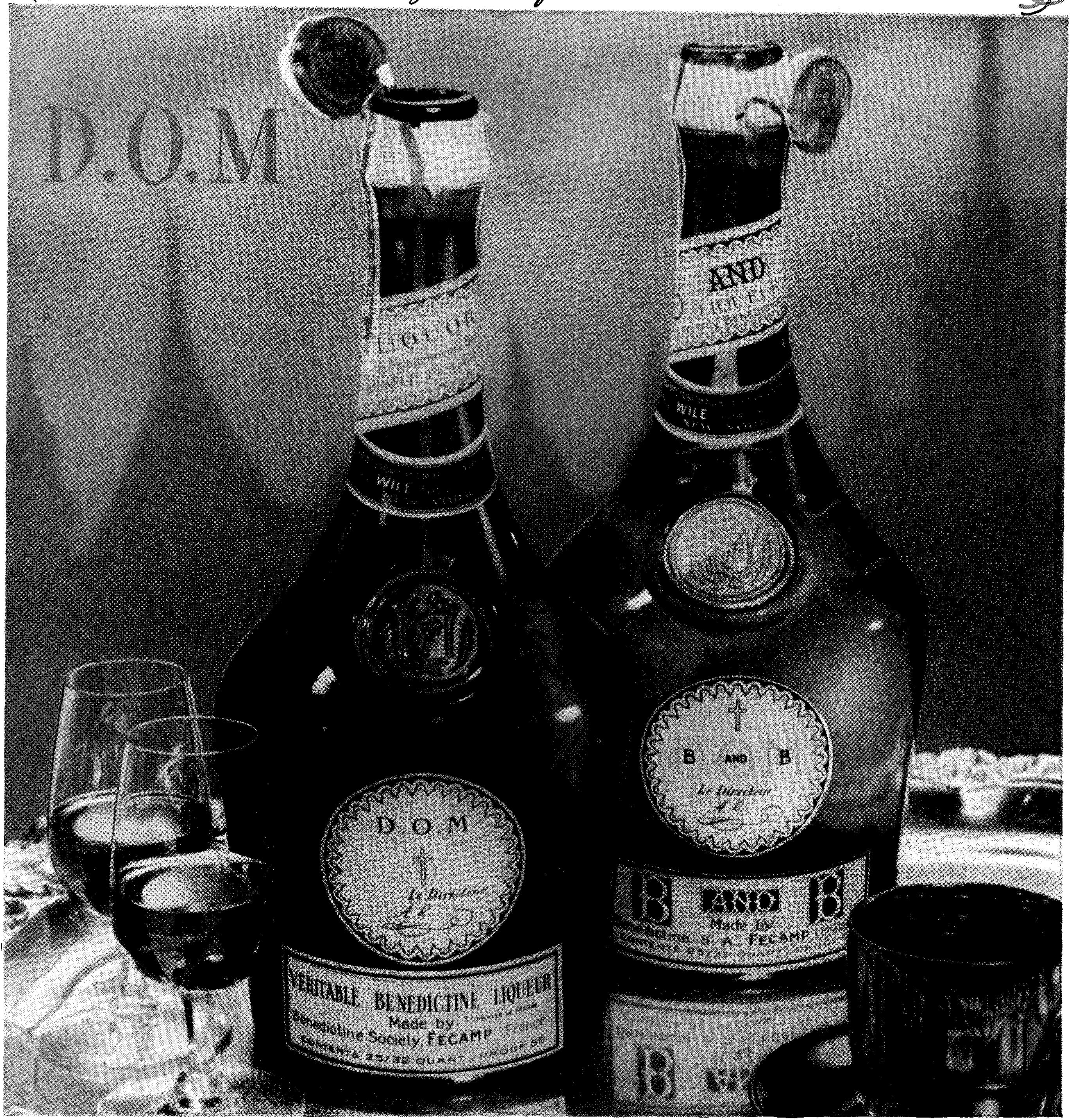
Also, American's schedules offer the most convenient departure and arrival times, whether you choose to travel by day or night. So whenever you go, go by American's Mercury or Southerner—America's finest coast-to-coast transportation.

America's Leading Airline

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

For holiday gifts Bénédictine either of these two ways

La Grande Liqueur Francaise


D.O.M
LIQUOR
AND
WILE
D.O.M
Le Directeur
B AND B
Le Directeur
VERITABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
Made by Benedictine Society FECAMP France
CONTENTS 23/32 QUART PROOF 86
B AND B
Made by
Bénédictine S. A. FECAMP

STRAIGHT

Bénédictine

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

The delight of epicures for centuries. Still made from the original secret formula . . . still the world's most superb liqueur. 86 Proof.

BENEDICTINE AND BRANDY

Drier than Bénédictine straight . . . expertly blended with choice cognac for uniform excellence. 86 Proof. Both bottled in France.

B AND B

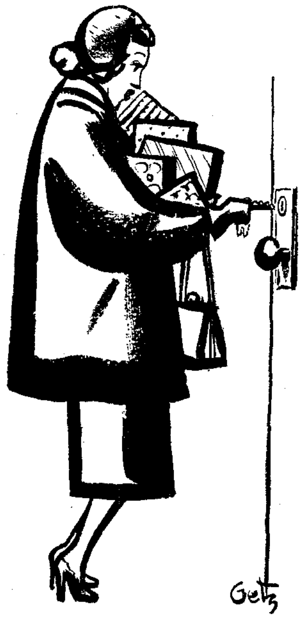
LIQUEUR

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 New York, N. Y. • *Sole U. S. Agents*

ADD LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

THE first President whose voice I ever heard was Theodore Roosevelt, but as the voice came from the horn of an old-fashioned gramophone, which one of his local supporters had set up in front of Ridlon's Grocery Store, on Main Street in Norway, Maine, during the campaign of 1912, I attach slight historical significance to this circumstance. My personal relations with Taft, Wilson, and Harding were also so tenuous, if not so completely nonexistent, as to offer little help to future historians.

I therefore pass immediately to the episode in the life of Calvin Coolidge that I assume will become known to future students of American history as The Portland Stopover. Research will bring out that in or about the month of July, 1922, Mr. Coolidge stopped in Portland, Maine, between trains, and answered certain questions on political matters of the day. The mysterious part of this incident is that the phraseology of his answers as reported in the Portland *Press-Herald* is, to an unusual degree, at variance with that of his answers to the same questions as reported in the Portland *Evening Express*. It happens that I am in a position to clear up this mystery. I am, in fact, the only person still alive who can do so.



Mr. Coolidge was Vice-President at the time. I was a cub reporter on the *Press-Herald*, a position I had then occupied for approximately two weeks. Up to that memorable day, my major duties had consisted of making the rounds of the hotels to copy off the names of newly arrived guests. I was also required to copy, in longhand, two full pages of "The Pickwick Papers" every day and turn them in to the managing editor, who considered this exercise infinitely superior to a course in journalism as a means of molding the style of a would-be newspaperman. I had just finished my two pages of Dickens late one afternoon when the city editor's phone jangled compellingly. His comment into that instrument gave me small clue to the momentous event impending. "Oh, for God's sake!" he muttered. "This *would* happen when there's not a soul in the office." Looking about haggardly, he saw that his remark had been an overstatement. *I* was in the office.

A man of instant decisions, he called me to his desk. "You ever hear of a guy named Calvin Coolidge?" he inquired. I assured him that I had. "Well," he said, "he's down at the Union Station in a special car, and they're going to pull him out for Rockland in an hour. You'll have to go down and interview him. Take a cab."

"Yes, *sir*," I said, and hastened off to my first interview.

I found Mr. Coolidge much more amiable than he has usually been pictured. He gave me a cigar, lighted one for himself, and invited me to sit down. While I was lighting mine, he asked me how Colonel Bigelow was. The Colonel was our editor, and I reported his health as excellent. Mr. Coolidge then lapsed into silence and puffed on his cigar. I also lapsed into silence and puffed on *my* cigar. This stalemate continued for, I should say, some five or ten minutes. I began to think that perhaps I had better break the silence and ask Coolidge something. In fact, I would have done so if I could have thought of anything to ask him. Luckily for me, our silent communion was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a gray-haired gentleman who introduced himself to Mr. Coolidge as the political and editorial writer of the *Evening Express*. Quite out of breath when he arrived, this gentleman displayed none of the calm New England taciturnity so well exemplified by Mr. Coolidge and me. He immediately asked a series of questions he had obviously prepared in advance and carefully wrote down Mr. Coolidge's answers. He then thanked him and departed. Since I had made some sketchy notes on the Vice-President's answers to the questions on my copy pad, I waited a decent interval and then left, too.

I wish I could remember now what the *Evening Express* man's questions were, but this is a detail that, after all, may be left safely to the researchers. Suffice it to say that the *Press-Herald*, being a morning paper, presented my version of Mr. Coolidge's answers the

Havana is at 50th and 5th
H. UPMANN SELECCION SUPREMA
alfred dunhill

■ There are no finer cigars in the world than Dunhill Seleccion Suprema.

■ These are the choice cigars from among all the great brands, selected by our own expert buyer in Cuba.

■ Reserved in the famous Dunhill Humidor for our customers throughout the world, these fresh, flavorful cigars are perfect when they reach you—actually better than the day they left Havana.

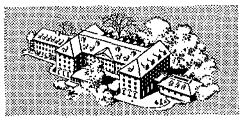
■ For the supreme enjoyment in cigar smoking, send for a box today.

We suggest H. Upmann, $8. and up per box of 25.

dunhill

Fifth Ave. at 50th St., N. Y. 20
Mail or phone orders filled, CIrcle 7-5133
Gift Catalog on Request

If
you
want
REST
come
to
the
GIDEON



It's fairyland, under its blanket of snow, and *roads are open* all the way! Let pine-washed air, good food, good sleep work their easeful spell on you. Bathe tiredness away in the Spa's mineral baths next door. Privately operated. Myron H. Woolley, Manager.

THE GIDEON PUTNAM
AT SARATOGA SPA
SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK
The Spa is owned and its Health Services Operated by the State of New York

Tonight...a really dry Martini all mixed and ready to serve! **DuBouchett** Martini Cocktail

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
Extra Dry
DRY MARTINI Cocktail
SERVE CHILLED

66 proof

Also try DuBouchett Manhattan Cocktail.
DuBouchett Cordials *(say doo-boo-shay)*
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

next morning, while the *Evening Express* had to wait until the afternoon to publish its fuller and conceivably more accurate version.

This is the real story of The Portland Stopover, and nobody but the researchers need bother his head about it any more.

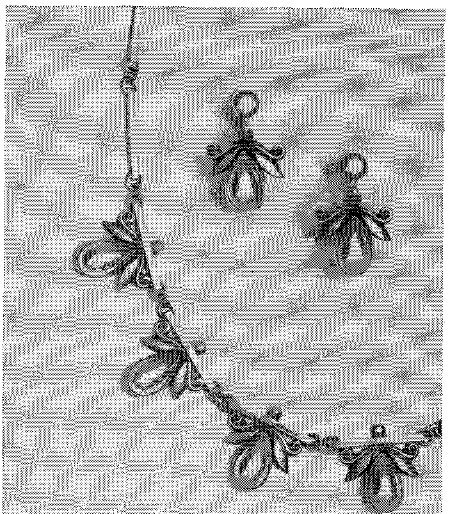
I would add only that when I took my leave of Mr. Coolidge, he jerked a thumb toward the door through which the *Evening Express* man had made his departure. "Didn't know you, did he?" he said. I agreed that apparently he hadn't. (He had probably taken me for some sort of secretary.) "Your paper comes out first, don't it? Guess you got him scooped," said Mr. Coolidge. He looked, in his deadpan way, quite pleased.

I NOW come to Mr. Hoover. I have never met Mr. Hoover, but I can settle here and now a question that might otherwise be debated hotly in times to come. The question is: Who wrote the campaign song that provided the stirring climax to the 1932 Hoover campaign? I give you the answer in two words: I did.

I had come to New York by that time and was on the editorial staff of a farm magazine (now defunct) with offices strategically located on Park Avenue. One day, our editor, an ex-advertising man who had spent several weeks on a farm in his boyhood, met one of Mr. Hoover's campaign workers at a gin-and-ginger-ale party. (Those were the good old days of the Noble Experiment.) This Hoover strategist, it developed over the highballs, knew just what was needed to clinch the election—a rousing campaign song for the big windup rally that was to be held a couple of nights later at Madison Square Garden, something to the tune of, say, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." No advertising man, even an advertising man turned editor, could ignore such a challenge. My editor assured his political friend that he would have the song ready for him within twenty-four hours. He did, too, though he found himself so busy with his dictation the next day that he farmed out the actual job to me. That is how I came to write those historic lines:

Hold to Hoover, hold to Hoover,
Hold to Hoover, hold to Hoover,
Hold to Hoover, hold to Hoover,
And he will see us through.

It is inconceivable to me that any of the vast throng whose good Republican voices swelled through Madison Square Garden that night in a rendition of my



**Silver on silver...
for a
bright Christmas**

The gift of American sterling silver jewelry from Jensen. Dramatic...set with silver. Stunning...set with semi-precious stones.

Dew-drop Necklace with silver balls, **$65**. Lavished with green onyx or hematite, **$85**. With moonstones, **$135** and **$150**.

Matching Earrings with silver, **$18** the pair. Set with stones, **$25** and **$40** the pair. Prices include Federal Tax.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

CHURCH'S Famous English Shoes

Grey Reversed—Black Calf Trim
Tan Reversed—Tan Calf Trim
Blue Reversed—Blue Calf Trim

. . . . *Inquiries*
CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

BRITAIN'S BEST SINCE 1744

Allen Solly
hose
worn by gentlemen the world over

In America's Finest Stores.
For name of nearest dealer, write
New York: 2 WEST 46TH ST.
London: 32 SAVILE ROW

rousing refrain could have done otherwise than vote, on the following Tuesday, for Mr. Hoover. Personally, however, I was a Franklin D. Roosevelt man and wasn't at the Garden to hear them.

This brings me to my meeting with Mr. Roosevelt, whom I often think of as the Master of Krum Elbow, which was the title I put on a piece I wrote for the farm magazine about his farming operations at Hyde Park. It is in this connection that I can add my personal footnote to the life of F.D.R. He was President-elect when I went up there. (I never seem to get to meet Presidents when they are really being Presidents.) He took me out in his old, hand-operated Model A, and a neighboring farmer came along in the rumble seat for the ride, a rural character by the name of Henry Morgenthau, Jr. I remember that Mr. Roosevelt waved an arm at some rows of young evergreens we were passing, and said, "Most people don't think of what we're doing here as farming, but it is. Sometime, years from now, the crop of Christmas trees you see growing there will be moving *quietly* to market." The italicization is mine. I make it to stress the fact that even F.D.R. could be wrong. He was wrong, at least about a couple of recent Christmas seasons, when Krum Elbow spruces moved into town with great boisterousness, but perhaps not entirely wrong, for if any Presidential trees have moved into town since then, they have done so quietly enough.—ARTHUR BARTLETT

•

Mr. Dreyfuss pointed out that "a bomber going 300 miles an hour at 14,000 feet which aims at Radio City and hits Jersey City will be doing well."—*The Herald Tribune.*

If you don't believe him, ask any Jersey City man.

•

"Prior to your meeting with Patricia did you lead an aesthetic life?" Mr. Sandler asked.

"What do you mean?" the witness parried.

"I mean did you lead a life of celibacy?"
—*The World-Telegram.*

Parry *that* one!

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Uncle Dudley's Unclaimed Freight, Detroit, Mich.
Atlasta Hardware & Variety Store, Doyle, Calif.
The Iso-Thermal Hotel, Rutherfordton, N.C.
Tubby Bridal Shop, Buffalo, N. Y.
Feely's Flea Flake Co., San Francisco.

HERMÈS
PARIS
IN NEW YORK ONLY AT
Salon Lenthéric

Hermès Agenda. A must for men and women who do things . . . day-by-day engagement book, printed in French on chiffon paper . . . handy address section in back . . . separate refill for each season of the year. Covers last for years—refills available each year. Baby calf in red, green, navy, black, brown or natural, with sterling silver pencil that slides in alongside the agenda. $10.50 *(plus tax)*
Refills for succeeding years available at $3.00

Mail and phone orders filled

SALON LENTHÉRIC • FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd • PLAZA 3-6300

NOW is the time to enjoy
Jamaica
BRITISH WEST INDIES

Jamaica is delightful *now* and throughout the year. Never too warm, never too cold, and rarely a day of rain! Here you enjoy world-famed beaches, lofty mountains, unsurpassed tropical scenery, and all sports at their best. You'll live at excellent hotels and guest houses at moderate American-plan rates. Your dollars bring a 40% bonus in shopping in this sterling area where you'll find the best British and European importations as well as unique native wares. For beautiful color folder, see your travel agent, or address:

JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD
400 Madison Ave., New York 17
(EL 5-6531)
1633 du Pont Bldg., Miami 32
No passports required

Sidelights on Jamaica!
The rich-flavoured JAMAICA RUM is used the world over to make delicious Punches, Cocktails, Slings and Collins. Only from the Sugar Canes grown on this Island, can you get those famed brands of Rum that have brought renown to Jamaica as the Island "Where the Rum Comes From".
You make a Jamaica Collins—and new friends—this way:—Mix 1/3 jigger of lemon or lime juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger of Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, fill with soda. Stir briskly, drink through a straw.
Address enquiries about JAMAICA RUM to:
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (of Jamaica) LTD.
52 King Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

HERE we are with our Christmas-shopping chores cleaned up and the big day still well around the corner. Since we set forth, more than a month ago, to find the apposite gift for every last name on your list, we have taken note of what we considered to be the best pickings on the vast stretches of Christmas counters, and so can you, much more easily, by referring to our past few issues; to wit:

November 18 . . . . Jewelry, and Christmas trimmings.
November 25 . . . . Gifts for the house.
December 2 . . . . Toys, and books for the young.
December 9 . . . . Gifts for women, and food and drink for the holidays.

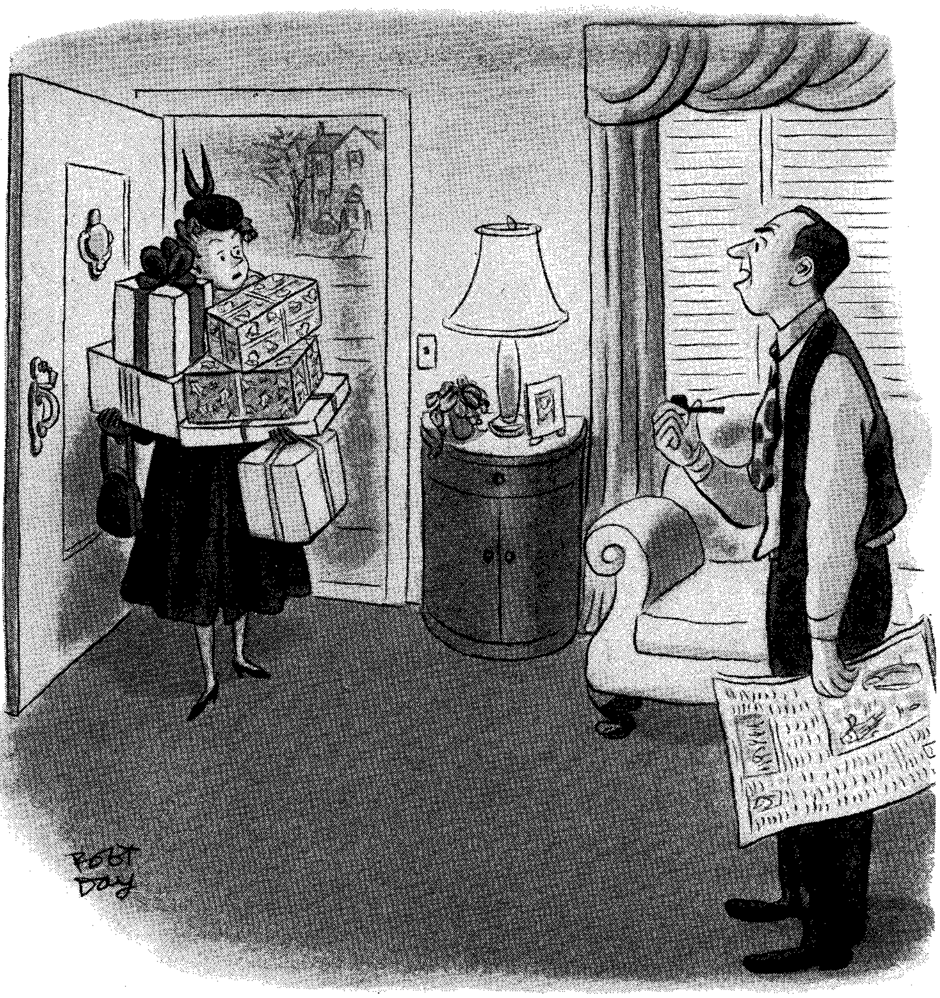
This week, we finally get around to the men. We have also prepared a discourse on luggage for men and women, as well as one on perfumes, and have assembled into one last-word catch-all section a quantity of odds and ends we haven't had time to mention before.

Gifts for Men

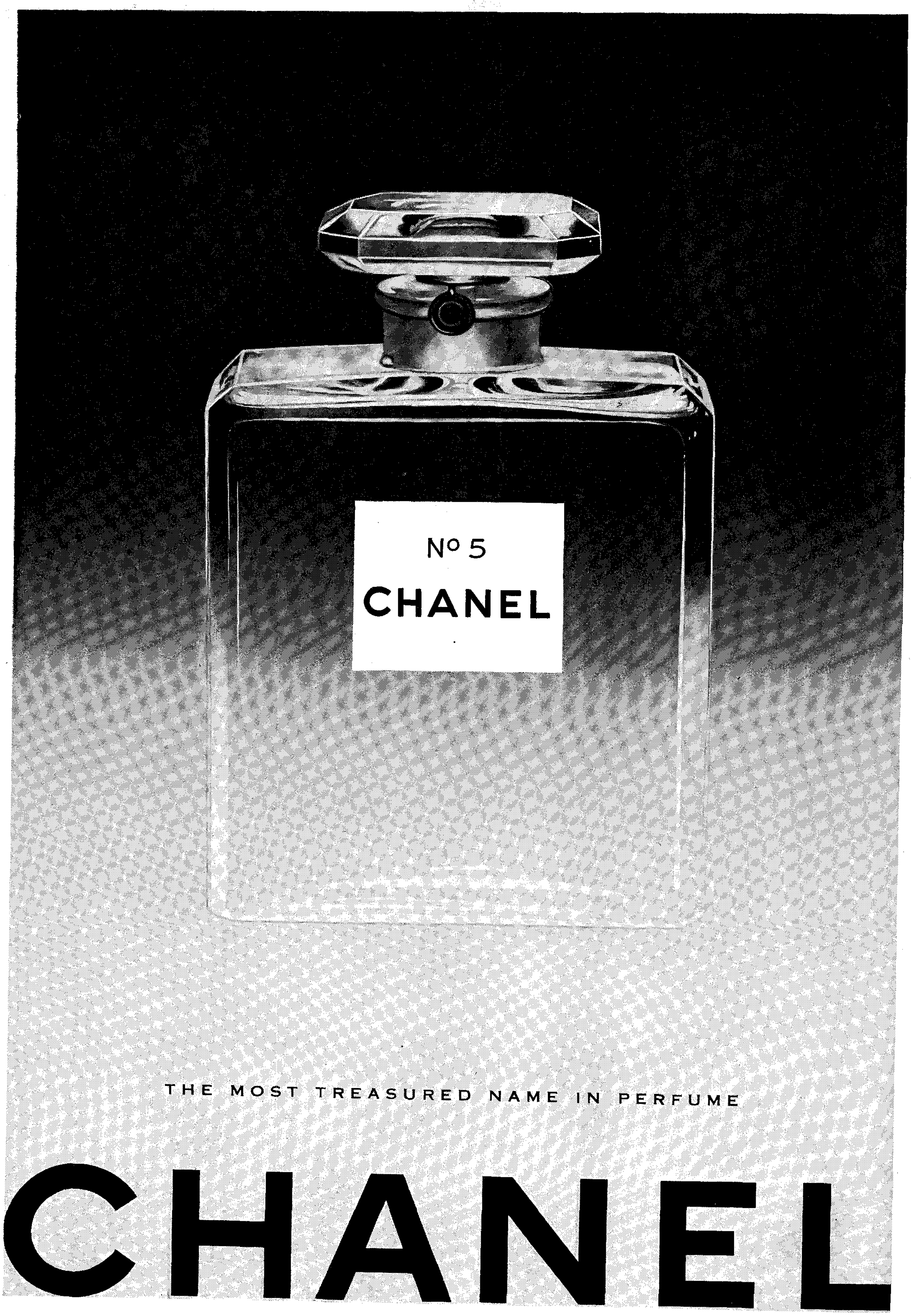
THERE'S no need to apologize for leaving consideration of men till last; they're used to it. If you already know what the men on your list are hoping for—which is unlikely, because the average man, confronted directly with the question, will look blank and say he doesn't know—you will probably find it discussed somewhere below; if you don't know, we feel fairly sure there's something among the suggestions that will wring exclamations of unfeigned delight from the gentlemen, come unwrapping time. We'll only remark that federal taxes, if any, are included in the prices we mention, before going into the market place:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: If it is up to you to please a true sportsman, the sort who is happiest when crouched in a rain-swept duckblind, you might reflect on a nylon rain shirt here. It goes over the head and falls to mid-calf, and, furthermore, it will not rot, crack, mildew, or stick together. The case that holds it makes a very satisfactory drawstring hood, and the whole business is $16.50. The pants of a rain suit of the same nylon have straps to go over the shoulders, like overalls. Topping this is a hooded shirt with a drawstring at the waist; $26.50. A golfer who persists in his appointed rounds even in weather that would stay a postman would appreciate a mackintosh jacket made with deep raglan sleeves, to insure an unhampered swing, and an inside yoke over the shoulders for added rain protection; $15. Mackintosh raincoats of cotton poplin are $28.50; of worsted gabardine, $58. An overcoat that Abercrombie calls a station-wagon coat is made of an imported waterproof material called Explorer's Cloth; it has a quilted, down-filled, removable liner and a big mouton collar—with all that on, one could darn near drive a station wagon to Nome in comfort—and it sells for $68. A new combination pocketknife, seven inches long, which is made in France and has a cutting blade of high-carbon steel, is very slim but packs a good many efficient tools, including a wrench with a two-inch jaw expansion; $10. A breast-pocket wallet with the usual provisions for bills and cards also has room for twenty cigarettes. In black or brown pin seal, $12; in pigskin, $9.

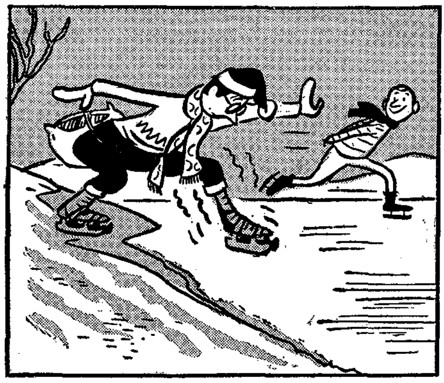
ALTMAN: Sports shirts of Viyella washable flannel, in district checks ($14.50) or in plain colors ($10.50), have convertible collars and can be worn with or without a tie. Dressing gowns of the same flannel—not bulky and therefore a good bet for a travelling man—are $25. A hunting shirt in a bright-red-and-black hound's-tooth check has a removable nylon game pocket (or lunch pocket) at the back and a gun patch at the shoulder; $16.50. A hunting coat of briarproof, waterproofed cotton poplin, lined with red wool, has knitted wristlets, an inner drawstring around the waist, a removable game bag, a



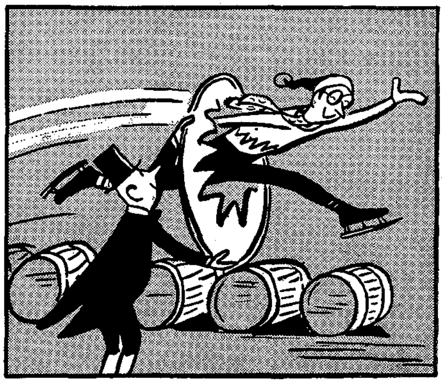
"But, Eileen, we splurged last Christmas because heaven only knew where any of us would be this Christmas!"


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

SEVEN YEARS



make a BIG DIFFERENCE



JOHN JAMESON

not a drop is sold 'til it's SEVEN YEARS OLD

Yes—John Jameson is *all whiskey*—a blend of 100% John Jameson Pot Still Whiskey. And not a drop is sold till it's seven years old. Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats and matured at least seven years in oak casks.

JOHN JAMESON & SON
JJ&S
DUBLIN IRISH WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C.
Established 1888
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

86 PROOF

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY
IMPORTED FROM DUBLIN

cartridge pocket, a gun patch on the right shoulder, and a smaller patch, where a gun is carried, on the left shoulder; $29.50. Indoor and outdoor types alike would probably admire a set of ivory-backed military brushes with the best hand-drawn bristles ($39.50), or a thumping big badger shaving brush, with an ivory ball handle somewhat larger than a ping-pong ball ($35).

ANDRE SKI SHOP, 49 East 47th Street: A splendid parka of waterproof and windproof nylon is on hand here in color combinations as brilliant as a jockey's silks or in the usual solid blue, gray, or white; $19.50 in single weight, or $35 in a double-weight, reversible model that is adequate protection against sub-zero weather. Ski pants of superb nineteen-ounce Swiss gabardine come in gray, sand, dark or light blue, and black; $55. Tasselled ski caps in various bright colors are $4.50. A new department here for fishermen proffers a wide collection of salmon and trout flies at from fifty cents to $1.25 each. We wouldn't think of offering any advice on what kind to get, because most fishermen are stubbornly partisan; we can only urge diplomatic inquiry before shopping. French spinning reels, made by Pezon & Michel, run from $27.50, which buys a light model for fresh-water fishing, to $60, for the Luxor Mer, a powerful surf reel that holds four hundred yards of twenty-pound line and works on roller bearings.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: One after another of the old-line stores for men have yielded to feminine pressure and started selling women's clothes, and we suppose a countermovement was inevitable; at any rate, Bergdorf has recently established a haberdashery, where you will find, among a good assortment of masculine trappings, a coat of rep tie silk designed to take the place of the old-fashioned smoking jacket. It has inch-wide blazer stripes in combinations of quiet colors—brown, black, and white, for instance—and fastens with solid-brass buttons; $40. Long-sleeved sports shirts of knit cashmere have a tab collar that can be worn closed, with a tie, or open, without; $35. Cummerbunds of heavy black Italian satin are cut in front to look like double-breasted waistcoats; $20. Silk umbrellas from England have Malacca handles, wooden shafts, and horn ferrules, and are $33. Plain gold dumbbell cuff links—practical, in-

Léron Gifts for Little People

The Little Cowboy: Surest way to lure your young Western-addict to his bath and bed! Colorfast applique on white Terryglo.

6-pc. bath set (2 bath towels, 2 guest baths, 2 face cloths) **16.95**
Matching crib sheet and case **9.95**

Cupids and Clouds: Enchanting set for a new baby! Embroidered pink or blue cupids on our extra-smooth *Norcliff* percales, or on gentle baby towelling. Crib sheet and case **9.95**
Matching bath set (2 bath towels, 2 face cloths) **15.75**

Léron
PLaza 3-6700
· between 57th and 58th Streets · New York
PARIS · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS

EVERYBODY GOES FOR FRITOS!

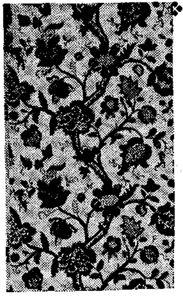
Enjoy FRITOS!... crisp, delicious, golden chips of corn! The perfect snack with drinks, sandwiches, salads, sea food. Get guaranteed-fresh FRITOS today... only 19¢ at better food stores.

Fritos
19¢
Fritos
Fritos

Chee-tos
Chee-tos

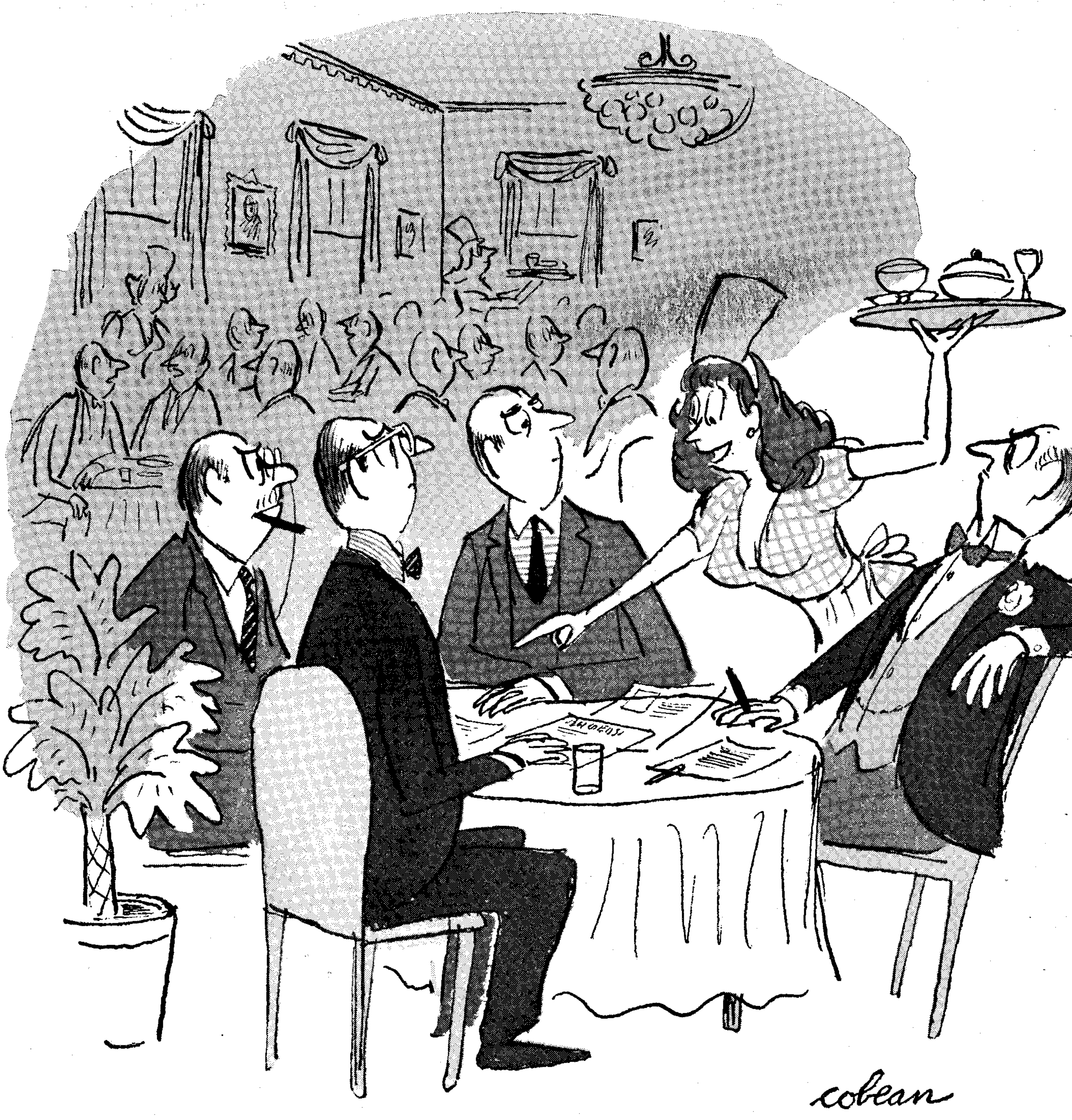
and Everybody will go for CHEE-TOS, too! New, tempting, crisp CHEE-TOS—those crunchy snacks—made with real cheddar cheese! Be a perfect hostess—serve a bowl of CHEE-TOS, too!

© FRITOS • Mamaroneck, N. Y.



FROM ENGLAND!
Authentic
Jacobean Pattern
TREE of LIFE
EMBOSSED
WALLPAPER
Free Samples Sent!
W. H. S. Lloyd CO. Inc.
16 EAST 52nd ST.
NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

(Advertisement)



"Have you considered using Kimberly-Clark coated papers?"

Fully-coated Kimberly-Clark papers will add crisp freshness and sparkling new eye-appeal to your reports, advertising pieces, brochures and house organ—often at remarkable savings in cost. They're premium papers at "economy" prices. Today—ask your buyer or printer to see new Hifect*, Trufect*, Lithofect* and Multifect*—and compare them with the paper he is now using.

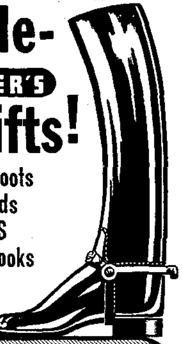
KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION, NEENAH, WISCONSIN

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PURE SILK JACQUARD

ELEGANTLY TAILORED. A GENTLEMAN'S GIFT OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE AND UTILITY.
BURGUNDY • NAVY
$25
SMALL • MEDIUM • LARGE • EXTRA LARGE
Mail or Telephone Orders—LU 2-3230

Finchley
New York, Fifth Ave. at 46th (19)



If they ride-
come visit MILLER'S
for Xmas Gifts!
A thousand choices for horse and horseman
Crops . . . Spurs . . . Boots
Saddles . . . Cowboy Duds
HORSEY ACCESSORIES
Riding Habits . . . Riding Books
GIFT CERTIFICATES
Send for Xmas Gift Folder
MILLER'S
123 East 24th St.
BET. LEX. and 4th AVE.
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
GR 3-6638
FREE PARKING

RUMEUR
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

conspicuous, and a style that first appeared in the nineties and has been around ever since—are $33.60.

BRONZINI, 5 East 52nd Street: An exceptionally well-cut shirt of silky wool gabardine, in unobtrusive colors, has two breast pockets and long sleeves. It is intended to be worn outside slacks, but it can perfectly well be tucked inside; $29.50. Silk twill ties in twelve plain colors, including very dark shades of green, blue, grape, and red, are $7.50 apiece. Sleeveless cashmere pullovers ($38.50) and ribbed wool socks with matching or contrasting clocks ($8) have been magnificently hand-knitted by members of the British Women's Home Industries.

BROOKS BROTHERS: First off, an imported buttoned, sleeveless cashmere sweater, nice to wear under a coat; it comes in sizes up to 46, in soft or dark colors, and it's $23.50. At the same price, there are waistcoats of tweed, in district checks, with a warm knit-alpaca back that provides a close fit. Among the rugged greatcoats for rugged weather that have been a long-time concern of Brooks is one of Harris tweed, in brown or heather, with a collar and lining of alpaca pile; $110. Another, similarly lined and collared, is made of an excellent waterproofed tan cotton gabardine; $65. An English shoe-polishing kit in a leather case, small enough to be packed in an overnight bag, is $7.50, and will deal with both black and brown shoes. Big, square military brushes, made in England, have hand-drawn bristles set in satinwood or natural-ebony backs, and are $17.50 a pair. Wandering through the leather department, you will find a pigskin hip wallet with a hidden identification compartment ($12), and a breast-pocket letter case that has two sections for folding money and a large section for foreign currency or papers ($18). Initialling on things made of leather is done immediately and is free. The Benson & Hedges shop on the ground floor is stocked with some twenty-five kinds of Benson & Hedges cigarettes, including The Grays, a thick cigarette, at $3.35 a hundred. There is also, of course, a complete line of the redoubtable B. & H. cigars.

CHARVET: Small, hand-blocked patterns are characteristic of the ties at this house, and they seem more conservative in color this year than usual. Particularly good is a pattern of small squares with wavy edges, set irreg-

DIEU ET MON DROIT
By Appointment
Marmalade Manufacturers to
H.M. King George VI
James Robertson & Sons Preserve Manufacturers Ltd.

Imported from
THE HOUSE OF ROBERTSON
PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

From SCOTLAND come these delicious Robertson products which have been sold to American housewives for the past fifty years and are famous everywhere as the world's finest preserves. Have their outstanding quality for your own table.

"Golden Shred" Marmalade
"Silver Shred" Lemon Marmalade
Blackcurrant Jam
and
ROBERTSON'S
SCOTCH
MARMALADE
—a real Scotch Marmalade of wonderful richness and flavour

Sole Agents in U.S.A.:
HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING Co, Inc.
730, Fifth Avenue,
New York

from Sweden . . .
. . . delightful ornaments and decorations for Christmas—and hundreds of unusual gifts!
swedish handicrafts
153 lexington ave., new york 16
near 30th street

Directly on the Ocean
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Just 7 hours from New York
HOTEL
Flamboyant
Ultra-modern • Unsurpassed in accommodations and location.
Private Beach & Swimming Pool
All Sports
Calypso Band • Dancing Nightly
American Plan • Superb Cuisine
See your Travel Agent or
Atlantic International Hotel Service
Essex House • New York 19, N. Y.
Circle 5-6727

Sea-Fare
RESTAURANTS
1033 - 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

ularly but close together, in a sort of cobblestone effect. The colors are, say, gold on gray, or red or blue on gold. There are dozens of these new designs, all done on twilled silks, and all $7.50. Handkerchiefs of thin Egyptian cotton with inch-wide tape borders and hand-rolled edges are especially fine for evening, because they're so thin they won't bulge the pocket of an evening jacket; these are Swiss imports, and cost $4.50 each.

CHIPP, 14 East 44th Street: A man who likes himself in fancy waistcoats would probably enjoy a pearl- or brass-buttoned one of handsome English challis—yellow, green, or red—patterned with widely scattered horses' heads; $25 for one with a plain back, and $35 for one with horses' heads all the way around. A tartan hunting cap has back ear flaps, which can, of course, be tucked inside in balmy weather; $3.50.

DE PINNA: The English cashmere sports jackets caught our eye here. One is of a noteworthy mixture of tan and greenish blue in what is called a step weave; it's $95, as are some in solid colors. Imported gray flannel slacks, with or without pleats, have buckles at the sides and an overlapping waistband in front, so they can be worn without a belt; $25. A traveller would value one of this shop's English lightweight poplin raincoats, self-lined and with large slash pockets; $29.50. Another very practical present is a black cashmere pullover. Sleeveless, it's $15; with long sleeves, $19.50. Natural-color suède sports jackets cut straight across the bottom in front and having a knit band in the back at the waistline are $50.

DUNHILL: There are more than a million cigars here, kept at the peak of condition in Dunhill's big humidor, and it's not hard to hit upon a good one. Twenty-five No. 42 Upmanns, sealed individually in aluminum con-

MARK CROSS Fifth Avenue at 55th N.Y. 22

MARK CROSS TRADEMARK

First of the Species!

LOOM-WOVEN CASHMERE SHIRT FOR MEN

$75.00

Another Mark Cross Exclusive...our shirt of that inevitable leisure fabric...100% cashmere...with a surprise of hammered-by-hand sterling silver buttons. It's an exciting new comfort in men's leisure clothes, and a never-seen-before gift. In-or-out style in scarlet, navy, corn, red clay, moss green, blueberry, natural, coral. Small, medium, large sizes.

Mail Orders Filled • Postage Prepaid • Send for our Christmas Gift Catalog

Questions & Answers for Connoisseurs

What flower is regarded — in any of its three varieties — as the emblem of Scotland?

What game, played by Scottish schoolboys —resembles hockey or la crosse?

What are the two meals par excellence at which the Scot housewives always excel?

For the finest "water of life" that pale gold barley can provide, ask for what whisky?

The Thistle

Shinty

Breakfast, Tea

Queen Anne Scotch

Queen Anne Rare Scotch
ESTABLISHED 1793
QUEEN ANNE
RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

QUEEN ANNE SCOTCH WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S GIFT TO THE WORLD

Henry Kelly Importing and Distributing Co., Inc., New York 14. Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof.

The Maisonette

Jane Morgan
The American Chanteuse from Paris

MILT SHAW • HORACE DIAZ
and his Orchestra and his Ensemble

Special New Year's Eve Party
Sunday, December 31st

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th St., N.Y.

EVERY DAY A FAMOUS NATIONAL DISH
Monday, Hungarian
BUDA-PESTH GOULASH TARHONYA
Tuesday, Spanish
ARROZ CON POLLO
Wednesday, Swedish
KOTTBULLAR OCH POTATIS
MED GURKA OCH LINGON
Thursday, Turkish
OUSEN-KEBAD
Friday, French
BOUILLABAISSE
Saturday, British
OLDE ENGLAND BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE
11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cocktails
RESTAURANT
16 W. 51 MAYAN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

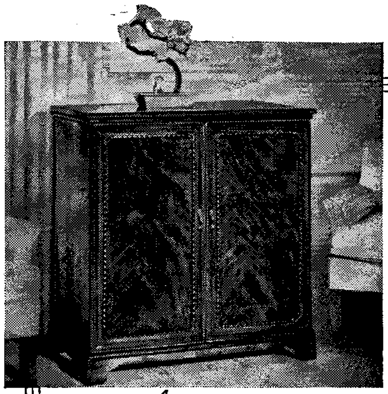
NEW YORK
Woman's Exchange
541 MAD. AVE. at 55 ST. • PL. 3-2330
MEN ARE FINDING OUT
what WOMEN ALWAYS KNEW..
our unequalled selection of perfect gifts. Hand made blouses & lingerie. Charming clothes for children. Unusual toys. Old prints, glass, china, furniture and lamps.
All kinds of delicious, old fashioned foods and candies for the Christmas table.
LUNCHEON BAR DINNER
"delicious food"

tainers, will set you back $11.50. No. 2 Romeo y Julietas in individual cedar containers are $14.50 for twenty-five. A six-inch-square ashtray of glittering, hand-cut Belgian lead crystal is $60. DeNicotea filter pipes, in plum-finished briar, start at $3.50. Sleek silver cigarette cases with delicate barleycorn engine turnings are very handsome and, furthermore, don't show fingerprints; a nice one is $103. Gold Dunhill lighters with insides like any other Dunhill lighter are $150 plain and $162 with engine turning. If you want the works to be gold as well—and some people do—you put up $100 more.

Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street: You might start in here by inspecting the pullover sports shirts, of very fine English lisle; they have narrow horizontal stripes in fairly lively combinations, like red or yellow on black, and in quieter combinations, like navy or dark red on white, or dark brown on blue, and are made with open collars and two-button closings; $12. Soft lamb's-wool pullovers (white, navy, or yellow) with V necks are knit with a very close rib, and cost $8.50. And fancy English braces that have neat hunting scenes on the webbing, and handmade calf ends, are $8.50; matching garters are $2.50. Shirts of white or blue oxford cloth, with short, round-corner collars and French cuffs, are good daily fare for any man; $5.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): From military coats with buttoned-in warmers, George has evolved a versatile topcoat for a man who does a lot of travelling and likes to keep his impedimenta at a minimum. In an admirable sand-colored waterproof gabardine, this has a full lining of tan fleece; the lining has sleeves and can be taken out and used as a dressing gown; $155. Knit cashmere mufflers, very long and very thin, which give warmth without bulk, are $16.50, in solid colors like navy, wine, beige, and canary. Full-fashioned pullover knit shirts are made with collars, so that a man can merely put on a tie and be dressed; $22.50, in navy, white, burgundy, or light gray.

Hammacher Schlemmer: A lamp that clamps to the base of a telephone throws a light on the dial. It turns itself on when the receiver is lifted, it costs $4.95, and it is, of course, very convenient on a bedside phone. For motorists, there is a row of mirrors that fits across the inside top of the



SCOTT AT SCHIRMER'S
Scott tone quality is so well known, that to speak about it, amounts to gilding the lily. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the Scott can now be enjoyed WITH TELEVISION. Schirmer's is proud to have added this famous line of radio-phonographs to those of Hoffman, Magnavox and RCA Victor. Above: "The Cressy" Radio-Phonograph with provision for Television. $495
Complete with Television . . $745
Other Scott instruments available for Christmas delivery
G. SCHIRMER
IN NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd ST., MU 2-8100
IN B'KLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA. 4-5170

PRETEXTE
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

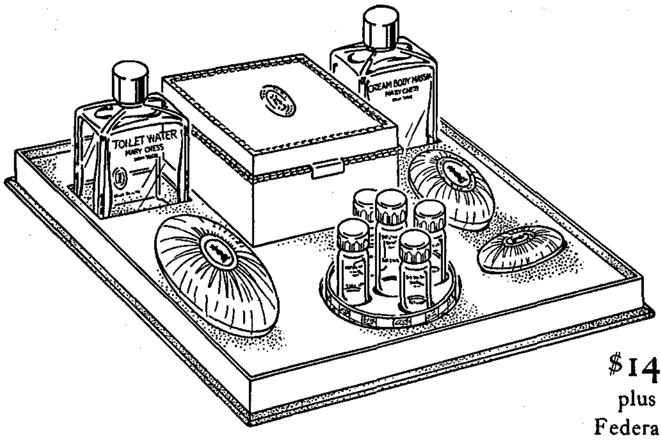
MANY campaigns in ONE
GIVE ENOUGH FOR ALL!

windshield and provides a full view of what's going on behind and at each side. It's called the Wyde-Vue, and costs $8.80. A desk lighter that works on butane gas is covered with alligator and comes with what is estimated to be a year's supply of flints and butane cartridges (one cartridge is enough to light three thousand cigarettes, and three cartridges are provided); $22.50. A camper's stainless-steel knife that has facilities for scaling fish and opening bottles also comes apart to make a serviceable knife and fork; $2.95. Ely Culbertson has worked out a card shuffler that serves for practically any card game but was designed specifically to shuffle three decks into two piles for canasta; it is four and a half inches square, is operated by a crank, will not cheat, and costs $4.95.

KEEP, 5 East 44th Street: Keep uses English challis tie materials in dressing gowns ($45) and yard-square double-fold mufflers ($8.50). Pajamas—and what is Christmas without a gift of pajamas?—made in England, of silky broadcloth in blue (two shades of it offered), a pale buff, or a fine oxblood color that hasn't been around for some time, are $10.50. Also back again are washable English capeskin gloves, in the traditional red-brown; these are hand-sewn, in a one-button or slip-on style; $8.50. Striped belts, of the type worn with slacks, are cut from the kind of webbing used for suspenders; they have leather ends and a leather lining, and fasten with a harness buckle; $3.

KNIGHT'S CASTLE, 997 First Avenue (55th): Historical chess sets, in which the kings and queens are made in the images of famous antagonists of ages past, are found here, with their authentic retinues of bishops, knights, and so on. Each chessman is costumed according to his period and his rank; Elizabeth and Essex, for example, are pitted against Mary and Bothwell, with the Archbishop of Canterbury trying to outstare John Knox. The figures are metal and beautifully painted. In sterling silver, a set is $2,000, but wait—$60 will get you a set in lead. This shop is a paradise for anyone, of any age, who collects lead soldiers. Three thousand regiments are represented. For a young collector, there is a Texas Ranger, prone, with a cocked rifle, for fifty cents, and a very real-looking Indian, with horse and spear, for $1.50; for an older, less ram-

MARY CHESS
Luxurious Bath Preparations
combined in a lovely Bathroom Set



$14.00
plus 20%
Federal Tax

White Lilac • Tapestry • Strategy
Carnation • Gardenia • Yram

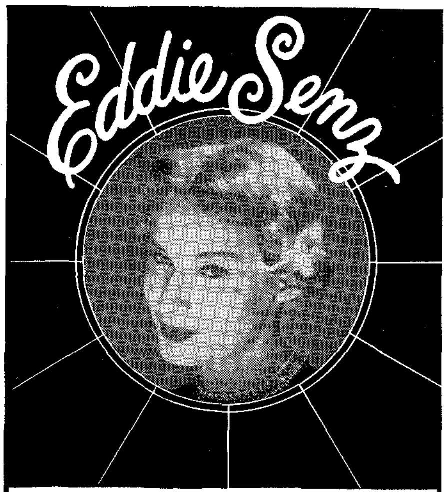
MARY CHESS SHOP • 334 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1839
FINE LUGGAGE
NEW YORK
Crouch & Fitzgerald

she'll be the
proudest **angel**
on the block

Give her this beautiful genuine
cobra handbag—it's smart . . . it's rich
and it's a Crouch and Fitzgerald exclusive!
Adjustable shoulder strap, completely leather lined,
inside zipper pocket. Black, Gray, Navy,
Brown, Kelly Green, Wine, Red, Pecan.
$24 tax included, Initialing Free
Mail orders—add 50c for postage

Crouch & Fitzgerald
fine luggage since 1839
400 MADISON AVE. COR. 48TH ST., N.Y. 17
Telephone: PLaza 5-5888



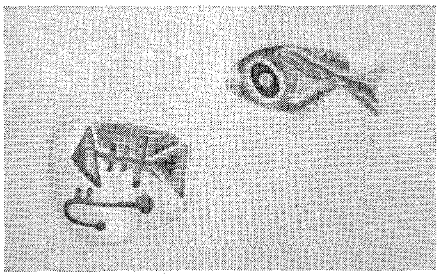
CORRECTIVE MAKE-UP
•
COIFFURE CO-ORDINATION
•
CREATIVE HAIR COLORING

48 EAST 52nd ST.
PLAZA 3-2326

VICTORIA SPEKTOR
home of precious fabrics

Imported brocades, silks, Genoese velvet, exclusive upholstery fabrics.

also
Complete interior decorating service by
SPEKTOR-RADIN, INC.
1 East 54th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
PL 3-4175



cuff-links in sterling by ed wiener
top cuff-link 14.50
matching tie clasp 12.00 and key chain 9.00
bottom cuff-link 12.00
matching tie clasp 10.00 and key chain 9.00
all taxes included
Arts & Ends Studio 58 W 55 St NYC

bunctious collector, there is an antique figure representing a French grenadier, for $280. Two dollars will buy seven Foreign Legionnaires, with knapsacks, or seven Arabs, some in desert uniform, some in Moslem garb.

KNOX, 452 Fifth Avenue (40th): We don't know what the Worumbo Mills, at Lisbon Falls, Maine, have been up to all these years (woolgathering, maybe), but we are pleased to find that their wonderful camel's-hair polo cloth is back with us, and available, naturally, in polo coats, of dark brown or blue or the natural camel color; $175 in regular weight and $150 in a light weight. A woman who yearns to have her husband wear a Homburg can clear up the problem by giving him one for Christmas. The Homburgs here come in black, midnight blue, three shades of brown, and three shades of gray, including a very light pearl gray. They cost $20.

LEWIS & CONGER: A mirror device that fits on the left-hand front door of a car is just the item for a fast driver; it consists of two mirrors, so set up that their interaction provides him with a considerably wider angle of vision than he gets from the driver's seat. It costs $5.95 and is easy to install. Any man with a precise mind who is interested in what day of the week certain dates will fall on in years to come will be delighted with a metal desk calendar on sale here, for $5, that supplies this information, in addition to performing the more ordinary functions of a calendar; it works retroactively to 1940 and prospectively to 1975. Slick Ronson lighters charged with butane gas are $12.50, in black enamel or chromium, and L. & C. will refill the cartridge for fifty cents. Electric razors (A.C. or D.C.) from Holland shave with a rotary movement, using fine-ground self-sharpening steel blades; $16.50. A watch that clamps onto the center of a telephone dial not only tells what time it is but has a large sweep hand that helps keep tab on long-distance calls; $11.

LORD & TAYLOR: There's a great array of stuff here, as you might expect, but we'll pause only long enough to say that in addition to the conventional ties, dressing gowns, pajamas, and such, this establishment offers a thin nylon raincoat that dries in no time at all ($20.75); a jacket of Shetland tweed in the Glen Urquhart plaid ($62.50); a belt of ostrich leather with a harness buckle ($6.50); hand-sewn capeskin pull-

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE QUEEN!"

COOK'S propose for your pleasure a trip on the "QUEEN OF BERMUDA" to a year around vacation paradise. This famous liner offers the best of service...every room with bath.

TAKE A WEEK'S CRUISE OR STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. WE WILL ARRANGE YOUR TRIP JUST AS YOU WISH.

Cook's have been leaders in Bermuda travel since 1889.

For Information or Service call
THOS. COOK & SON
(Bermuda Dept.)
587 Fifth Ave., MUrray Hill 8-4000
221 Broadway, DIgby 9-4540
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, PLaza 9-7530
Use Cook's Travelers Cheques

SCANDAL
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

creates a mural for your child
ingenuous, irrepressibly creative, colorful . . . portable or on the wall
180 SEVENTH AVE. or phone A.M.: WA 9-8149

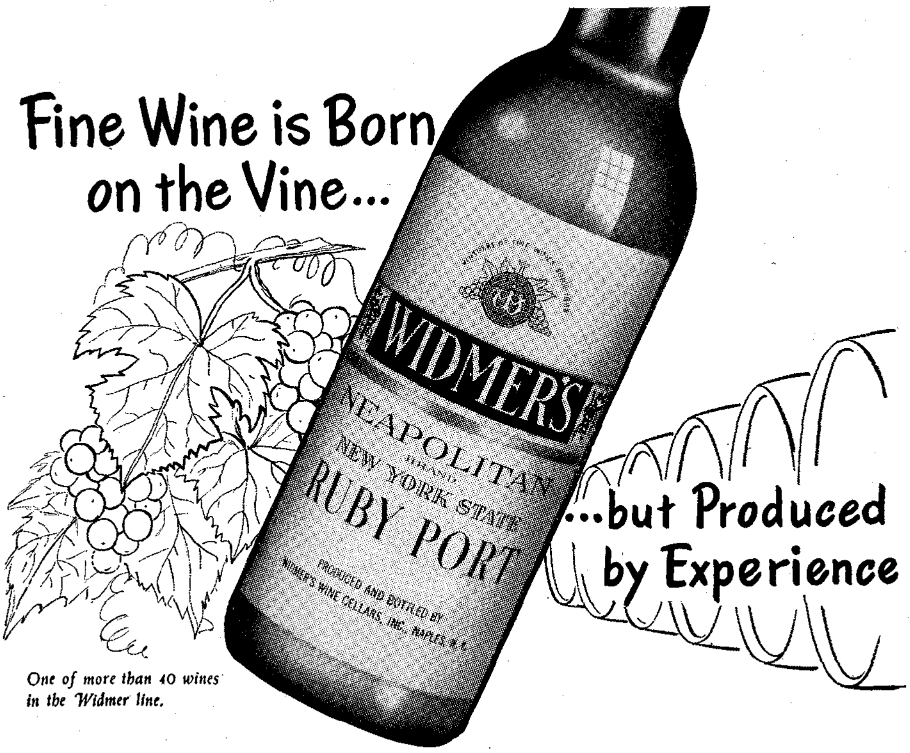
LOBSTERS AS YOU LIKE THEM
The King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH PLASHNER
3rd Ave. Near 53rd St.

on gloves, of L. & T.'s own design ($7.50); and sturdy capeskin driving gauntlets ($14.50).

MACY: Heavy hand-sewn English buckskin gloves of the pull-on variety, meant for the Homburg-and-chesterfield type, are $8, and beautiful chamois-colored doeskin gloves, made by Dent, are $6. A stormy-weather zippered wool jacket, lined with New Zealand suède through the body and shoulders, has a knit waistband, and costs $24.94; it comes in tan, green, or a light gray-blue. Ties from Italy, of hand-loomed grenadines and woven silks, come in tiny patterns and diagonal stripes, or patterns of small dots or stars; $6.

MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): You can't go far wrong if you give a man binoculars for Christmas. Among the banks of splendid glasses here are the Sard, small enough to fit in a breast pocket and yet six-power in magnification and 20-mm. in field ($198), and 7 x 50 Zeiss glasses ($128), which are so light a man can watch a whole quarter of football or a phenomenally lethargic bird, to say nothing of a horse race, through them without wearying. A binocular-camera combination, for watching something and simultaneously taking a picture of it, uses 16-mm. film; $32.95. Weather-watchers of a self-reliant nature will be interested in a maximum-minimum thermometer of the dial type, which combines the customary services of a thermometer with a permanent record of the high and the low temperatures during any given period—from a day to a year; $7.50.

J. PRESS, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): A good place for rough-weather



WIDMER'S
NEAPOLITAN
BRAND
NEW YORK STATE
RUBY PORT
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

Fine Wine is Born on the Vine...

...but Produced by Experience

One of more than 40 wines in the Widmer line.

From the careful culture and selection of grapes, to the eventual bottling of fully matured wines, only one criterion governs Widmer production. That is to bring you wine as fine as fine wine can be. Location... experience... and an insistence on taking the necessary care and time all play a part in your complete taste satisfaction with any Widmer's Wine. Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., Naples, N. Y.

WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

BEA
BEA
Barbosa
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

in **Europe** fly

BEA FROM LONDON
BEA TO PARIS
BEA TO NICE AND ROME
BEA TO ATHENS, ISTANBUL, CYPRUS
BEA TO OSLO, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN
BEA TO AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, GENEVA
BEA TO BERLIN, VIENNA, AND MUNICH
BEA TO NICE, MADRID, BARCELONA, TANGIER
BEA TO BELFAST AND TO SCOTLAND
RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE FROM TRAVEL AGENTS
AND FROM BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
—GENERAL SALES AGENTS
FOR B.E.A.

IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL to find a fluid, lovely dress like this, in soft wool crêpe . . . at a price that's so easy to take! Pointed collar, front zip, and a revolving skirt that's 230" around! Ours exclusively. Apple green, black, lipstick, lilac, navy or golden. 10-16.
39.95

susan penny
485 madison at 52 st., n. y.

You'll Enjoy the Restful Atmosphere of
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Every American owes it to himself to visit historic Williamsburg—an authentic restoration of one of America's foremost Colonial communities. Here where democracy and freedom were fostered you will find enjoyment and relaxation by visiting the many fascinating exhibition buildings. Fine lodgings in modern hotels, guest houses and taverns.

Driving South—Stop at Williamsburg

Williamsburg Lodge
Single from $3.50, Double from $5
Williamsburg Inn
Single from $7, Double from $10
For information: write direct, see travel agent or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. Circle 6-8896.

coats, and there are three standouts. First, Austrian *jacht Mäntel* (hunting coats) of *loden* cloth, which is noted both for its toughness and for its ability to turn water; these are cut with a wide skirt and a deep, inverted back pleat, and are open under the arms to allow freedom of movement; $79.50. Second, reversible coats in a thornproof oatmeal-colored tweed, something like hopsacking, combined with wool gabardine; they have raglan shoulders and make admirable casual coats; $75. Third, British Army short-warms, made of Crombie cloth and superbly tailored; $135. A worth-while revival of the trim four-button sports jacket offers a notched collar and natural shoulders; a particularly handsome one, of handwoven Shetland in a greenish-heather mixture, has a full lining and costs $65.

ROGERS PEET: Tartan plaids are used industriously here in a reversible outdoor jacket of waterproofed English poplin on one side and tartan on the other—the green Sinclair, the Gordon, or the Hunting Macmillan, for instance. The jacket has a deep pleat in the back that remains a pleat no matter which side is exposed, and the pockets and buttons work both ways, too; $28.50. Imported D. & J. Anderson flannels—in plain colors, for a change—go into shirts that can be worn with or without a tie, and inside or outside trousers; $14.95, and ten colors to choose from. Fine white Anderson broadcloth shirts with attached collars, French cuffs, and one pocket are $10, and rare is the man who has all the good white shirts he wants. Spanish cattle brands from the Southwest—Cortez crosses, the Cabeza De Vaca brand (a steer's head), and so on—show up nicely on silver cuff links; $8.

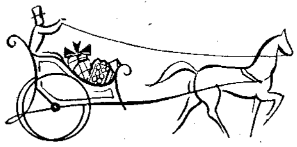
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Saks have two sports jackets that are quite dissimilar but both, we are told, inspired by battle dress worn in World War II. One is a windbreaker made of Byrd-cloth lined with nylon and fitted with concealed zippers that make waterproof and snowproof fastenings at the throat and on the two side pockets; $24.50, in natural, gray, navy, or red. The other, turned out in pinwale corduroy, has waist pockets, and elastic at the sides; it appears in seven colors, including light brown, terra cotta, and a pale tan, and it costs $16. In the Saks tobacco department, English tobacco jars of Royal Winton

The Waldorf
PRESENTS

Lisa Kirk
De Mattiazzis
Emil Coleman
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Mischa Borr
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
IN THE
WEDGWOOD ROOM

TWO SHOWS: 9:15 and 12:15 weekdays. Cover after 9:15. THEATRE DINNER $4—served 6 to 8 daily including Sunday. No entertainment tax.

WALDORF·ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE & 50TH STREET



FOR PEOPLE WHO MATTER
Hicks Gift-of-the-Month

A subtle tribute to your good taste and theirs is Hicks' "Gift-of-the-Month". Beginning at Christmas, a galaxy of epicurean delicacies arrives monthly with your personal gift card. A Hicks "Gourmet Circle" membership is a gift that keeps giving—to your family, friends, associates.

Phone Circle 5-5868 or stop at the Hicks retail shop at 128 West 58th Street. Or write for free gift catalog.

Deluxe Series $50
Rembrandt Series $85

The Fruit Shop

H·HICKS·&·SON
INCORPORATED
30 WEST 57TH STREET·NEW YORK 19

LE CHEVAL BLANC

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Mussels Cheval Blanc
Coq Au Vin
Crepes Suzette

LUNCHEON ● BAR ● DINNER
from $1.50 *from $2.50*
145 EAST 45TH ST.
Smoothest Martini in town. EL 5-9352

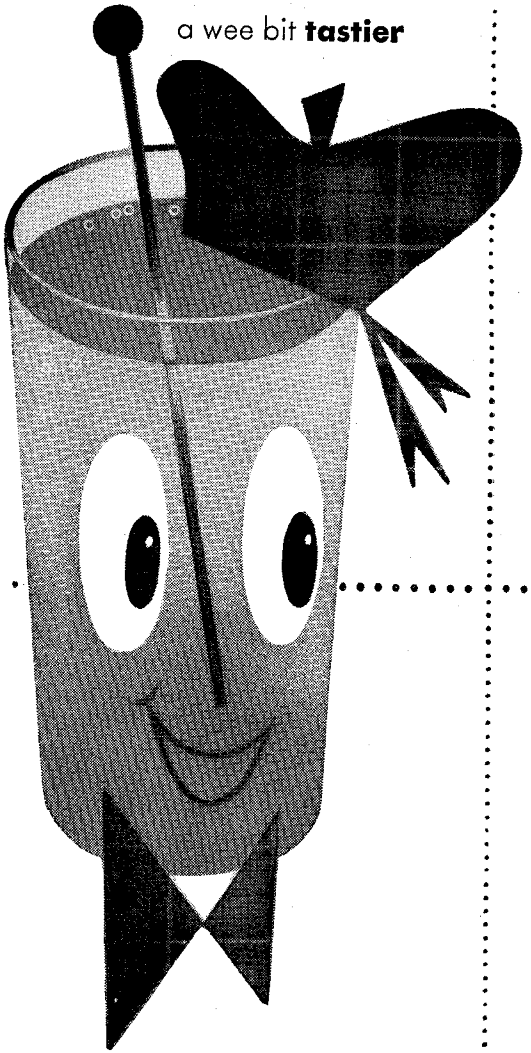
pottery, which has a creamy glaze, are painted with coaching scenes; $12, and the tops are airtight. A tooled-leather humidor with a hinged front that lets down to disclose a first-rate tobacco jar and housing for six pipes is $59.50, and there's no charge for initialling it.

Shields, 15 East 60th Street: A length of hand-loomed tweed—enough to make a jacket, say—would be welcomed by any number of men who can't be weaned from their own tailors. Shields has about fifty patterns and colors, including a handsome Lovat green; $30 for four yards. Striped rep tie silks are made into leather-lined belts with leather ends. These don't have buckles but are fastened with a peg, a good deal like a collar button, at one end, which slips into one of the holes at the opposite end; two brass slides hold everything in place; $7.50. Chamois-colored gloves of deerskin from New Zealand have a new kind of hand-sewn seam that makes it easy for the wearer to grip a key or get change out of a pocket; $8.

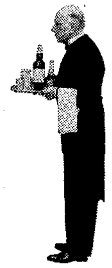
A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Turtleneck jerseys of lightweight wool in any of half a dozen colors—dark blue and maroon, to name a couple—can be washed, and cost $10. A pair of tennis shorts are made of white cotton gabardine, and have two deep front pockets and a back pocket that is big enough to hold three balls; $3.95. A collapsible aluminum cart that will accommodate any kind of golf bag trundles easily and lightly on ball-bearing wheels over any terrain a golfer is likely to encounter, and will fit nicely into a locker or a car; $15. A large, durable, weatherproof nylon golf bag, trimmed with cowhide and fitted with a large ball pocket, a larger shoe pocket, and a sponge-rubber-padded shoulder strap, is $45.

Sulka: Cigarette cases of the type that will hold a full package, cellophane and all, are reinforced at the edges with gold. Such a case is $24 in tan pigskin, and $22.20 in black morocco. Block initials in fourteen-carat gold are $1.50 a letter, and take two or three days. Very flat billfolds with nothing but a clip inside to keep money from sliding out and a gold mounting outside to put initials on—the engraving is free—are $23.40 in black pin seal and $34.80 in brown alligator. Narrow belts handmade in France of supple box calf (black or brown) are $12.50. And, of course,

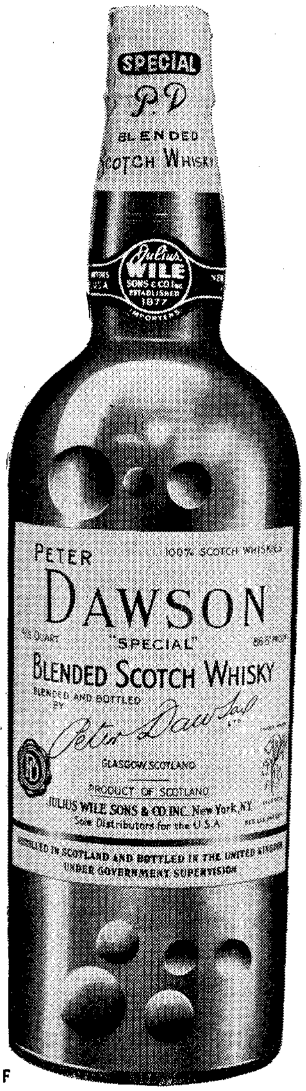
a wee bit **smoother**
a wee bit **mellower**
a wee bit **tastier**



naturally
because it's the
"Spirit" of
Scotland



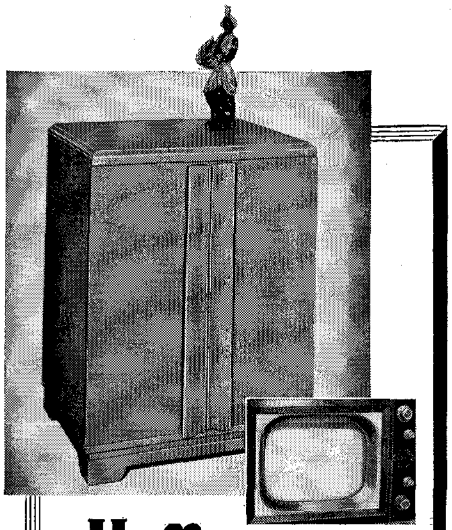
PETER DAWSON SCOTCH


SPECIAL
P D
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE SONS & CO. Inc ESTABLISHED 1877 IMPORTERS
PETER DAWSON
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Peter Dawson Ltd
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. New York, N.Y.
Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

"SPECIAL" A TRULY FINE SCOTCH
ALSO **"OLD CURIO"** BRAND
THE LUXURY SCOTCH
LOOK FOR THE RED BAND
ON THE LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 5 PARK AVE N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

SOLE U. S. AGENTS • JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. N. Y., N. Y. • BOTH 86.8 PROOF



Hoffman
EYE-EASY TELEVISION
at Schirmer's

Instinctively chosen by those who desire unexcelled performance and unmatched beauty in a television receiver.

Hoffman Television receivers from **$229.95** to **$620.** Above, the "Modern" Tele-Radio-Phono combination with 19-inch picture $620.

G.SCHIRMER
IN NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd ST., MU 2-8100
IN B'KLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170

New Year's Eve

GUY LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians
and other special entertainment

SUPPER $16.50 per person
including all taxes

Make Reservations NOW
Call Mr. Paul's Office
MU 6-9200

The **ROOSEVELT GRILL**
Madison Ave. at 45th Street
Dean Carpenter, *General Manager*

those famous Sulka ties—for instance, silk crêpe with small Jacquard patterns, at $8.50. Bow ties are $3.50 and $4.50.

TRIPLER: You can dispose of any international wanderer on your list, and most likely earn his deepest gratitude, by sending him a pair of nylon pajamas sewed with nylon thread. These are easy to wash by hand and will dry in a trice, or a sixty-minute trice, anyway; $17.50. Moccasins made in Norway of handsome natural-colored calf, which gets richer-looking the more it is worked over with saddle soap, have walrus-hide soles and heels; $22. A well-cut sports shirt of cotton buckskin, a knit material that would fool any buck, is a warm and trim-looking outdoor job; $18.50, in a number of sports-shirt colors. A coat sweater of Scottish alpaca wool, light in weight and surprisingly warm, comes in colors like navy, brown, gray, and natural; $28.50.

WANAMAKER: The big news here is a sweater that introduces the first intelligent departure in sweater design since—well, since this store belonged to A. T. Stewart. The tops of the sleeves extend all the way across the shoulders, in a band about four inches wide, which means that these sweaters fit either fat or thin shoulders. In two-ply cashmere, in any of a number of colors, they are $25. Magnificent travel rugs from Scotland, plaid on one side and plain on the other, with heavy fringe at each end, are $30. Light English shooting sticks with aluminum fittings have unusually wide pigskin seats; $15. And stout ash canes, which are the best of company for a walk in the country, are $3.50; these have crook handles and horn ferrules. Superior silk umbrellas, with Malacca crook handles, are $18.50. On the sound premise that many men use only one of a pair of military brushes, Wanamaker has an orphan one in a calf case that also holds a comb and a nail file; $8.50.

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY: A blend of alpaca and nylon is made into warm knit gloves with pigskin palms and pigskin finger reinforcements; they're good for driving a car and for general utility, and come in brown, oxford gray, or natural tan, at $5.50. Argyle socks that are seventy-five per cent cashmere and the rest nylon are rather quiet in color, at least for Argyle socks; they are $5 a pair. Felt-lined leather moccasins whose sides

PARK SHERMAN'S
Sta-Put ASH TRAY
in authentic
TARTAN PLAIDS
$1.

A large practical ash tray that stays put anywhere. For safety the brass rest, which holds *four* cigarettes, automatically snuffs them out before falling ashes can harm furniture or rugs. Available in a rich assortment of authentic Tartan Plaids with Jewelers Bronze tray.

Dennison's
411 5th Avenue • 30 Rockefeller Plaza
MUrray Hill 9-6790 • New York City
Write or phone for delivery of $2.01 or more.
New York City orders add 2% sales tax.
Beyond delivery area add 15¢.

Tom 'n' Jerry and
Hot Buttered Rum
taste better
when made
with

RED HEART JAMAICA RUM
Famous Since 1842

90 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CORP., N.Y.

Carlou Restaurant
785 LEX. AVE. at 61 ST.
TE 8-9882
LUNCH from 85c • BAR to 4 A.M. • DINNER from $1
open every day

and soles are a single piece, the way the Indians made them, are $6.95. A dressing gown of Viyella flannel, in plain colors, is teamed up with a plastic-lined case covered with the same flannel, to carry the dressing gown; the case would also serve for a wet bathing suit, at a time of year for wet bathing suits; $25.

SCATTERED RETURNS: Boucher, at 36 East 12th Street, has the blueprints and the materials for making a model of almost any American ship of note, modern or ancient, naval or merchant. The components of the first American flagship, the Alfred, cost $22.50, and the blueprints $2.75. An American destroyer of the type that was traded to England for naval bases in 1940 can be assembled from a set that costs $37.50; the blueprints for this are $2. . . . Mark Cross has substantial sweaters, knitted by women in the Faroe Islands, of unbleached wool (oatmeal-colored or grayish white), with brownish-black designs. They have long sleeves and a low, rolled neck, and—up to a point, of course—they shed water; $15. . . . A good-looking glass cigarette jar that holds fifty cigarettes, and has silica gel in the stopper to keep them smokable, is $7.50, at the MM Company, 400 Park Avenue (55th). . . . Flaminaire butane-gas pocket lighters, which are now manufactured in this country by the Parker Pen company, are in stock at Georg Jensen, for $12.50. A larger, desk edition, bound in pigskin and said to operate for two years on one filling, costs $20. . . . The Hammond Map Company, at 1 East 43rd Street, has a glass geographer's globe, illuminated

Tissot
automatic

Tissot

Wear it forever without winding . . .

The superb, precision-engineered Tissot Automatic, is world renowned for its accuracy and sturdiness under the most rigorous conditions. In civilian, and in military life, the proverbial accuracy of Tissot has been unaffected by extreme changes of temperature, altitude or climatic conditions. It is, of course, **tested water resistant, anti-magnetic** and **shock resistant.**

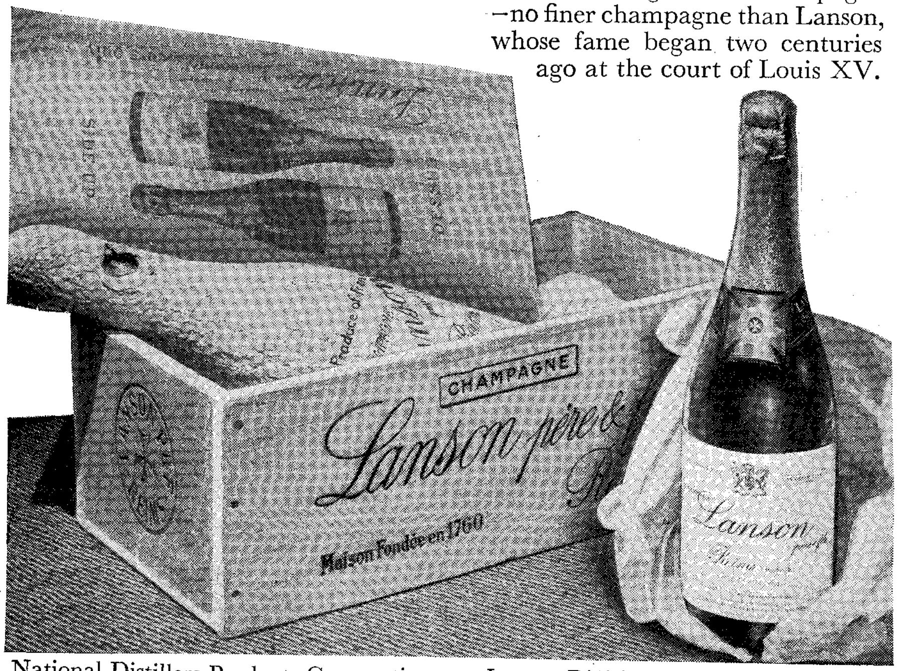
Tissot Watches are recommended and serviced by discriminating jewelers the world over.

14 Kt. Gold *(with raised gold numerals)*......$150. F.T.I.
also available in Stainless Steel or gold filled.

TISSOT, 501 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Give this unique **2-BOTTLE CASE** of CHAMPAGNE Lanson

No finer gift than champagne —no finer champagne than Lanson, whose fame began two centuries ago at the court of Louis XV.



National Distillers Products Corporation • Import Division • New York, N. Y.

All this- and L.A., too!

Eleven palm-crowned, flowering acres, broad sun-shadowed lawns, sparkling Sand and Pool Club, the most livable and beautiful hotel rooms in the country with private balconies and patios, unsurpassed cuisine in famed Lanai Restaurant—and all just minutes away from downtown Los Angeles, Hollywood's Radio City, the motion picture studios, and the Los Angeles Airport. Let us know, just as early as you can, when to expect you.

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
Hernando Courtright, President
BEVERLY HILLS • CALIFORNIA

HOTEL STATLER
Turkish Baths
7th AVE., 32nd to 33rd ST., N. Y.
Women's Turkish Baths
Special Slenderizing Salon
10 A.M. to 10 P.M. (except Sunday)
Men's Turkish Baths
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Expert Swedish Massage
Excellent Sleeping Accommodations
Luxurious, Separate and Complete Facilities for Both Men and Women
PE. 6-5000

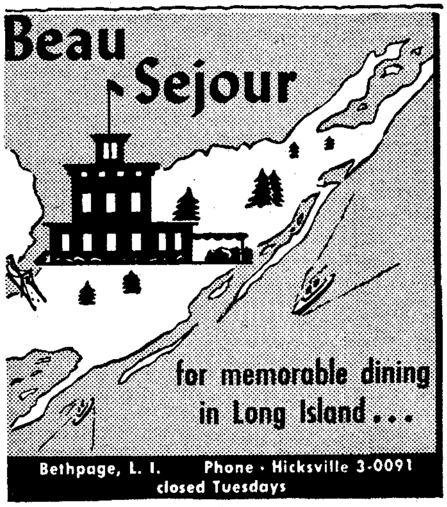
The Café Lounge and Bar
Luncheon
Cocktail hour • Dinner • Supper
Dancing daily from 5:30 PM
Dancing Sundays from 5 PM
SAVOY-PLAZA
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH ST.

from within, at $26. An angler's map of the big-game fishing grounds of Canada, the United States, and Mexico, and the surrounding Pacific, Caribbean, and Atlantic waters is decorated with fish portraits, lists of notable fishing spots, and an index of record catches; it is $5 unmounted, and $25 framed in walnut or mahogany. . . . Pipe tobaccos from England—Balkan Sobranie, Three Nuns, St. Bruno Flake, and John Cotton, for instance—are obtainable at the Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), along with Wilke's own mixture of Burley tobaccos, called Nut Brown Burley, which costs $3 a pound. . . . Knize, at 24 East 56th Street, has devised a sleeveless, buttoned sweater that closes up to the collar or opens back like a waistcoat; $23, in navy blue, gray, or natural-colored cashmere. Hand-sewn gloves from France, in gray or tan reindeer, are $18.75. . . . Newells, at 290 Park Avenue (49th), has reversible pullovers of imported alpaca, blue on one side and maroon on the other, or red and green, brown and yellow, and so on; $22. English ties of surah silk in very shadowy plaids are $7.50. . . . At Stephen J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, we find a cable-knit coat-sweater for tennis, of white wool striped down the front in red and blue; $16.50. A trick golf ball that won't roll straight is regarded as funny, and is priced at ninety-five cents. This shop has a separate ski department, which sells Henke boots, made by hand in Switzerland on lasts manufactured in America; $48.50. Extra-long nylon parkas, zippered in front, are $15.95, and thick buckskin mittens that will stay soft no matter how wet they get and whose palms are a match for any towrope are $4.25. . . . Gerry Cosby, at 12 West 48th Street, has gear that will gratify any ice-hockey enthusiast you are worrying about; Tackaberry shoes of kangaroo hide, for example, fitted with professional-hockey blades, for $45. . . . DiTieri, at 480 Park Avenue (58th), employs some of its most celebrated tie silks, including the one with the French champagne labels on it, to make garter-and-braces sets; $10.50. . . . Southern Highlanders, at 610 Fifth Avenue (50th), have hand-carved, hand-painted, and about half life-size models of the mallard, the teal, and the redhead duck; $4.50 each. . . . Calvin Curtis, at 60 East 55th Street, has imported some sporty silk ties from France. There is a choice of five patterns—a tiny sulky, a mare and foal in a shower of horseshoes, a skier, some pheasants, and some wild

Serge Obolensky
PRESENTS
THE
Carnaval Room

LESTER LANIN
and his Orchestra
JAN BRUNESCO
and his Imperial Tziganes
Theatre Dinner
6 to 8:15 P.M.
Dinner and Dancing from 8:30
After Theatre Supper
Cover from 10 P.M. only
$1.50 Weekdays; $2.00 Saturdays
Closed Sundays
Reservations: Maitre d'Hotel, EL 5-2800
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th ST. • NEW YORK

The Drake Room
71 East 56th Street
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Cy Walter
and his piano rhythms
during dinner and supper
except Sunday
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.



Bethpage, L. I. Phone • Hicksville 3-0091
closed Tuesdays

geese. The ties are $6, and those shoppers who settle for the sulky tie can have a large, square scarf to match it for $20. A pair of dark-blue suspenders decorated with bright-red dancing devils is $8.50, and Christmassy red braces with hand-sewn leather ends are $6.50.

Luggage

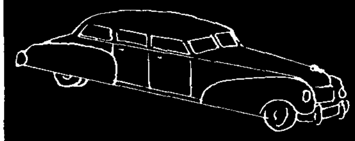
THE tartan mania has taken such a hold on the luggage world that anyone surveying that field does so at the risk of his eyesight. But we weren't so blinded by MacThis and MacThat that we didn't notice a growing movement—in the higher price ranges, anyway—toward leather luggage, some of it heavier than anything we've seen in years, and some of it lighter, thanks to basswood or Duralumin frames. Arthur Gilmore, who is one of the bellwethers in luggage design, is doing new things with fabrics, but here, as well as in other leading establishments of the kind, you'll find that the so-called airplane stuff, which first appeared during the depression, because it was cheap, and continued in favor during the war, because of shortages, is on the wane, maybe because the airline baggagemen are by no means as tender with things as they used to be, and it takes a sturdy bag to stand up under their handling. Let's hurry on to the stores now—and, remember, the prices we mention include federal taxes.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: The main attraction here is a long, roomy, cylindrical bag known as the Pack-All, made of two-ply green duck and absolutely waterproof, which opens very wide and fastens with two zippers and a small padlock. It was designed with hunters and fishermen in mind but would make a fine utility bag for almost anyone; it comes in two sizes, twenty-five inches long ($32.34) and thirty inches ($36.90). A canvas version of the musette bag has a leather bottom and can tote practically all the small things a sportsman wants to be able to get at readily—lunch, for instance; $12.30. A two-suit canvas wardrobe bag, which looks very much like a big old-fashioned kit bag when it is packed, will hold, besides the suits, liberal quantities of shirts and underwear, a pair of shoes, nightwear, and necessary toiletries; it weighs about thirty pounds when thoroughly loaded with such items, and costs $30. A tan cowhide version of the same bag costs $51 and weighs about two pounds more. Lightweight, unlined blue or brown canvas suitcases have a

SMART TRAVELERS—

The Campbells

Rode in the lap of luxury from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara in a Tanner limousine, sightseeing on the way, said it was the smartest idea they ever had, and surprisingly reasonable in cost. Take a Tanner limousine with guide-chauffeur on arrival in Southern California, Arizona or Nevada cities,—enjoy its convenience for social calls and sightseeing. Let us plan a limousine tour for you.

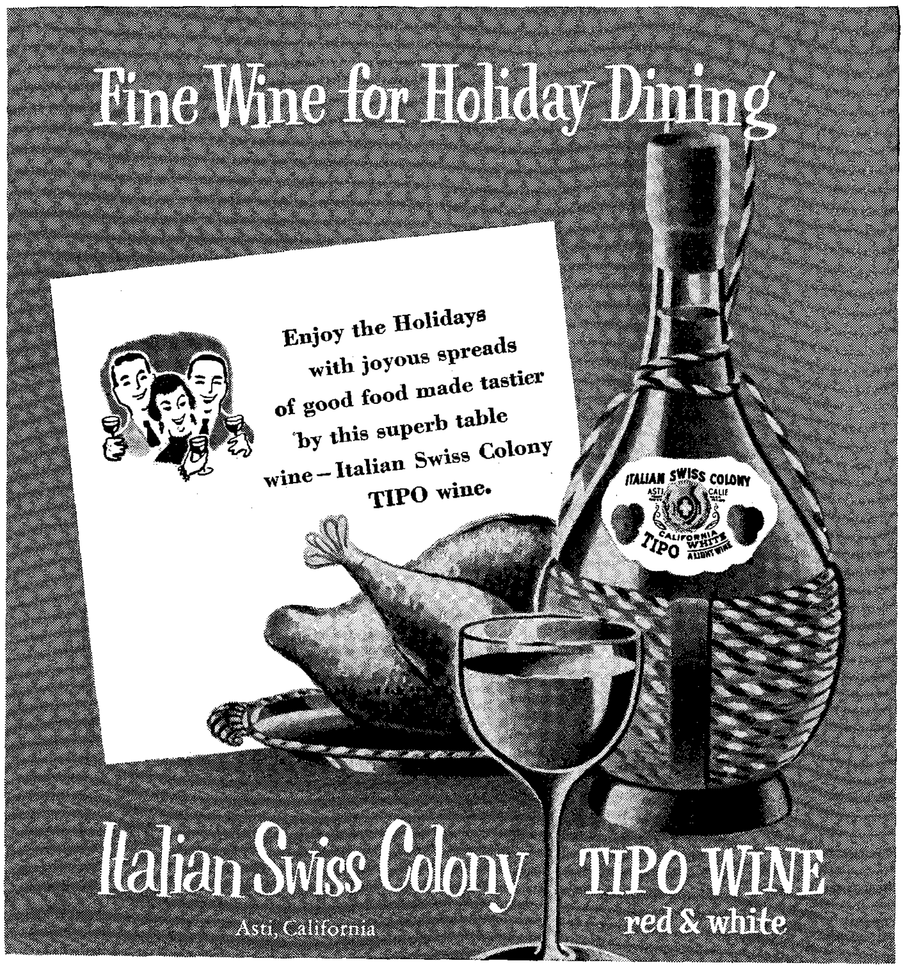


COSTS: 7-passenger limousine from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, 2-day round trip, approximately $50. Special rates by day and week.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

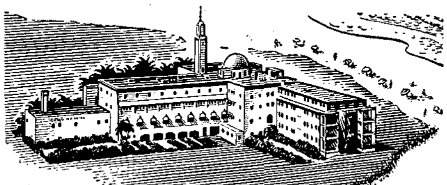
TANNER The GRAY LINE GRAY LINE

Spic 'n' span U-Drive Cars at reasonable rates throughout Tanner Gray Line system in Southern California, Arizona and Nevada. For cars or limousines write or wire main office, 1207 West 3rd St., Los Angeles 17, California.


Fine Wine for Holiday Dining
ITALIAN SWISS COLONY ASTI CALIF. CALIFORNIA TIPO WHITE
Italian Swiss Colony
Asti, California
TIPO WINE
red & white

Enjoy the Holidays with joyous spreads of good food made tastier by this superb table wine—Italian Swiss Colony TIPO wine.

a beautiful resort hotel



Golf and beach at the door!

The Coquina has its own private beach where guests may enjoy luncheon and cocktails as they bask in the sun *plus* the added convenience of an 18-hole golf course at the door.

Season:
January through April

The COQUINA

ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA
Mrs. Walter Bovard, Owner-Manager
NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE:
630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-6820

For a unique vacation...

Trinidad and Tobago

IDYLLIC ISLES of contrast... Hindu temples, calypso rhythms and miles of golden beaches... perfect climate. Easily reached by sea or air. Wide choice of accommodations. Currency devaluation favors you!

See your travel agent or write

Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board
122 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Trinidad, B. W. I. • Montreal • London

Loomed in the United Kingdom

Our cloths, exclusive in pattern, are worn by gentlemen throughout the world

British Character Fabrics, Ltd.

205 Gt. Portland St.
London W 1
England

1407 Broadway
New York, N. Y.
BRyant 9-9344

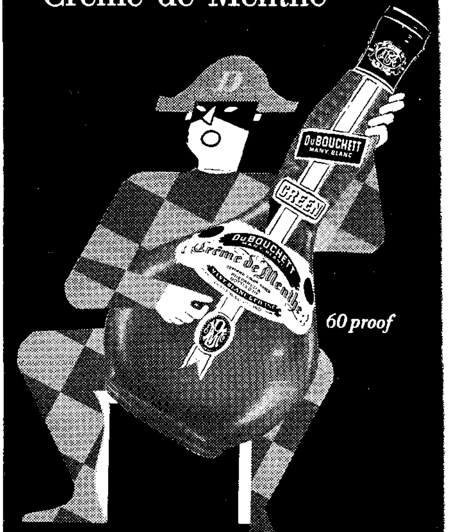
zipper around three sides and are built on a Duralumin frame to make them very sturdy; eighteen or twenty-nine inches long, $27.50 or $35. A capital gift for anyone who travels with show horses is a trunk that holds two saddles and such additional paraphernalia as blankets, bridles, and martingales. It is made of very strong fibre, is waterproof, and costs $57.

ALTMAN: Fiberglas, a material so sturdy that the most misanthropic baggageman can jump up and down on it without hurting it, is used here for cases, hatboxes, and a family-size carryall that will hold one suit each for a man and a woman, and has hangers for six other items; $78. A bright-red plastic-coated wardrobe case, perfect for a little girl bound on a holiday junket, holds eight small dresses and has a metal loop on the back, so that it can be hung up, still packed, and used as a private closet; $23.40. A fifteen-inch overnight case of the same red plastic is $11.82. A little boy would prefer a less giddy suitcase, of good-looking, sound brown plastic; $19.14. For men, there is a combination briefcase and overnight bag; one side accommodates papers, the other a clean shirt, pajamas, and shaving things; $71.40, in cowhide.

T. ANTHONY, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): A group of hand cases for men or women are made of plaid or wheat-colored canvas, leather-bound, with Yale tumbler locks. The key numbers are on file with the maker, against the day an owner forgets them or needs replacements, and, if you choose, a whole set of bags can be made to open with one key; $36 for an eighteen-inch case, $49.80 for a combination hat-and-shoe box, and $47.80 for a twenty-nine-inch case. This store specializes in such small travel knickknacks as four folding coat-and-skirt hangers in a leather case ($3.50), a tubular snakeskin sewing kit, not much larger than a shotgun shell ($6.50), and what is called a "trouble light," which a foundered motorist can plug into the cigarette lighter on his dashboard and carry around to the rear of the car (it has a ten-foot cord). The light is magnetized and will stay put on any metal part of the car, leaving the user free to apply both hands to the jack; $7.50.

BROOKS BROTHERS: The Brothers' own workroom produces a cowhide briefcase that has three compartments and is strong and big enough for a stack of papers the size of the Manhattan

Tonight...for a new dessert serve straight **DuBouchett** Creme de Menthe



Also as a frappe, pour into cocktail glass filled with chipped ice.

DuBouchett Cordials (*say doo-boo-shay*)
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Always
the SMARTEST Show
the DANCIEST Music
the FINEST Food
In Town!
the Copa's Gay New Revue
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2

COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.50

F.A.R. GALLERY
746 madison ave.

Color Reproductions
old masters & moderns
custom FRAMING

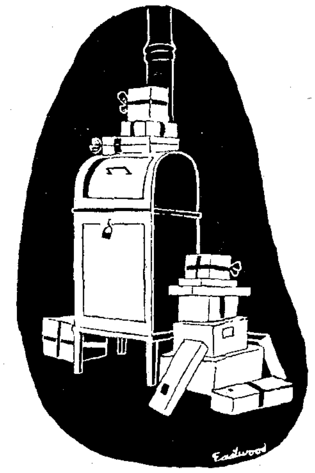
Cuisine des Gourmets
Copain
Luncheon:
Dinner 'til 11, Sun. at 3
from $2.25
PL 8-0554
1st Ave. N.W. cor. 50th St.

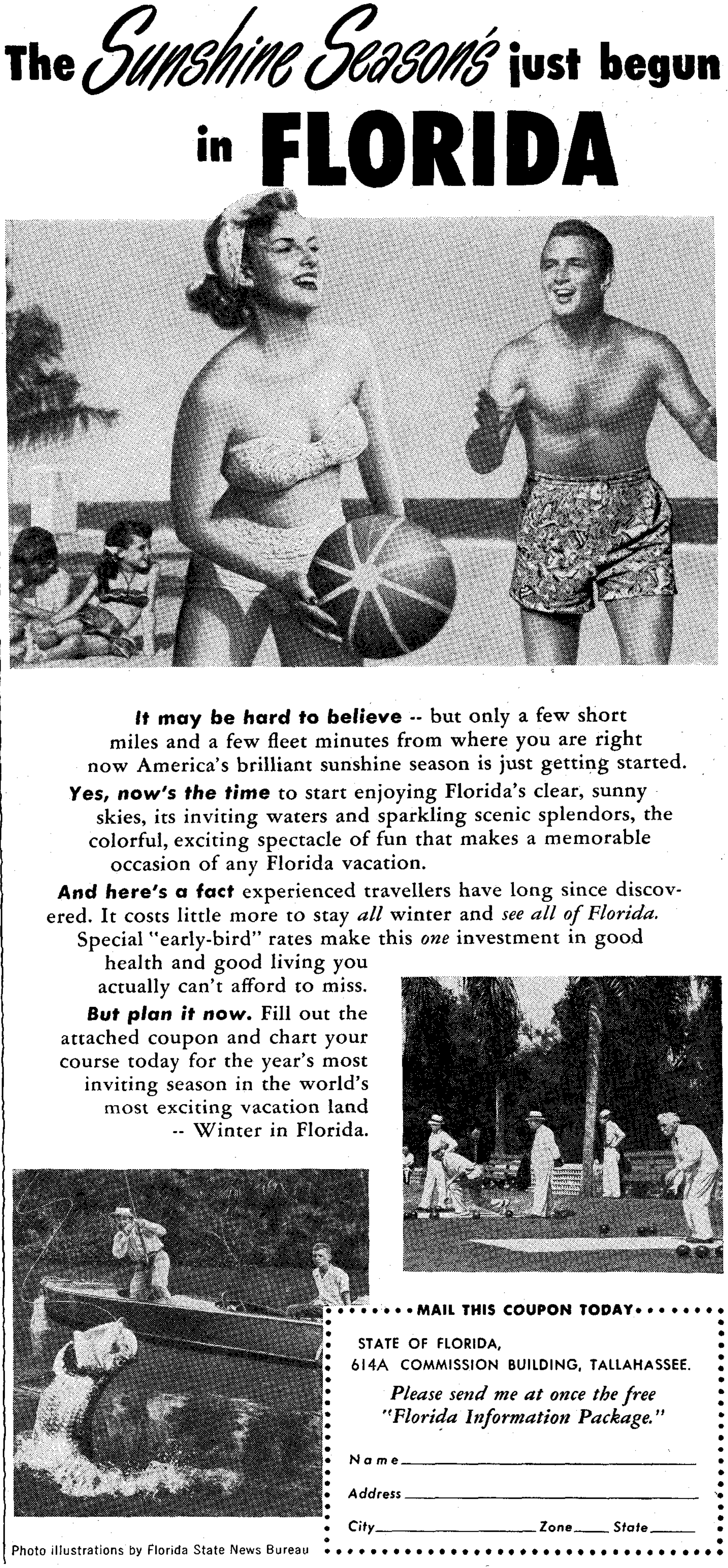
telephone directory; $48. Also made here are English-cowhide suitcases with the lightest but toughest possible steel frames; sixteen to twenty-eight inches long, and from $72 to $132.

Mark Cross: A return to linen-lined harness leather for wardrobe cases is the latest development here, where a lot of developments in luggage take place. The two-suit size has a tray that lifts out; $162. Harness leather also makes soft-sided luggage with plaid linen linings; a twenty-six-inch three-suiter is $144. The up-to-date doctor, it seems, is now carrying a little *tan* bag—tan cowhide ($30) or pig ($40). Something called a "brief bag" (to our eyes it is indistinguishable from a briefcase), with three pockets for papers and clothes, is made of unlined leather, and ticketed at $36.

Crouch & Fitzgerald: A whopping big bag (twenty-four by fifteen by twelve inches) of blue or brown duck, heavily reinforced with leather, would be a fine present for a skier who has a lot of bulky equipment. It costs $51. A husband-and-wife shoe case that holds twelve pairs of shoes opens out flat and has a strong loop at one end, so that it can be hooked on a closet door and used for a shoe bag when the owners are not in transit; $150 in tan cowhide and $162 in natural rawhide.

Dale, 719 Fifth Avenue (56th): Suitcases in five sizes are built to nest like Chinese boxes to save storage space. These come in gray, tan, or white rawhide, in light- or ginger-tan cowhide, or in canvas of various colors. The twenty-inch leather one is $69.60, and the thirty-two-inch leather one is $89.40; the canvas versions start at $43.80. All of them have Sesame locks. And there is a duffelbag of cowhide, with plenty of




The Sunshine Season's just begun in FLORIDA

It may be hard to believe -- but only a few short miles and a few fleet minutes from where you are right now America's brilliant sunshine season is just getting started.

Yes, now's the time to start enjoying Florida's clear, sunny skies, its inviting waters and sparkling scenic splendors, the colorful, exciting spectacle of fun that makes a memorable occasion of any Florida vacation.

And here's a fact experienced travellers have long since discovered. It costs little more to stay *all* winter and *see all of Florida.* Special "early-bird" rates make this *one* investment in good health and good living you actually can't afford to miss.

But plan it now. Fill out the attached coupon and chart your course today for the year's most inviting season in the world's most exciting vacation land -- Winter in Florida.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

STATE OF FLORIDA,
614A COMMISSION BUILDING, TALLAHASSEE.

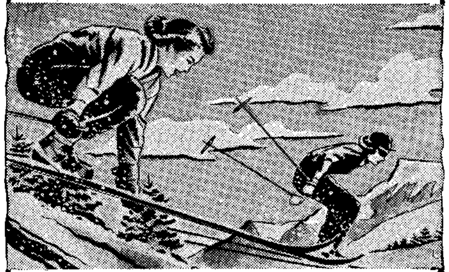
Please send me at once the free "Florida Information Package."

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ Zone ____ State ____

Photo illustrations by Florida State News Bureau

Christmas week
IN OLD QUÉBEC!

YULETIDE IS KING at the Château Frontenac. Pageantry of the Boar's Head and Suckling Pig...the great Baron of Beef. Sleighing, snow sports ...a Christmas Week to make you carol!



GAYEST NIGHT OF ALL brings in the New Year with famous Carnival and Ball. Chef cuisine...courtly service perfects each one of your Château Frontenac holidays!

ALL-EXPENSE RATES (starting January): 3 days, $49...7 days, $110...10 days, $151 (2 to a room). Overnight by train. Reservations: Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. PLaza 9-4433.

Château Frontenac
A Canadian Pacific Hotel in Friendly Old Québec

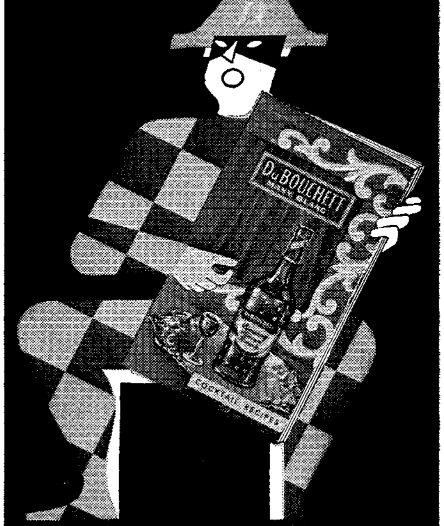
pockets in the cotton gabardine lining; $66.

Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd Street: Where to start? Maybe with a leather carryall, ten inches high and ideal for the clutter that accumulates on a motor trip. It is modelled after a carryall used in the West Indies. The bag is unlined and made of stiff bridle leather, in several colors, including cranberry red, and has an oval boxed bottom and two handles at the top; $22.80. In the non-leather group, we find a suitcase, made in the workshop here, that is as durable as a small tank; it has a basswood foundation and is covered with a leatherlike canvas. The edges are reinforced with fibre, the locks are brass, and the handle is leather. The smallest, two feet long, is $93.60, and a small wardrobe trunk of the same construction is $168. To get back to leather—which, as we noted earlier, a lot of travellers are doing—the humble water buffalo is now giving his hide to make very hardy, very handsome luggage; a twenty-one-inch case, lined with morocco, is $140. A charming train box made by Vuitton of canvas-covered wood, like every Vuitton case, looks for all the world like a doll's trunk; $132.

Lord & Taylor: The plaid luggage here, designed for female travellers, manages to hold its own in the riot of plaids around town. Light, soft-sided suitcases from France, in blue-and-red plaid, are buttressed with tan harness leather and come with a strong strap of the same leather to buckle around the middle. A twenty-inch one is $41.40. A man off on a short jaunt, who won't need an extra suit, could fit everything he is taking into a first-rate zippered club bag of tan cowhide that has a suède-cloth lining and two handles; $23.94. For either sex, a case almost as large as a foot locker, but not as heavy, is offered by the Amelia Earhart people, in tan tweed bound with brown or blue cowhide, on a sturdy plywood frame; $104.40.

Macy: Lots of examples of fitted bottle boxes, known to voyagers as Mayfair, or train, boxes. A small one (a foot square), in navy, ginger, red, or green cowhide, is fitted with a mirror, some gold-washed bottles and jars; $47.95. A somewhat larger one includes a flat tray for jewelry, which, if the need arises, folds up and becomes a separate bag; $78, with a snap-button suède cover thrown in. Macy also has, in bright tartan, a cart-

Tonight... for dessert serve... **DuBouchett** Cordials



Free! Colorful recipe book using 24 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials.
Write **DuBouchett Booklet,**
Room 3623, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

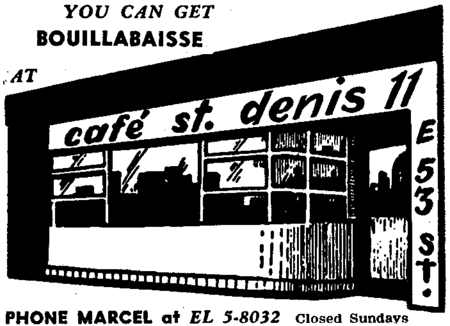
VESTURE FOR

Handmade scarves of finest wool and cashmere..........From 15.00
French lisle and Irish woolen hose .... From 2.50
All wool vests from England........35.00

Pullovers of imported cashmere in a wide variety of colors........18.00
Hand-sewn ties of choicest imported pure silk ....From 4.00
Caswell-Massey toiletries From 2.00

VESTURE
19 E. 69 (Bet. Madison and Park)

YOU CAN GET
BOUILLABAISSE
AT



PHONE MARCEL at *EL 5-8032* Closed Sundays

Introductory Course $48.50

IDEAL GIFT
A Berlitz language course pays lifelong dividends in pleasure and profit! Buy popular gift certificates—good for *any* tongue, *any* time. Studios open 9 to 9.

BERLITZ Circle 6-0110
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)

wheel box, completely zippered, into which a girl can cram everything she needs for a country-houseparty weekend; $18. Well-planned wardrobe cases of water buffalo are available in one-, two-, or three-suit sizes, with room for linen, shoes, and toilet articles; $90, $96, and $108.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: The Hartman two-suiter cases, twenty-five inches long, are made of an imported industrial-belting leather, which is twice as thick as the usual luggage leather and practically indestructible. The frames are solid birch with interlocking corners, and the insides have zippered dust protectors and zippered pockets; $180, and suitable for travelling only where there is certain to be a regiment of porters, because they're heavy. This rugged leather gets better-looking with saddle-soaping and age, and should be just reaching its prime when the recipient is thinking of passing it on to another generation. A handsome overnight case for women, in the same leather, is $120.

Perfume

PERFUME is almost as natural a Christmas present for a woman as a doll is for a little girl, so, proceeding on that article of faith, we present herewith a check list of the season's débutantes, standbys in new wrappings and trimmings, and revivals of old favorites among the fragrances. All prices include the federal luxury tax, and, unless otherwise indicated, the perfumes and all the collateral items we mention are to be found at Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Avenue, Altman, and the other big stores.

One of the débutantes, Ann Haviland's Jasmin of the Night, is a true jasmine, warm and vaguely predatory, and absolutely not for ingénues; $12.60 a half ounce and $22.20 an ounce. For $4.20, you can get a charming gold-washed flacon of the stuff, handbag size. . . . De Markoff's Tribute, also new, is a marvellously soft and luxurious perfume, appropriately resting on garnet satin in a box with the well-known de Markoff crown on the lid; $15 a half ounce. . . . Fabergé's Act IV is a bit of a poser, since it betrays not only the glint of jasmine and sandalwood but something else as well—hard to say what. Anyway, it's a fine, full perfume, and quite sure of itself; $9.60 for a half ounce. The purse-size Fabergette, which is a ball-point applicator in a white leather case, costs $3. . . . Marcel Rochas's great perfume Femme stimu-

Before I purchased, I looked at several different makes of television. Decided RCA Victor was by far the superior product. I also was very pleased with the ability and manners of the two RCA service men who installed the set.

Fred A. Schulz, Trenton, New Jersey

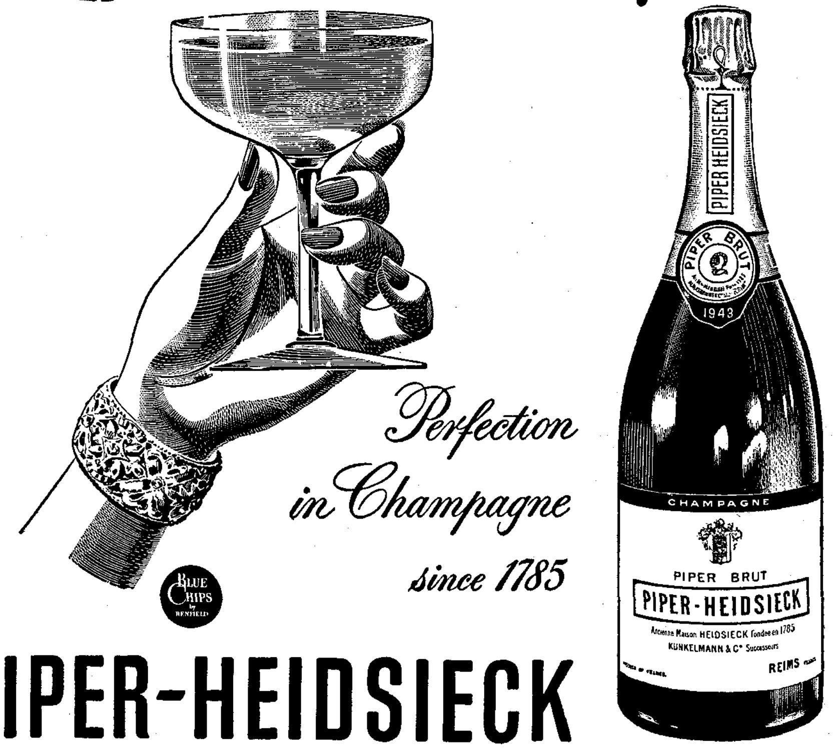
The Schulzes are one of more than a million families who own and enjoy RCA Victor Television.

It's MILLION PROOF Television—
proven in over a million homes

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television

PICK PIPER FOR PLEASURE!


Perfection in Champagne since 1785
BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1943
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
Ancienne Maison HEIDSIECK fondée en 1785
KUNKELMANN & Cie Successeurs
REIMS

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK

THE BEST RECORDING IS ONLY AS GOOD AS ITS REPRODUCTION!

REK-O-KUT
Recitalist
Portable 3-Speed High-Fidelity Phonograph
$199.95

PLAYS RECORDS FROM 6" TO 16" BROADCAST TRANSCRIPTIONS

The *Recitalist*, a truly professional-type instrument, is the ONLY full range three-speed portable phonograph that perfectly balances the response characteristic of amplifier, speaker and speaker enclosure—thereby eliminating all undesirable reverberations.

A microphone input enables "mixing" of live music or voice... or use as a high fidelity public address system.

The exclusive POLYPHONIC SELECTOR maintains tonal balance and equalization for the particular selection being played on any type of record.

We invite you to come in for a demonstration

G. SCHIRMER
IN NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd ST., MU 2-8100
IN B'KLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170

the world's finest sauce is naturally the most expensive -and worth it!

ESCOFFIER

SAUCE DIABLE
racy, spicy flavor
SAUCE ROBERT
unique delicate flavor
SAUCE MELBA
flavored with raspberry juice

The same sauces as created and served by world-renowned chef A. Escoffier—are available at the finest food stores and at restaurants on request.

Sole Agents in U.S.A.
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE
A. Escoffier
Julius WILE

lated a latent appetite among women for floral scents with a fruity overtone, and Nina Ricci's Fille d'Eve is one of the outstanding new contenders in this field, a slightly smoky business with a suggestion of peaches. This comes in a cloudy crystal apple designed by Lalique that reposes on the green satin lining of a wicker basket; $30, for an ounce and a third, and a very opulent gift for someone. Femme itself, which, as you may remember, took the perfume world by surprise when it was introduced three years ago, now comes in a handbag size—a dram of it in a globular white porcelain flask covered with black net—for $4.20.... Evyan, evidently contemplating the phenomenal success of her White Shoulders, decided to produce a first-cousin perfume, of a somewhat lighter and more nonchalant mien, and the result is Golden Shadows, which comes in a Christmassy bottle shaped like a bell, boxed in satin and gold lace, at $6 for a quarter ounce of the perfume; two ounces of the cologne are $3.30.... Germaine Monteil is now making and bottling her Laughter in France, and in doing so has made a new thing of it, infinitely brighter. A half-ounce bottle is $12.

Bergdorf Goodman's Fireworks is a neat example of how sweetness and flame can be blended into a very telling perfume. It comes in a purse size, tucked into a real-mink muff two inches long, the whole works packed in a miniature of the silvery Bergdorf hatbox, for $8.10.... Matchabelli's Beloved, a delicate flowery perfume, is contained in a pale-blue enamel-and-gilt crown; $6.60 a quarter ounce.... Lelong's No. 7, bright, fresh, and knowing, is sold as it comes from Paris, in a simple bottle in a plain cardboard box; two ounces for $10.80.

Among the revivals, first place must go to Patou's Cocktail Dry, a perfume that became a legend in the early thirties and probably will find new devotees in the fifties. It's a clever, alive scent, well described by its name; it even has the suggestion of a twist of lemon peel. A third of an ounce is $8.40.... Caron's Sweet Pea, a perfume that has always had a staunch following, is available in a one-ounce, thirty-dollar size. ... Patou's Moment Suprême cologne can be had in quart bottles ($30), and so can Lanvin's Arpège toilet water ($45), and either bottle, we assure you, is a downright overwhelming gift.

THE new ideas for the bath are endless. Elizabeth Arden's magnificent soaps—June Geranium and Blue

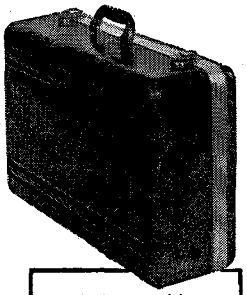
WON'T SCUFF! WON'T DENT!
Will Last a Lifetime!

FABULOUS
Fiberglas Luggage
by
Koch of California

As Featured by
B. ALTMAN & CO.
5th Ave., New York City

Weekender—or world traveller, you'll proclaim new Fiberglas Luggage, by Koch of California, the revolutionary luggage of the day! It's virtually shock proof—can be cleaned with steel wool—is the only luggage you can check without a cover—that can stand the abuse of air travel—will not dent, scuff or mildew. In six style-setting colors—a full variety of eight different sizes and models. Yet Koch Fiberglas costs no more than other luggage of quality!

No wonder more and more seasoned travellers are replacing old-style luggage with *Fiberglas—by Koch of California, 73 Beale Street, San Francisco.*

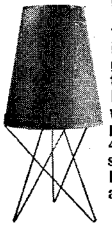


MODERN
furniture
lamps
fabrics
accessories

28" table lamp. Heavy gauge wire base. Shantung shade in red, green, chartreuse, beige. Also white parchment. 4-way switch. Exceptional at $9.50

Designer and decorator service available.

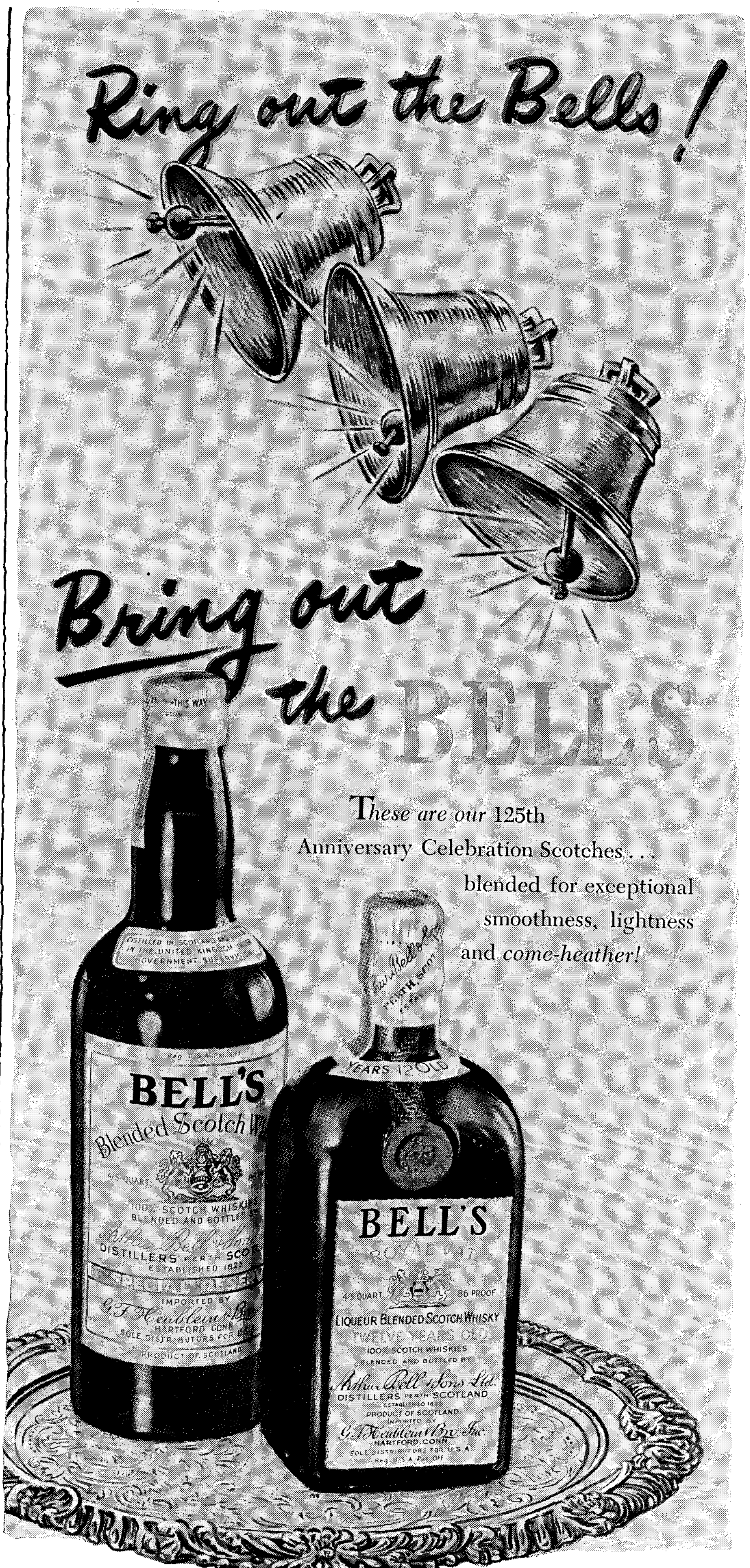
EUSTER ASSOCIATES • 104 E. 28 St., N.Y. • LE 2-5523



Theodore's
The Finest 4 E. 56th St.
ITALIAN DISHES
LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS, DINNER
Caterers to Italian Airlines
(L.A.I.)
Member Restaurant:
The Diners Club
Continuous Entertainment Nightly
at Le Ruban Bleu from 9:30
4 East 56th St. PLaza 3-6426
Le Ruban Bleu

Grass—are cut into great big hunks and piled one by one (five of them) into a tall plastic container that looks like a castle from a giant's chessboard; $5. . . . Either Guerlain's Iris soap, which isn't new, or its Jasmin soap, which is, costs $3 for three hand cakes. Guerlain's Geranium soap is $2.25 for three bars (made in England), and talcum powder in any of the six celebrated Guerlain fragrances is $2.40 for four ounces. Incidentally, Fleur de Feu, the lively success of last year, is available now in a bath oil; two-thirds of an ounce for $16.80. . . . Mary Chess's dusting powder, twelve ounces in a plastic box that's airtight and waterproof, and therefore safe from the splash of a shower, is $3.60, and a lamb's-wool puff is thrown in free; refills for this are $1.80. A Chess revival—a fat little plastic jar with a shaker top for small quantities of bath powder—comes boxed with a two-ounce bottle of toilet water for $3.90. . . . The bath-powder edition of Lanvin's Arpège appears in a handsome black-and-gold fourteen-and-a-half-ounce box, at $6. . . . Fabergé's bath powders, including Act IV, are each done up in an outsize, washable gold-and-white leatherette case, for $4.20.

Germaine Monteil's sachet, which is predominantly gardenia and is designed to scent a lady's skin or her clothes, comes in ounce jars, at $3.60, and two-ounce jars, at $6. A pair of Monteil colognes, Nostalgia and Laughter, in two-ounce glass jugs, are $4.20. . . . Another light, pretty sachet, Charles of the Ritz's Directoire—a set of four in a picture album, complete with


Ring out the Bells!
Bring out the BELL'S
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Arthur Bell & Sons
DISTILLERS PERTH SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1825
SPECIAL RESERVE
IMPORTED BY
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD CONN
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Arthur Bell & Sons Ltd.
DISTILLERS PERTH SCOTLAND
YEARS 12 OLD

These are our 125th
Anniversary Celebration Scotches . . .
blended for exceptional
smoothness, lightness
and *come-heather!*

86 PROOF G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn., sole agents for U. S. A.
Product of Arthur Bell & Sons. Ltd., Perth, Scotland. • *Established 1825.*

NOW OPEN!

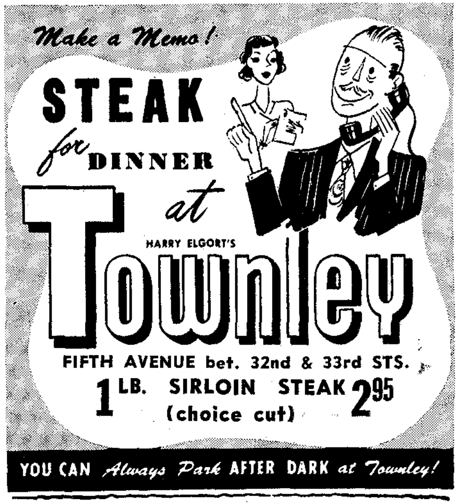
Magnificent View
Music and Cocktails

Open 4:30 till 9 every evening except Sunday.

For reservations call Circle 6-5800

Rainbow Room

65TH FLOOR • RCA BUILDING • ROCKEFELLER CENTER



STEAK for DINNER at

HARRY ELGORT'S

Townley

FIFTH AVENUE bet. 32nd & 33rd STS.

1 LB. SIRLOIN STEAK 2.95
(choice cut)

YOU CAN *Always Park* AFTER DARK *at Townley!*

PIERRE GRILL

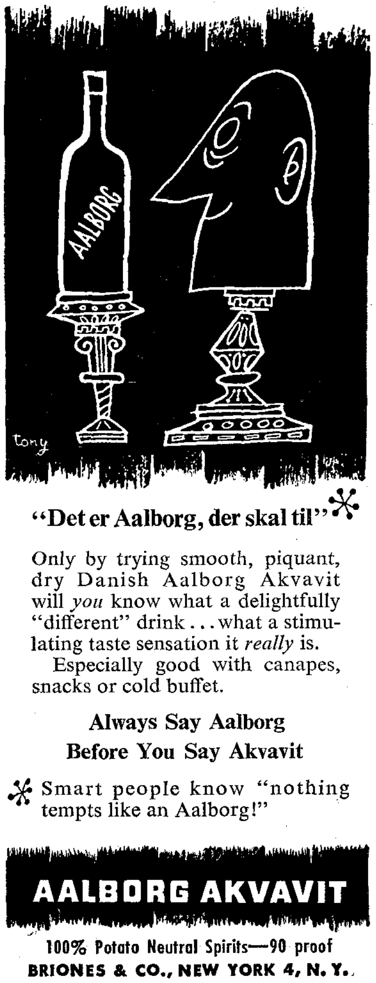
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served daily.

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays

Hotel Pierre
Fifth Avenue at 61st St.

Directoire-era pictures—is $4.20. . . . Shelley Marks' rich Pot Pourri, a spicily scented concoction of dried rosebuds, lavender, ground spices, and musk, will keep a room smelling heavenly for ages; a quart jar is $22.50.

NO one can outdo the cosmetics people when it comes to very elaborate, very festive, very extravagant Christmas wrappings, which ought to delight children as well as their mothers. Elizabeth Arden's trimming for her My Love perfume, for instance, has a Santa Claus popping out of a jack-in-the-box, and a heart-shaped bottle (about a quarter of an ounce) of the scent attached to the lid; $12. Arden's Guardsman, a towering fellow in her bluegrass color, wears a shako and has beneath his manly chest a four-ounce bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist; he costs $2.70. . . . Coty's Mam'selle, a pert Victorian doll under a plastic bell with a box of face powder under her feet and a one-dram flacon of any of Coty's perfumes stuck in her muff, costs $6. Another one-dram bottle of perfume comes in a small plastic globe of the earth, so detailed that it includes geographical features as small as continents, for $4.20. . . . Lelong, always handy at doing things up, presents Razzel Dazzel, a transparent plastic ball, tennis-ball size, containing a small bottle of perfume—Tailspin, say—set in a gold-metal gyroscopic swivel that holds the vial upright no matter how or where the ball rolls, or who rolls it; $7.80. . . . Charles of the Ritz has turned out a glittering Christmas-tree ornament that holds a purse-size bottle of his Directoire scent, and costs $4.20. . . . Mary Chess has a dangling ball, silvered or gilded, that is meant not for a tree but for a lapel; it is a pin and it is filled with practically any one of her matchless perfumes; $21.60. . . . Dana's widely admired colognes are nearly all available in solid form, in half-ounce containers, which, wrapped up with a refill, are $2.40 each. . . . Also for the purse is D'Orsay's Le Dandy, in a gold-colored drawstring bag—and in a bottle, too, of course—at $3.30. . . . A vial of Marie Earle's cheerful and ardent perfume Rallet No. 1, swathed in a fluffy swan's-down muff that's really a powder puff, is $2.40. . . . Gourielli's Five O'Clock eau de parfum, which is a first cousin to a cologne, and Here's How, which *is* a cologne, are presented in small (two-ounce) glass cocktail shakers, both in one package, for $7.20. . . . A half ounce of Lenthéric's rich floral Tweed is packed in a box that



"Det er Aalborg, der skal til"✻

Only by trying smooth, piquant, dry Danish Aalborg Akvavit will *you* know what a delightfully "different" drink . . . what a stimulating taste sensation it *really* is.
Especially good with canapes, snacks or cold buffet.

Always Say Aalborg
Before You Say Akvavit

✻ Smart people know "nothing tempts like an Aalborg!"

AALBORG AKVAVIT

100% Potato Neutral Spirits—90 proof
BRIONES & CO., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

AMERICA HOUSE

A MUST FOR THE SHOPPER WHO SEEKS THE UNUSUAL
Gifts

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

32 EAST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK

Cortile

37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.

Cocktail Bar

Breakfast starts 8 A.M.

An Old World Spot in New York Just off 5th Ave.
Banquet Facilities

à la carte	**75¢ up**
Luncheon	**55¢ up**
Dinner	**$1.00 up**

Alexis & Betty *present their*
CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS

Two Guitars

Superb Food • Gypsy Music
Dynamic Floor Shows
244 East 14th Street
Reservations: OR 3-5335

resembles a small bureau drawer and has a wobbling Santa head on top; $6.60. . . . De Markoff's clip-on vial of Tribute perfume, for your more absent-minded friends, hooks onto the pocket of a purse like a pen, so that it can't get lost; $4.20 for a dram. . . . Revlon's lipsticks, whether of ordinary length or extra long, are done up as snowmen, snow children, or other merry and seemly Christmas figures. Many of these lipsticks have mirrors on top, and cost, in their holiday costumes, from seventy-eight cents to $1.98. Revlon's Quiltie, a small but excellent manicure set in a quilted plastic case with tiny silver-metal studs, is $2.97, and a comprehensive manicure set in a long, narrow red leather case is $14.25. . . . Peggy Sage's top manicure case this year, a flat red leather one, has a soft pad to hold the implements in place and could double as a jewel case on overnight trips; $22.88.

IF you have someone down on your list for a compact, take a look at Mary Dunhill's gold-tooled-leather powder case, shaped like a book. It contains that windshield-wiper arrangement that polishes off the mirror when the lid is raised; $10 in plain leather, or $12 in gold metal with jewelled corners. . . . Marie Earle's sterling-silver compact, small and square, and filled with cake powder (another revival, by the way), has a repoussé ballet dancer posturing on the lid; this and a fluted lipstick to match cost $18, and are, to press the obvious, a good idea for the young balletomane in your circle. . . . Charles of the Ritz's evening bag, in the likeness of an opulent red velvet mitten of giant size, is decorated with gold-metal fringe, gold braid, and pearl embroidery, and contains a compact, a lipstick, and a bit of Directoire perfume; $29. . . . For your travelling friends (who seem to be getting a lot of consideration these days), Frances Denney has a zipper box bag of tan imitation cowhide, fitted up with four basic cosmetics in plastic jars and bottles, and big enough (ten inches by seven) to serve as a large handbag or a minute overnight bag, with room for, say, a paperback mystery, a toothbrush, and a pack of cigarettes; $15. . . . Dorothy Gray's overnight case, in imitation alligator, has cosmetics in a half tray that comes up as the lid is raised and leaves plenty of space for a robe and a nightgown; $33. . . . Hudnut's overnight bag, in rawhide, keeps itself free of cosmetics and make-up, these being lodged in a small sepa-

FROM FRANCE
FOR GRACIOUS LIVING

Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Triple Orange
Paris
France
'Grand Finale!'

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
80 Proof

Write for Grand Marnier Selected Recipes to

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD
693 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.
Sole Agent in U.S.

It's better to give AND to receive!

For Him
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
HARWOOD'S
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

When [illegible] will do give [illegible] in the [illegible]

HARWOOD'S
Canadian
Canada's Finest Whisky

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY [illegible] PROOF
H. HARVEY CO. [illegible] BALTIMORE, MD.

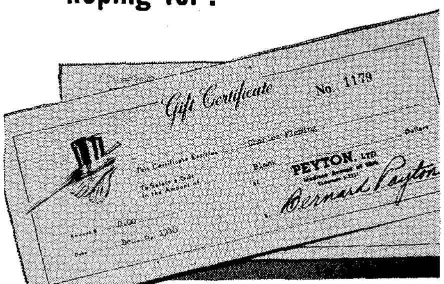
rate bag of the same stuff that can be used as a handbag on occasion; $39 fetches them both.

Grab Bag

FOR the convenience of those people who have a horror of big places and crowds—and for our own convenience, since we haven't been able to find any other place to squeeze in the likely Christmas presents these stores offer—we offer a scattering of small shops that you may not have chanced upon before. We also submit some last-minute gleanings from a few of the larger stores.

Americraft, at 903 First Avenue (51st), has one-of-a-kind mobiles—artful complexes of bronze wire tipped with flat plastic oddments in bright colors—that might delight a lover of modern stuff, if you can contrive a way to wrap one of the things up. Some are ready to be hung from the ceiling, and others, which are newer, are standing models, a foot high and a foot in diameter; $7.50 and up. . . . The latest of those well-known French costume dolls are from the Auvergne, as is plain to see from their green felt dresses and their silly little straw hats; an eight-inch Auvergnat is $6.75, at the Librairie de France, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th). . . . For small fry, Jane Engel, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), has copies of Brooks Brothers' pink cotton broadcloth shirts; $2.98, in sizes 8 to 12. . . . An authentic reproduction of a Maine lobster shack—if you are wondering what to do about a six-year-old Down East fisherman this Christmas—is six inches tall, built on piles half an inch high, and painted bright red, and it comes with a small gray pier, a rowboat, three traps that couldn't catch lobsters more than an inch long, and a supply of lobster floats; all this is made of wood and costs $5, at the Children's Corner, 101 Greenwich Avenue (12th). . . . Another wooden toy house, about the same size, is a bank, with a small Swedish girl doll out front, holding a tray. The weight of a penny, dropped into the tray, is enough to whirl her around, whereupon the coin slides into a slot and is stored away until the bank is opened with a screwdriver. This is $3, at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th). . . . Dupins, at 312 East 72nd Street, has unusual doodads for any house, such as a copper warming pan, five and a half inches in diameter, with a candle inside to keep a coffeepot or teapot warm; pretty and practical, and $9.95. . . . A scale-model utility truck, two feet long, has a trapdoor on the roof and a bucket

Know what he's REALLY hoping for?



A CHRISTMAS CERTIFICATE FROM
PEYTON, LTD.

Imports from England and Scotland . . . the nicest way to real gift perfection! CASHMERE SWEATERS • HOSE • NECKWEAR • SHIRTS • SILK DRESSING GOWNS • SMOKING COATS • PAJAMAS • SLIPPERS • LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS • GLOVES • BRACES • MUFFLERS • DAKS TROUSERS • SPORT JACKETS • and *lots more!*

Madison Avenue at 58th
ELdorado 5-3331

"The Undiscovered Pearl of the Caribbean"

GALLEON BEACH LODGE

GRAND CAYMAN, B.W.I.

Luxury Accommodations
All Overlooking the Blue Caribbean on the Finest Beach in the West Indies
Full American Plan **$12 per Day**
Sailing • Yachting • Deepsea & Lagoon Fishing • Hunting • French Cuisine • Cocktail Lounge • Calypso Music • Dancing
Unique—Unspoiled—Uncrowded—Unhurried
4 hours from Tampa by Non-Stop Flight. Round Trip $80 + tax
See Your Travel Agent or
Atlantic International Hotel Service
Essex House, New York 19
Circle 5-6727

Nick and Arnold present

EDITH PIAF

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

Versailles

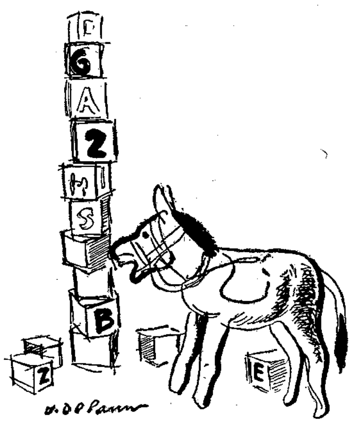
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

Crillon

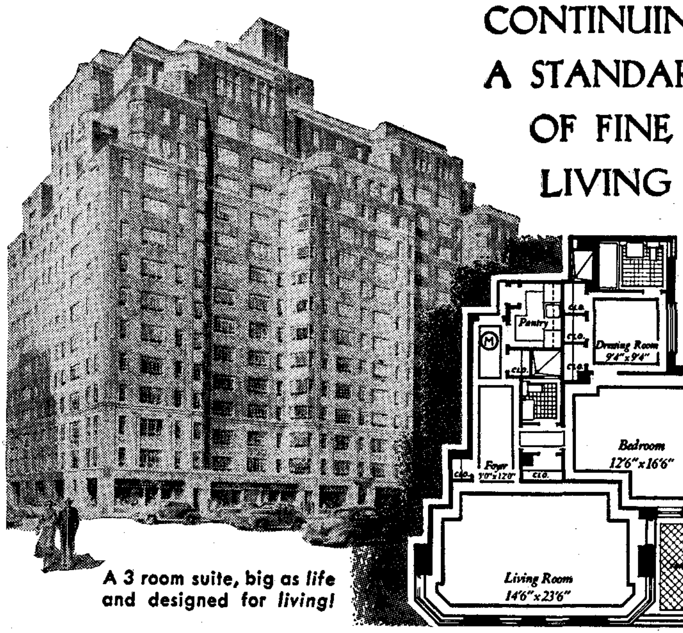
RESTAURANT

Finest Continental Cuisine at popular prices
closed Sun. & holidays
277 Park Ave. • PL 5-3727 • 116 E. 48 St.

loader on the back end, and costs $4.95, at the Toy Mart, in the concourse at 630 Fifth Avenue (50th).... Kendall-Smith, at 7 East 55th Street, converts old coins and medals into jewelry. Bracelets of old Dutch and other European coins, mostly dated around 1620, fetch $24. He also has many small medals of the Napoleonic era, when, apparently, somebody was decorated every day. As earrings they do admirably; $10 a pair.... Among the appealing bits of lingerie to be found at Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), is a handmade Empire nightgown in white or blue silk crêpe embroidered with red strawberries; $19.50. The slip to match is $14.50; pants are $8.95.... India Arts & Crafts, at 14 East 56th Street, is offering colored-cord necklaces strung with gold-metal khari leaves and ponchi beads ($10.80), and clusters of brass bells, strung on colored cords and designed for necks, wrists, and—in India, at least—ankles ($11.70). There are exceptional dolls here, too—rajahs, Hindu mothers, and the like—that are eleven inches tall (or taller) and sell for $25 (and steeper); these are collectors' items, not playthings.... Six patterns for doll-size dresses, some of them copied from the Butterick books, and a foot-high rubber mannequin, not unlike the ones used by professional designers, are among the equipment in a new kit for precocious fashion experts, which can be had for $2.98 at any of the Singer stores—396 Fifth Avenue (36th Street) is the address of one. A new miniature Singer sewing machine, with replaceable parts and a simplified threading procedure, is $12.75, and a carrying case for it is $3.49.... Brass earrings, polished to look like gold, that curve around the back of the ear and have a Mercury wing at the top and a star with three smaller stars dangling from it at the lobe are to be found at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd); $6.... At Berg-



CONTINUING
A STANDARD
OF FINE
LIVING



A 3 room suite, big as life and designed for living!

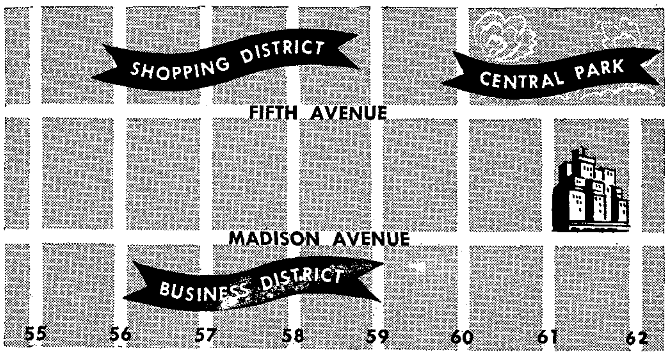
Carlton House
MADISON AVENUE 61st TO 62nd STREETS

NEW YORK'S DISTINGUISHED NEW RESIDENCE

The traditions of the Ritz-Carlton live on in the new Carlton House which has been designed for the utmost in urbane comfort.

- *165 suites (many fully furnished) range in size from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 rooms*
- *Unique construction assures a maximum of terraced, corner rooms*
- *Private service pantry in each suite*
- *Convenient private driveway and off-street parking area*
- *Ritz-staffed Restaurant • Ritz Bar*
- *Entire House staffed by Ritz personnel*
- *Full hotel service*

TO BE OPERATED BY THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL COMPANY
J. O. Stack, President • Frank L. Swadley, Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
RENTING OFFICE IN THE RITZ-CARLTON
Madison Ave. at 46th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Call Murray Hill 8-3000



A delightfully convenient location... just a few steps from the Park.

After Dinner

a DRAM* of DRAMBUIE

The only cordial with a Scotch whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet.

* *DRAM. A small drink. When it's Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.*

dorf Goodman, there is a mechanical chick, just arrived from Paris, who is as fat as a quail, and wears, instead of feathers, long, fluffy yellow fur that waves around crazily as he hops across the rug; $4.95. . . . Clairmont-Nichols, of 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), comes up with eyeglass cases made of unborn-calf hide, with hand-whipped edges. These bear all sorts of markings—some almost white, some mottled, and some almost black; $5, and just fine for a sportswoman. . . . At 727 Madison Avenue (64th), British Tweeds have enchanting wool tartan overalls for children (sizes 1 to 8), with waistbands elasticized at the back; $16.50 to $21.50, depending on size, and there are thirty tartans to choose from. Matching Glengarries are $7.50. . . . The Poodle Specialty Shop, 971 First Avenue (53rd), caters to the whimseys of poodles and their friends. A red or green rubber bone, scented with chocolate, which crackles like a real bone when gnawed, costs ninety cents. High-style leather leashes are two-toned: royal blue and red, Shocking and royal blue, or chartreuse or luggage tan with green; these are $4, and matching collars are $4.25.

•

CHRISTMAS COMES TO THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Good will toward men!
We needn't, then,
Define "appoggiatura,"
"Fugue episode," "the Lydian mode,"
"The aria di bravura."
Clefs and staves, farewell:
We sing Noël, Noël!

Erase the boards of numbered chords,
Of "dominant" and "tonic."
Today let no "solfeggio"
Stay music more euphonic:
Hail, dismissal bell!
Ring out Noël, Noël!

—BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN

•

Clare Luce wrote a political story titled "A Spark in the Night," with many scenes behind the Iron Curtain. It never quite jelled, but that title will be used on a sequel to "Come to the Stable," which 20th Century bought. Sam Engel will produce, with Loretta Young and Celeste Holm playing the roles they created. The two nuns, in the sequel, move on to Hiroshima after the atom bomb falls, but the story will have a comedy approach similar to the original picture.—*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times.*

We're laughing already.

THE NEW Persian Room

VICTOR BORGE
PIANIST-HUMORIST
ARTINI & CONSUELO
DANCING
DICK LASALLE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MARK MONTE AND HIS CONTINENTALS

Two shows nightly . . . 9:30 and 12:15. Cover after 9:30—$2. Saturdays—$2.50. Closed Sundays. SOMETHING NEW—a special Persian Room Luncheon at $2.50.

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

FREE SKI GUIDE

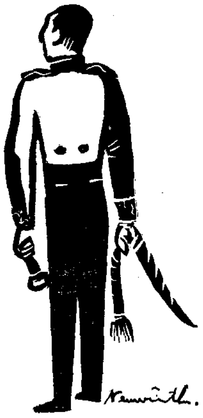
Complete information on all 68 New York State ski centers. New 1951 edition contains 56 illustrated pages packed with valuable ski data. Gives length, width and vertical drop of trails and slopes—locations, types and rates of all ski tows—detailed map of each ski center shows roads to trails and slopes—lists sources for information on resorts, hotels, inns and lodges—tells how to get there by car, train, bus or plane. To get this big, helpful free guide book, send postcard requesting FREE SKI GUIDE to New York State Department of Commerce, Rm. 370, 112 State Street, Albany 7, N. Y.

When impressions count . . . DINE AT THE Town House
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
BAR SERVICE to 2 A. M.
THE Town House 38th ST., E. of PARK AVE. NEW YORK
AIR CONDITIONED Carl C. Masson, Mgr.

Elizabeth Norman
Southern FRIED CHICKEN
MAN SIZED PLANK STEAKS
A Charming Colonial Landmark
"SMART SET RENDEZVOUS"
Luncheon—Cocktails—Dinner
1043 Madison Ave. (79-80 St.) RE. 4-9622

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Renoir, Pagnol, Rossellini



A TRIO of fairly short films, directed by Jean Renoir, Marcel Pagnol, and Roberto Rossellini, makes up a Franco-Italian divertissement that has been given the comprehensive title of "Ways of Love." The conjunction of these masters of movie bravura has resulted in a picture that I'm sure almost everyone will enjoy. As you might expect, the three items differ widely in mood. Renoir is alternately jaunty and gentle on the subject of a Parisian mother and daughter who are undone by a couple of romantic boatmen in the course of a visit to the country; Pagnol is marvellously funny in describing an ancient farmer who has sold an orchard but protects the old and barren trees in it by threatening suicide every time the new owner tries to lay a hand on them; and Rossellini is endlessly sympathetic in a story about a madwoman of Naples who is beset with the delusion that a stranger who has seduced her is St. Joseph and the child she will bear is of holy stock.

In this last film, entitled "The Miracle," and based on a story by Federico Fellini, Anna Magnani, who plays the madwoman, succeeds in exciting compassion in a role that a lesser actress would probably have reduced to ludicrous dimensions, but the picture suffers, I fear, because it winds up with no real resolution of the problem it has posed. The French contributions, far less grim in content, are, on the other hand, as neatly framed as anyone could wish. Renoir's selection, adapted from a story by Guy de Maupassant called "Une Partie de Campagne," is perhaps a trifle long and is much too liberally endowed with English subtitles, but the genial spoofing of the Parisian bourgeoisie is entertaining indeed, and the boatmen in charge of making a day in the country memorable for a mother and daughter have nicely contrasting techniques in matters of the heart. Situated between Renoir and Rossellini is the work of Pagnol, and I think it is the best of the lot. It is called "Jofroi," it comes from a story by Jean Giono,

Gift Certificate

Give your children a Christmas gift to help meet tomorrow's needs—and opportunities

Today you can give the young people on your Christmas list a *real* gift that may help them in the future. You can aid them (and obtain important tax advantages for yourself) by presenting each with a gift of Mutual Fund shares, before the end of the year.

Mutual Funds are currently paying dividends in varying amounts. They represent convenient ownership in a selected investment account holding many securities, selected and managed by trained professionals. Each purchase of shares carries with it free, a beautifully designed Gift Certificate to be presented at Christmas time.

Write today for complete details on how a selected Mutual Fund and Gift Certificate can provide an admirable solution to your "important" gift problem. Just complete the coupon to receive our special brochure containing full information.

KIDDER, PEABODY & CO.
FOUNDED 1865
Members New York Stock and Curb Exchanges
• *Uptown Office* 10 East 45th Street, New York 17 *MUrray Hill 2-7190*

GENTLEMEN: Please send me your Christmas Brochure and information about Mutual Fund investing. I am interested in Funds whose management aims accord with the following objectives:

☐ Conservative income ☐ Capital growth ☐ More current income

I ☐ am ☐ am not interested in automatic reinvestment of dividends.

Name..

Address.. NY

Note: Information is for our guidance only and does not insure achievement of objective.

Lighter!
FOX HEAD "400" BEER
brewed with waukesha water
Fox Head "400" beer

Fox Head Brewing Company, Waukesha, Wisconsin

LOOK
INSIDE
A
"BLUE CHIP"

You should look closely at all securities, even those regarded as "blue chips." A high rating gained in former years is a favorable factor, but should not in itself be allowed to substitute for current analysis. Strive always to act on the basis of a stock's *present* merit.

Dreyfus & Co.
TODAY'S METHODS FOR TODAY'S MARKETS

Members: New York Stock Exchange • New York Curb Exchange
Leading Commodity Exchanges
50 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.
Telephone: WHITEHALL 3-4140 • Teletype: NY 1-1301

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 18, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for
☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions 1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$11.00
Canada . . . . 1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 13.00
Latin America and Spain 1 year— 7.50; 2 years— 12.00
Other Foreign . . . . 1 year—10.00; 2 years— 17.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________
(Please include postal zone number)

and it displays once again Pagnol's enormous talent for developing high humor from simple situations. As the farmer who sells his beloved orchard, Vincent Scotto is hilarious, and Henri Poupon is almost as funny as the frustrated purchaser.

THE mad scientist, a figure the movies have been neglecting of late, is with us once more in "Seven Days to Noon," an English film that includes in its cast a good part of the population of London. The picture shows us what might happen if a man in a secret-weapons laboratory got the notion that making bombs was no way to employ himself, pinched one of the infernal machines, and threatened the government with destruction of London if it didn't agree to stop producing the things. Since, in these days of low-budget pictures, it's rather hard to believe that Professor Willingdon, the mad scientist in question, will actually be allowed by the script to blow up the city, the film struck me as being less suspenseful than it might have been if the Professor had chosen a smaller target and, possibly, a less lethal persuader. Nevertheless, the movie is tremendously convincing in its demonstration of how London might be evacuated in such a crisis, and the shots of deserted streets after the population has presumably left the area are utterly realistic and terribly depressing.

In the role of the Professor, Barry Jones does an excellent job, neatly combining an air of scientific efficiency and over-all battiness, and as an actress named Goldie, whom the Professor joins up with while waiting around for the Prime Minister's answer to his ultimatum, Olive Sloane is skillfully comic.

"KIM," the Kipling tale about the little white boy in brownface who had such a hell of a time working for the Empire in India, has come to the screen, which ought to be a cause for rejoicing but isn't. This version, with Dean Stockwell as Kim, is full of fine shots of India, taken on the spot, but the picture itself is leaden. Somehow, as directed by Victor Saville, the thing has no conviction, and adventures that used to stir the heart emerge as insipid inventions in Technicolor. Besides Master Stockwell, this unfortunate enterprise has Errol Flynn, as the dashing Mahbub Ali, and Paul Lukas, as the Lama. Neither of them seems very much at home in India.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN·KENTUCKY
OLD FORESTER

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:
"There is nothing better in the market."

OLD FORESTER
OLD FORESTER

Now! *Two* Ways to Say "Merry Christmas" with Famous Bonded OLD FORESTER

A sparkling new Old Forester decanter! A famous gift-boxed bottle! Either way you give, you may be sure you are giving the elegant flavor—the traditional quality that has made Old Forester *America's Guest Whisky* since 1870!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE

—the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!

Founded in 1840
P&T
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The PREMIUM Whiskey at a POPULAR Price!

For those who prefer a *light* and *mellow* whiskey, we recommend Park & Tilford RESERVE as the *superlative* example and the *incomparable* value. These are the attributes that have long made it an American favorite.

P&T
FOUNDED 1840

"The Blend of Experience"

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

THE RACE TRACK

Hollywood Gold

WITH somewhat mixed emotions—mostly annoyance—I am able to report to you that Noor won the Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park last weekend. For a change, I did the race by radio, which sometimes can be fun, but I'm afraid the Gold Cup broadcast can't be regarded as a work of art. The announcer did tell us at intervals who was leading, and who the next couple of runners were (there were eight starters), and the position of Noor, which I daresay was all that California listeners wanted to know anyway. But he didn't tell us, and I didn't find out until I got the chart of the race, that Palestinian, who finished second, led through most of the stretch—news that I'm sure would have delighted, if only momentarily, lots of people hereabouts, because the horse is trained by Hirsch Jacobs, who has a big local following. The announcer mentioned Hill Prince only once, and casually, before Hill Prince came in third, and he never got straightened out about the sex of Next Move, who was fourth, and who was in the lead for more than a mile. He kept calling the animal "he." If he'd looked at his program, he'd have learned that Next Move is a filly. I am going into all this at such length only because I feel that if races are broadcast at all, the broadcasts should be at least as informative as— well, the newsreels, which give you practically nothing.

By and large, the Gold Cup must have been a good show. Certainly it brought together as fine a collection of runners as they've had in California since the first Santa Anita Handicap, in 1935. Incidentally, Noor did the mile and a quarter in 1:59⅘, a track record—his second in a fortnight; he ran a mile and a furlong there in 1:48 a couple of weeks ago. Hollywood Park must be almost as fast as Golden Gate Fields.

WHETHER Noor is the top handicap horse is not a question that was hanging in the balance until the Gold Cup. He already had been voted the handicap horse of the year in three polls. Early last week, Next Move's owner, Alfred Vanderbilt, who came

★ MONTEGO BAY
★ KINGSTON
★ HAVANA
★ SAN JUAN
★ BARBADOS
★ TRINIDAD

FLY 1000 ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

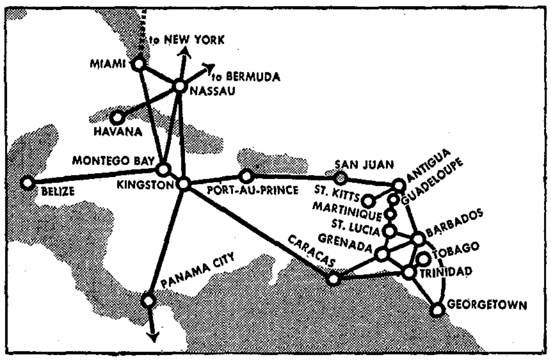
NEW YORK to MONTEGO BAY (JAMAICA) $236 80 plus tax ROUND TRIP

via Miami—only 6¾ hrs. flying time

Daily Flights—leave New York on Eastern Airlines, connect at Miami with B.O.A.C.—then fly directly to Montego Bay and Kingston, Jamaica.

B·O·A·C covers the CARIBBEAN—flies to all leading resorts

See your TRAVEL AGENT for expert travel service



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

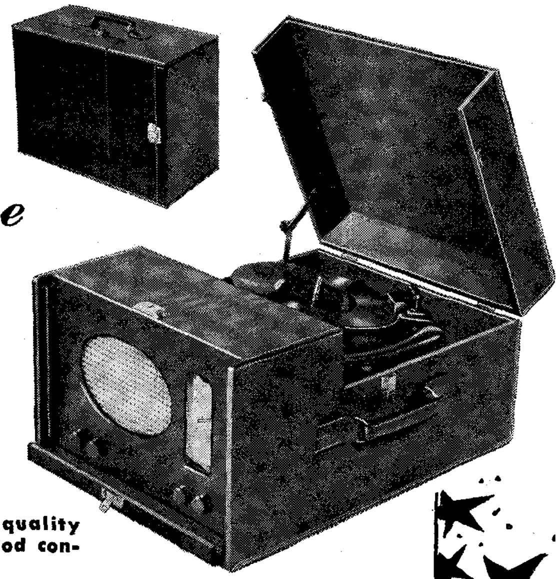
Services operated by British West Indian Airways

Reservations through your Travel Agent or call B.O.A.C.

with the 1951 *Libertyphone*

MUSIC GOES WITH YOU

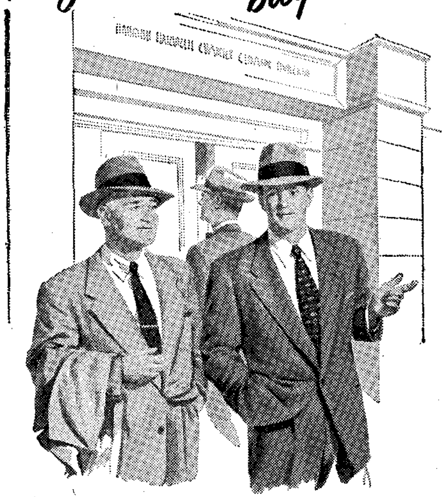
With its Garrard 3-speed automatic record-changer and the famous G-E Variable Reluctance pickup, 8-inch speaker and standard and short-wave radio, the *Libertyphone*—in smart airplane cloth or rich genuine leather finish—is wonderful for travel or home use. It has tone quality equivalent to a good console instrument.



LIBERTY★ *Music Shops*

MADISON AVE. at 50th ST. · MADISON AVE. at 67th ST.
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST. (HOTEL CARLYLE)
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Genuine Leather finish—$259 50
(phonograph only) $169 50
(Suntan—Ginger—Rawhide—Black)
Airplane Cloth finish — $199 50
(phonograph only) $129 50



"They don't try to sell you— They try to help you buy!..."

VERY OFTEN that's enough to describe the difference between stores you like—and the stores you don't.

It's the kind of thing we like people to say about us, too. Because here at Merrill Lynch that's always been our goal in serving investors.

Of course, any good salesman knows his merchandise. So the men who deal with our customers *are* thoroughly familiar with the "stock on our shelves".

They've had years of experience in helping people select the most suitable securities for particular objectives . . . can usually show you any number of stocks that might suit yours.

They'll tell you what's good and what's bad about them, too—can always count on a Merrill Lynch Research Department, nearly seventy strong, to keep their facts and information fresh.

More often than not, we think you'll probably find exactly what you want. But if you don't, that's perfectly all right, too.

We won't try to sell you. We *will* try to help you buy!

Department SB-84

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 97 Cities

back from the Coast for the annual meeting of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations (at which he was elected president), remarked that he had seldom seen an animal improve as much in a month as Noor had since his return to California. No doubt about it, Noor coruscated in the Gold Cup, making his run through the last quarter and winning comfortably by a length. It seems that this was his last race, his owners, the Charles Howard family, having decided to retire him at the end of the year. It was a profitable farewell, for Noor's share of the purse, $100,000, gave him a total of $346,940 for the season and put him first on the list of winners. Apparently, California agrees with Palestinian, too. As for Next Move, who set such a fast early pace (she ran the mile in 1:35), in my book she's still something extra.

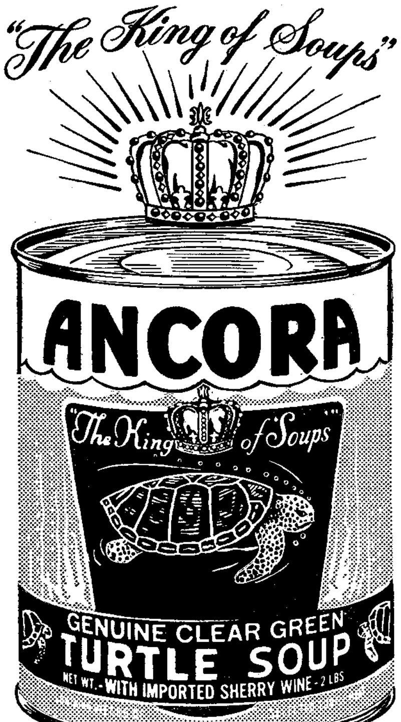
I may be about to excite the pitying scorn of many, but I should like to give Hill Prince full marks. He carried a hundred and thirty pounds, the same weight as Noor, who is five years old, and, if memory serves, no three-year-old in this country has ever before carried such poundage in a race with top-notch older horses at a mile and a quarter. It was sporting of C. T. Chenery, who owns Hill Prince, to run him; several other stables, which shall be nameless, wouldn't have accepted the weight even for a go at such a big purse. From all I can gather, what did Hill Prince in wasn't the weight but his usual bad racing luck. Arcaro, who rode him, kept him close to the rails, and, of course, Hill Prince was blocked at a critical moment. That must be old stuff to him by now.

THE most interesting news from Miami last week was that the Florida Racing Commission has granted a temporary jockey license to Don Meade, who was set down five years ago in Mexico, and he's going to ride at Tropical Park. There'll be a pretty how-de-do over that, I can tell you, because Meade hasn't been reinstated by the Mexican Racing Commission, and up to now, the two commissions have always honored each other's disciplinary rulings. I'm not in the least sentimental about jockeys, but I hope things can be worked out. Meade was a good rider. —AUDAX MINOR

•

HYMN 326 "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" (Congregation seated)
—Program of a church in South Haven, Mich.

Now, wait a minute. . . .


"The King of Soups"
ANCORA
The King of Soups
GENUINE CLEAR GREEN TURTLE SOUP
NET WT.-WITH IMPORTED SHERRY WINE-2 LBS

Famed Ancora Genuine Clear Green Turtle Soup . . . acknowledged by epicures as the peer of soups. Made from giant deep sea Caribbean turtles. Especially seasoned and blended by master chefs with imported Sherry wine and laced with pieces of succulent turtle.

Obtainable at Quality Food Stores

MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC., *Mfr.*
137 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

MIAMI

A distinguished hotel in a quiet, park-like setting . . . convenient to beaches and all attractions. Season December to May.

EARLY SEASON RATES

***Single:* $5 - $6 - $8 - $10**

***Double:* $8 - $10 - $12 - $14**

THE
VENETIAN
ON THE BAYFRONT

Reservations Advised

ON THROUGH ROUTES TO ALL ATTRACTIONS • AMPLE PARKING

WRITE FOR FOLDER

FIREWORKS AT CHRISTMAS

ANYONE brought up in the South knows that both Christmas and the Fourth of July can be occasions for setting off fireworks. In fact, in the small town in northern Louisiana where I spent my boyhood, in the early part of the century, Christmas was favored, and I never heard a firecracker at any other time.

In the North, of course, fireworks are traditionally reserved for the Fourth. Last Independence Day, when I was visiting friends in a beach colony on Long Island Sound, in Connecticut, I had a good chance to compare Yankee pyrotechnics with those of my old home town. The display I witnessed was not a big, unified one, such as I had seen at Coney Island and other beaches in the North. Instead, almost every house had its own small supply of fireworks and set them off independently. Up and down the beach, neighbors tried to surpass each other in achieving spectacular effects of light and color. The rivalry was the main thing this local Fourth of July celebration had in common with the celebrations I remember.

Every Christmas, in the town of Grayson, where I grew up, keen competition developed between my young neighbors and me to see whose fireworks would produce not the most arresting visual display but the most noise. At that time, Roman candles were so expensive as to be rare and the cost of rockets was prohibitive. Firecrackers were the thing.

The smallest ones, at the time of the Christmas contest I remember best, were the red Chinese one-inchers that came in five-cent packets of twenty or thirty, with interwoven fuses. The two-, four-, and six-inchers were sold in thin cardboard boxes that cost, respectively, five, ten, and fifteen cents each and contained, respectively, ten, eight, and five red crackers. The yellow eight-inch cannons were not available in my town that Christmas but could be bought in Columbia, the parish seat, five miles away, at the staggering cost of fifteen cents each. It was reported that ten-inch super-cannons could be purchased, for fifty cents, in Monroe, the metropolis of northern Louisiana. Firearms, which some people used to celebrate Christmas, didn't count in our competition. The roaring boom of shotguns and the trailing crack of rifles were too familiar the year around.

My rivals that year were my Cousin Malcolm Grayson, who was spending the holiday down the street from me, at the home of his paternal Grandfather Grayson, unrelated to me, for whom the town was named; and a boy named Wardlaw, called Wardie, who lived across the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks from Grandfather Blackman, with whom I lived. When Malcolm visited in town, he seldom stayed with Grandfather Blackman. His Grandpa Grayson had more money and was more indulgent than our mutual Grandpa Blackman, who had little liking for wasteful fripperies and none for noise.

I had good reason, then, to fear that Malcolm would be loaded for the firecracker contest, which was to take place after dark on Christmas Eve. I knew that Wardie, whose father was a well-to-do sawmill owner, would be adequately supplied. My limited yuletide budget allowed only seventy-five cents for fireworks, and I didn't see how I could hold my own.

I WAS brooding aloud about this one day a week or so before Christmas while I was helping Grandpa Blackman gather a wagonload of pine knots in the wooded land back of our house. I hoped he might be able to let me have an extra dollar, or at least show me how I could yet earn such a sum. He nodded in his preoccupied way while I explained my problem and the humiliation I would suffer if I should be outbanged too badly by Wardie and Malcolm, especially the latter. I suspected that my grandfather was not too fond of Cousin Malcolm.

Finally, after we got back into the wagon and I drove on, he gave me his full attention and asked, "The main purpose is noise, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said eagerly, "but it's got to be explosive noise. Not just clatter, and not guns."

"Turn in here," he said.

I turned our horse, old Black, into a trail that led to Hurricane Creek, which wound through our property. For a quarter of a mile, at this point, both its banks were lined with thick stands of bamboo canes, as straight as fence pickets

MARTINI & ROSSI
ITALIA
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
S.A. MARTINI & ROSSI TORINO
BLUE CHIPS

For Marvelous Martinis!

MARTINI & ROSSI

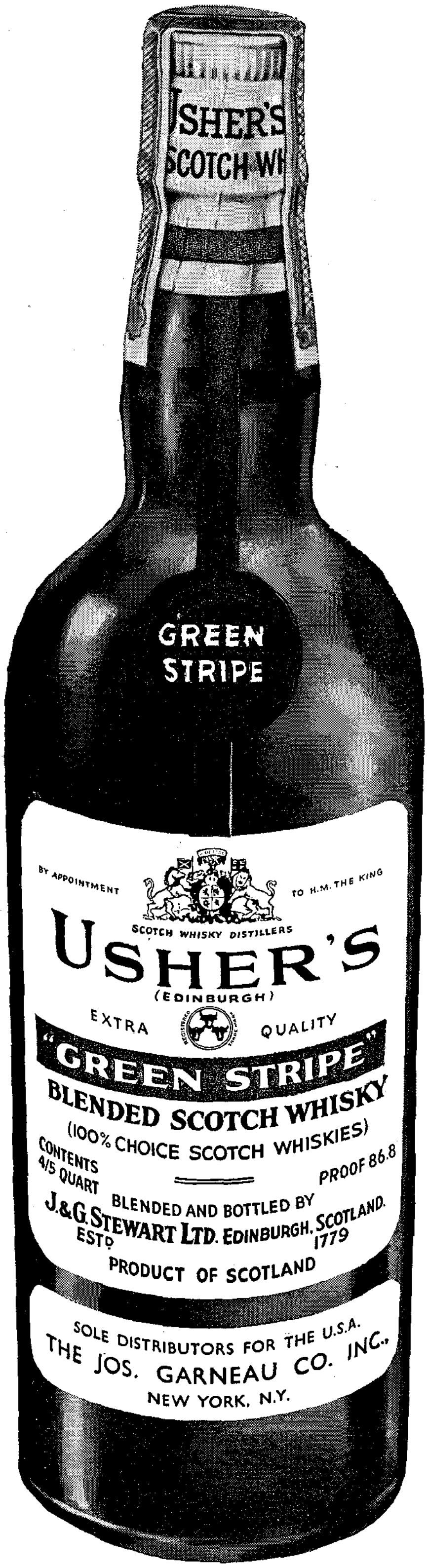
IMPORTED VERMOUTH

Made in Italy from the Original 100 Year Old secret formula!

"It's great when you drink it straight"
(served chilled with lemon peel)

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

Insist on
USHER'S
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1779


USHER'S SCOTCH WH
GREEN STRIPE
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
USHER'S
(EDINBURGH)
EXTRA QUALITY
"GREEN STRIPE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
(100% CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKIES)
CONTENTS 4/5 QUART
PROOF 86.8
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
J.&G. STEWART LTD. EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
ESTD 1779
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

PIONEER IN THE ART OF
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

and some of them more than twenty feet tall. They made splendid fishing poles.

"Cut down three or four of those," my grandfather directed.

I was bursting to ask questions, but I knew better. I took an axe from the wagon bed and cut down four canes of fairly good size. When I brought them back to the wagon, I found that my grandfather had got out and built a hot fire of pine knots. It was a clear, cold day, and the fire felt good. When it reached its peak, my grandfather picked up one of the canes by the small end and poked the bottom joint into the fire. I watched, fascinated.

"Stand back, son," he said. I stood back.

Suddenly he lifted the large end of the cane high into the cold air. There was an explosion that either knocked my cap off or startled me into jumping out from under it. The noise was the equivalent of a good eight-incher, if I ever heard one. My grandfather, smiling, lowered the cane, and I saw that it was split nearly half its length.

"How'd you do that?" I demanded excitedly. "What caused that?"

He explained that the heat of the fire vaporized the sap in the joint, which was sealed off from the next joint, and that the sudden thrust into cold air had produced the explosion.

"Now you try it," he suggested.

Somewhat fearfully, I seized a cane and poked the large end into the fire. My grandfather watched it intently, and I watched him.

"Now!" he said.

I was too late. Before I could jerk the cane into the air, there was a hissing sound, and I saw that the bottom joint had quietly come apart, allowing the vaporized sap to escape.

"You got to watch it," he explained. "When it first begins to shrivel and to curl a little, that's the time to give it the cold air."

I followed his directions on the next attempt and was rewarded with a wildly satisfying explosion. The fourth cane also shattered loudly, and I snatched up the axe.

"Time for coffee," my grandfather said, stopping me. He then asked, "Does that give you any notions for Christmas?"

"It sure does," I said happily. "Oh, boy!"

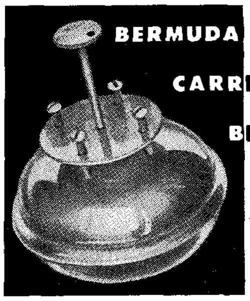
From then on, I went every day to Hurricane Creek (to a point as far away from town as possible), built a fire, and practiced. I learned several things. One, which worried me, was that cold air was absolutely essential. On a mild

MEET HALFWAY
for the Holidays
Modern families with members living in widely separated sections of the U. S. are invited to hold their Holiday Reunions at America's most complete year around resort . . .
Write for Reservations
the
BROADMOOR
hotel
Colorado Springs, Colorado

GOLD MEDAL
AWARD
INTERNATIONAL
WINE SHOW
CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER, 1950

Angelo Petri SIGNATURE
CALIFORNIA
GOLDEN MUSCATEL
Vineyard Bottling

Angelo Petri SIGNATURE WINES
ANGELO PETRI VINEYARDS • ESCALON, CALIFORNIA



BERMUDA
CARRIAGE
BELL
The same two-toned bell that graces the quaint carriages of Bermuda makes a delightful accessory for your car . . . an out-of-the-ordinary gift! 5½" in diameter. Heavy nickel plate. Easily installed. $8.95 prepaid. Send money order or check.
The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Ave., at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

day, nothing happened when the heated bamboo was held aloft. No explosion. Nothing. Another, which excited me, was that it wasn't necessary to use a whole, cumbersome cane to get an explosion. Thereafter, I took along a saw and cut the canes into lengths, each with a whole joint and a handhold of half or three-quarters of a joint. With gloves on, I could hold such a length in the fire, wait for it to begin shrivelling and curling, and then hurl it high into the air, where it would burst. This technique not only made the explosive devices easier to handle but also gave me a range in decibel volume from puny two-inchers, at the small end of the cane, to cannons, the like of which I had never heard measured in firecracker inches, at the big end. I stored up a supply of munitions and prayed for a cold spell.

CHRISTMAS EVE came, and with it perfect weather for my purpose. It was a chill, starlit night, presaging frost in the morning. I built a hot oakwood fire on our front lawn and waited for the opening sound-off from my rivals. Across the railroad tracks, Wardie started it, with a packet of one-inch Chinese, set off in a fusillade. Three hundred yards down the street from me, Malcolm followed suit. Then—contemptuously, I'm afraid—I fired a similar packet. That was the custom. Five cents it cost me. Then the boys began bringing up their heavier artillery. I reached toward the first of my piles of carefully sorted canes.

Well, it was a rout. When either or both of them set off two-inchers, or larger ones, I countered with a salvo of bamboo joints at least twice as loud. I shot six to their one, having learned by practice to keep several lengths heating at once, by staggering their insertion in the fire. I lost a few that way, but the over-all result was wonderful.

At last, Malcolm shot a couple of eight-inchers, and Wardie set off three of them in a row. I had a feeling Wardie was through. There was a long silence. I waited tensely for the next explosion from Malcolm, and I'm sure that, across the railroad tracks, Wardie did, too.

Finally, from the darkness down the street, it came. I'd never heard

U S MAIL
WRAP SECURELY MAIL EARLY
Princella

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star and Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THE WORLD'S IN REVERSE: "For Sale, chest, maple, with built-in secretary."—Star Want ad . . . An estimated 40 per cent of American women now color their hair . . . Odd reactions you get on a newspaper city desk. A woman called ours a day or two ago to ask about the trial of a youth she knew. She was told, "The judge exonerated him." "Oh, the poor boy," she gasped, and hung up . . . Sobering Thought: The American Guild of Variety Artists has just completed a survey which shows that the average actor, on a countrywide basis, earns about $2,000 a year. And that average is reached despite the fact that some of the bigwigs get three times that sum for a personal appearance . . . Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had 1950 wages, 1932 prices, 1926 dividends and 1910 taxes? . . . Father's Little Helper: Next time you feel a distressing tendency to yawn in your boss' face, take a few long, deep breaths. They'll relieve the urge for a while.

★

THERE'S NOTHING that gives me more of a genuine thrill than to see a deserving youngster win recognition. That's why I'm a booster for our newspapers' scholarship plan for carrier salesmen. Each year we award college scholarships to the 20 boys with the top records in route work, citizenship and scholastic achievement. Every one of our more than 8,500 carriers has a chance at the $250 awards. And the plan is just one more reason why residents of our prosperous Upper Midwest have come to rely on us as helpful citizens and friendly neighbors and why they choose as their favorite newspapers the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 480,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 610,000).

★

BURGLARY'S ON THE UPSWING, so if you're planning an evening out, leave a light burning in an upstairs bath and an adjoining bedroom. Prowlers casing a house will never take a chance if there's a light. Cost is worth the protection it'll afford . . . A plumber tells me you homemakers are in error if you think coffee grounds are good for taking the grease out of your sink pipes. The expert says they do more harm than good . . . Hard times in show business note: A thief hid in the Vogue theater in Sandstone, Minn., the other night and after it closed ransacked the place. He got away with—two mechanical pencils . . . When the thought of eventual gasoline rationing strikes you, ponder this: The wing tanks of a big U.S. bomber hold 21,116 gallons of gasoline and that would send the average passenger car around the globe 16 times, with enough left over to tour the United States.

★

STRANGE EFFECT THE weather has been having in one of our cultural departments lately. String musicians with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra have been put to it to keep their instruments from drying out. So pronounced has been the lack of humidity that ordinary cigar humidifiers tucked away in fiddle and 'cello cases won't do the job. To augment the moisture, violinists have been bedding their valuable Stradivariuses down with—slices of potato . . . Having trouble threading a needle, dearie? Dip the end of the thread in colorless nail polish, wipe off the excess, give it a moment to dry, and it practically scoots through the needle's eye . . . Sign in front of a church: "A hearse is a poor vehicle to come to church in. Why wait?" . . . Automobile installment buying has been with us since 1913 . . . Funny how a man to show weight loss invariably pulls out the top of his trousers. A woman spreads her hands over her hips and does a downstroke. The varying gestures probably indicate where each sex prefers loosing the blubber . . . A couple of three-year-olds were taken to see their first movie. One said to the other: "Gee, Esther, big television!"

*The Brandy of Napoleon
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
84 PROOF
COURVOISIER
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
COGNAC
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY

*
Courvoisier
Cognac—and
Courvoisier only
—bears this
registered phrase
on every bottle.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Napoleon chose Courvoisier . . . and down through history Courvoisier has been the choice of those who could command the finest. It is the traditionally correct cognac—unchanging in quality—matchless in flavour and aroma.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY
New York, N. Y., Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

a fabulous ten-incher go off before, but I knew it must be one, and that Malcolm had persuaded his Grandpa Grayson to bring it to him from Monroe. A year earlier, I would have thought it devastating; now it was not even impressive.

It was what I was waiting for. I stirred up my fire and carefully laid in, a few seconds apart, my two beauties. The joints were nearly two feet long and more than an inch in diameter. I watched them closely.

One curled. I threw it. The other curled. I threw it.

They shattered high in the air, about a second apart, with such concussion that I thought I felt it even through the ground.

"Lord save us!" my grandfather said, from our dark side porch.

I ran up to the porch and dimly saw him standing there.

"Did you hear it, Grandfather?" I cried. "Did you hear it?"

"Did I hear it?" he repeated. "They must have heard it in the next parish." He added thoughtfully, "You're lucky to have any fingers left."

"Oh, I was careful," I said.

"I was watching," he said.

"Here." He thrust two objects at me. "The boys will be coming over. You may need these to cover up." He went back into the house.

I ran out to the fire and saw that what he had given me was two eight-inchers. He must have made a special trip to Columbia to get them.

Wardie and Malcolm sidled into the waning circle of firelight. Over the embers I flourished my hands, as though keeping them warm had been the purpose of the fire. Both boys looked all around but saw nothing that would give me away. The splinters from my fireworks had fallen outside the lighted circle, and I had hidden the leftovers under the porch.

"Pretty good show," Wardie said grudgingly.

"Who got your ten-inchers for you?" Malcolm demanded.

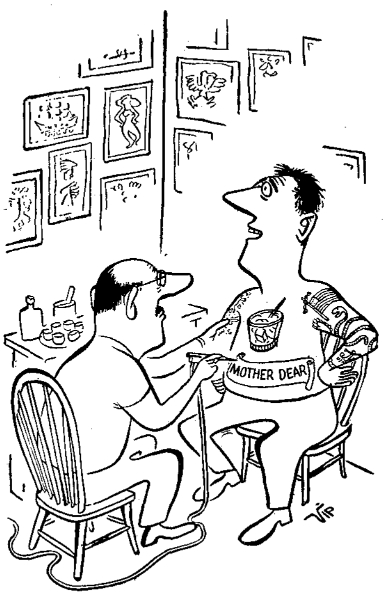
"What do you mean, *ten*-inchers!" I said scornfully.

"What I want to know," Wardie said, "is how you shot off those two big ones almost at the same time. That's the way to lose a hand."

"Oh, it's not hard," I said nonchalantly, "if you're—if you're two-handed."

"You got any more of those big ones?" Malcolm asked.

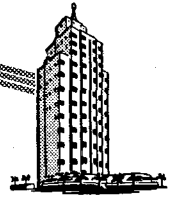
"That's for me to know and you to find out," I said. "Oh, by the way, you



"Dear old Mother! She always put plenty of Angostura* in the Old Fashioneds."

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

**An Old Fashioned is just one of the things that gets extra bounce from extra Angostura. Try tangy Angostura in gravies or on fish!*


There's only one Lord Tarleton

The *entire* blockfront
of *ocean-privacy*
40th to 41st Sts.

COMPLETELY
AIR-CONDITIONED
Reservations,
Walter Jacobs

Lord Tarleton
MIAMI BEACH

Duncan Hines
HOLIDAY GIFT BOX
Of Fine Foods

Six Duncan Hines delicacies

A connoisseur's selection of delicacies packed for gift giving in attractive holly red book like box. Ideal for friends, family, business associates who appreciate fine food. Selection includes Duncan Hines candied pickles, artichoke relish, hot sweet relish, orange marmalade, spiced crabapples, sweet cherry rings. Complete post paid $7.95

Send check or money order to:
Hines-Park Foods, Inc.
315 E. State Street, Ithaca, N. Y.
Ask for folder of other Duncan Hines gifts.

guys got anything left to wake up with tomorrow?" Saving a big firecracker for Christmas morning was another custom.

"Not me," Wardie said glumly. "I shot my wad."

"That ten-incher was *my* last," Malcolm admitted.

I handed each of them an eight-incher. "A couple of little ones I had left," I said. "Well, I got to get to bed. Good night, fellows. Merry Christmas!"

As I was getting up the next morning, I heard Wardie set off his eight-incher. Malcolm soon replied with his. I walked out on the front porch and waved airily to each of them. Then, while they waited expectantly, I turned and sauntered back into the house. Why an anticlimax? I went into the dining room and ate the breakfast of a champion. Grandpa Blackman ate with good appetite, too. —M. C. BLACKMAN

•

For instance, here is how Revlon's "Dreamy Eye Make-up" color chart works for you. If you want a *dramatic* effect, your eye-shadow will be Blue Frost, Ice Blue, or Royal Blue. If your costume is navy, mid-night blue, moonlight blue, blue-red, or clear red . . . you'll wear mascara in Ice Blue or Royal Blue; you'll use eyebrow pencil in Blue Frost for *lining* your eyes *only;* you'll select Titian, Birchwood, Walnut or Ebony eyebrow pencil for defining your eyebrows . . . keyed to the color of your hair. Now you're all set for your *dramatic* moments . . . how about your subtle, more conventional ones? For the same costume colors outlined above (the blue and true reds), for *subtle* results, the *same* blue eye-shadows. *But* your mascara would now harmonize with your *hair* and you'd have your choice of Titian, Birchwood, Walnut, Marcasite or Ebony. Your eyebrow pencil, when used as a *liner,* would be Walnut or Ebony. When used to *define* brows, just as in the dramatic group, it would be Titian, Birchwood, Walnut or Ebony to blend with your hair shade. Now, how could you *possibly* go wrong with such simple, specific instructions?—*Release from Revlon Products Corporation.*

Easily. We're color-blind.

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE" D'YA READ?

The 103rd annual production of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard will be presented in the clubhouse quarters, 12 Holyoke st., Cambridge, Friday evening, Dec. 8. For the present everything about the show, including the title, is being kept secret.—*November 12th issue, page 23.*

Getting off to a flying start for Hasty Pudding's 103rd production, "Buddha Knows Best," which will . . .—*Same issue, page 32.*

The British Colonial

NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS

Open for the Winter Season Dec. 15—Apr. 15

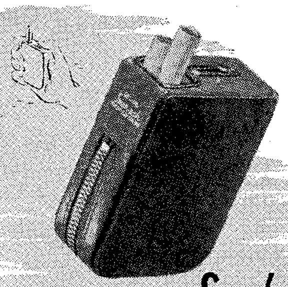
for a perfect seaside holiday . . .

Surrounded by its own beautiful estate . . . distinguished by superb accommodations and service, the British Colonial gives you Nassau at its finest. Private beach right on the hotel grounds . . . pool and tennis courts in the gardens . . . all water sports at your door . . . golf, riding, polo nearby. Guest privileges at our own and jointly operated Bahamas Country Club. Top-flight sports instruction and exhibitions directed by tennis champion Lloyd Budge, water-skiing star Bruce Parker, and diving ace Clint Osborne. Tea dancing in the gardens . . . dancing nightly in the Garden Grill.

KENNETH ARNOLD
General Manager

For reservations apply
ROBERT F. WARNER ASSOCIATES
588 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. JUdson 6-5500
or your local Travel Agent

Smart and practical Personal Leather Accessories for him—and for her STYLED BY St. Thomas



Smok-pak PATENT NO. 2,279,696

—the cigarette case that everybody likes with **patented slide opening.** Holds full pack. Dispenses cigarettes with a flick of the thumb. Keeps cigarettes round and fresh—purse and pockets clean and neat. Regular or king size in many colors of finest genuine leathers.

Pat. No. 2,488,444

THE Saratoga Duo®

—a smart and practical, compact leather purse *Styled by St. Thomas* —designer of Leather Treasures. Has two bill pockets—one with a zipper closing that permits the 'magic' withdrawal of bills—a roomy, safe coin pocket and a convenient pull pass on the outside of the purse for license, cards, photos. In many colors and leathers. At fine stores.

C·Lekt·O

—an old favorite with men. Has many new features including the famous super capacity **"20 plus pocket"** for passes, license and cards —secret and divided bill pocket—cleanable memo writing pad —stamp pocket, etc. Folds flat and slim! In many fine leathers.

ST. THOMAS INC. Gloversville, N. Y.

LETTER FROM LAKE SUCCESS

DECEMBER 5

FOR the past couple of days, the United Nations headquarters has been the dead center of the hurricane, a frighteningly still and tense low-pressure area in which men move about in a benumbed state, aware that winds are ripping and tearing at the world all around. I first experienced this awesome calm at Flushing Meadow. I went there yesterday afternoon to observe the proceedings of the sixty-nation General Assembly. I had more than half expected that the parliament of the world would be discussing the intervention of the Chinese Communists in Korea, but very soon after taking my seat in the press gallery—which was, to my surprise, empty—and adjusting an earphone to the English translation of a speaker who was addressing the group in Spanish, it became evident that the Korean crisis was not the only thing on people's minds. The gentleman speaking was passionately interested in the subject of admission of new members to the United Nations. He stood on an impressive dais of rich-brown wood and rested his hands on an equally impressive lectern. Behind and above him sat three immobile figures wearing earphones—Nasrollah Entezam, the current president of the Assembly; Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General; and Andrew Cordier, executive assistant to Lie. Behind and above *them*, on the rear wall of the chamber, was a huge blue-and-gold map of the world, an unfamiliar map, with Australia in the upper-left-hand corner and Africa askew at the right, and with North and South America more or less in their customary places but the great mass of Europe and Asia spreading across the top. A sharp, bright light high in the ceiling served as a spotlight for Asia; the rest of the map was in shadow. The floor of the Assembly hall was almost deserted, with only a scattering of delegates seated in the high-backed blue leather chairs. The hall was intensely warm, and I had the impression that hot, moist air was being circulated through it. A representative from Thailand replaced the Spanish-speaking speaker on the dais. It was his conviction that operative paragraph 2 of the Salvadorean draft resolution should be amended to read, "That pending admission to membership the Governments of the States to which this resolution applies be allowed an opportunity to send an observer to sessions of the General Assembly and its committees . . ." I slipped out of the hall.

The long, whitewashed corridors outside were cold and moist. I went down a flight of metal stairs, into the General Assembly Delegates' Lounge, a spacious room with comfortable sofas and chairs, a number of exotic plants in wooden pots, and, in one corner, a bar. Nobody was at the bar. The room was fairly crowded, mostly with newspaper men and women. I joined a group of correspondents clustered near a sofa in the middle of the room. They seemed tired and dejected. "This is probably the worst day we have ever had here," one of them said to me. "The reporters are interviewing the reporters. Nobody will say *anything*."

A young man with glasses and a sallow face spoke up. He was, I knew, the representative of a Polish news agency. "Negotiations will begin when American troops are back in San Francisco and the Chinese are back in Manchuria," he said, grinning. "Back in San Francisco," he repeated, and grinned again. Several of the correspondents took out pads and pencils and made a note. "He might know something," someone whispered to me.

There was a sudden flurry near the entrance to the lounge. Warren Austin had come in with Sir Mohammad Zafrulla Khan, the chairman of the Pakistan delegation. They walked through the lounge and entered a small antechamber to one side, closing the door behind them. "Something's up," someone said. Several of the reporters moved to a sofa near the closed door.

A press representative of the United States delegation came in and sat down alongside me. He was a tall, slim, pale young man, and he looked unhappy.

"There is really nothing to say," he said.

"How do you feel?" someone asked.

"All r-i-ght," he answered slowly.

"And your ulcers?"

"All r-i-ght," he said.

The door to the antechamber opened, and Mr. Austin and Sir Mohammad Zafrulla Khan walked out. Automatically, people in many parts of the room jumped up and surrounded Mr. Austin. In the rush, Sir Mohammad Zafrulla Khan was ignored. Mr. Austin looked tired, especially around the eyes, and his formidable jowls sagged. He was extremely polite and extremely noncommittal. He said that he had nothing, really, to say. He said that the United States, in concert with five other powers, would unquestionably ask the General Assembly to consider the problem of the Chinese intervention in the Korean war but that certain procedures had to be followed. The first step, he said, was to bring the matter to the attention of the Assembly's Steering Committee, which could add the problem to the Assembly's agenda. Since the Security Council was "seized" of the same problem, another procedural step might be necessary to "disseize" it. Mr. Austin felt that no steps should be taken without keeping in mind the paramount interests of the

BENTLEY
HOTEL
FOR
WOMEN

HUDSON'S BAY
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
Hudson's Bay Company
IMPORTED FROM CANADA
HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Hudson's Bay Company

For the festive occasions . . .

"Best Procurable" . . . once reserved for the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and long reputed as one of the three best Scotches in the world . . . a light liqueur whisky of fine flavour . . . is again available in limited supply. (*86.8 Proof.*)

Hudson's Bay Canadian . . . is a superbly flavoured blend of seasoned whiskies, *all* six years old . . . mild, smooth, distinctive in character, pleasant to the palate. (*86.8 Proof*) . . . The better bars and stores can get both whiskies for you.

Hudson's Bay

CANADIAN WHISKY

A Blend of Six Year Old Whiskies

"Best Procurable"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Distributed by
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Inc., New York

"This is the first time I ever liked listening to Crosby!"

says HOPE

HOPE:
For years, I've always stuck cotton in my ears whenever the Old Groaner opened his mouth. But now he's got something that sounds good. Really good. Let's hear it, kid.

CROSBY:
Thank you Mr. Hope. You are kind, very kind. Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't a song. It's just a suggestion. This year, let's *all* give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents. Tell 'em about those bonds, Chisel Nose.

HOPE:
Gladly. It's all very simple—even Crosby understands how they work. In just ten years, they pay $4 for every $3 they cost. And they're appropriate for *everybody* on your Christmas list—young people, middle-aged people, and people as old as Crosby. Am I right, Bing?

CROSBY:
For once in his life the old Scene-Stealer *is* right. But seriously, folks, nothing makes a more welcome, more sensible present than U. S. Savings Bonds. And you can buy 'em in any bank or post office. So—

HOPE:
So why not give the very finest gift in America—U. S. Savings Bonds!

Give the finest gift of all... U.S. Savings Bonds

troops in Korea, and that all steps had to depend directly upon the talks that were going on between President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee. Did he feel that tomorrow might be the day to bring the matter before the Steering Committee? Perhaps yes. Would the Security Council be asked to "disseize" itself of the problem tomorrow? Perhaps yes; it was hard to say right now.

Mr. Austin edged toward a door.

"Thank you, Mr. Ambassador," someone said.

"That's all right," said Mr. Austin.

He walked out into the lobby. The group that had surrounded him followed him, and he was immediately surrounded by a second group of newspaper people. He said that he had nothing, really, to say, and he repeated what he had said in the lounge. An aide handed him a black overcoat. He then walked through a door and to his car. It was pouring outside.

BACK in the lounge, I spied a friend of mine who is an aide to Trygve Lie. He is a quiet, soft-spoken young man, but there is usually a twinkle in his eyes and the suggestion of a smile around the corners of his mouth. The twinkle was gone; his expression was solemn. He said that there was nothing, really, that he could say, but he would like to show me something. This was the private suite reserved for the three immobile figures on the Assembly dais—Lie, Entezam, and Cordier. He led me through a small door into a cramped, windowless, whitewashed room, where one of Lie's secretaries was addressing Christmas cards bearing a photograph of the new Secretariat Building of the United Nations. "The president of the Assembly has his office on this side," my friend said. He took me to the door of a smaller room containing a desk and several chairs. A black Homburg and a black overcoat were hanging on a coat tree. The room looked like an air-raid shelter. "On *that* side is Mr. Lie's office," he said, lowering his voice. "He's in there now, conferring with someone. He left the dais several minutes ago. You see, all he has to do is walk behind the dais and through a private door that leads in here." The door to Mr. Lie's office swung open and he came out. He paused for a moment to nod and shake hands with me. Mr. Lie generally walks with a bounce, but the bounce was gone. He went through the door leading to the back of the dais.

My friend and I walked into Lie's office, which was even smaller than the president's; it was almost completely

TCA
THE MAPLE LEAF ROUTE
International
Trans-Atlantic
Transcontinental
fast NON-STOP service
to CANADA
MONTREAL or
TORONTO
Fly TRANS-CANADA
OTTAWA
TORONTO
MONTREAL
To Western Canada
To Eastern Canada, Great Britain & Europe
NEW YORK
Low Aircargo rates throughout the world

Less than 2 hours away! Save yourself the over-night trip. One-carrier service. Connections at Montreal or Toronto for TCA "Maple Leaf" routes across Canada or trans-Atlantic to Europe. Fly all the way in great 40-passenger "North Star" Skyliners—in pressurized cabins—famous for on-time flights. Call your Travel Agent or:

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
16 East 58th St., New York, N. Y.
Telephone PLaza 9-6800

An Open Letter To Businessmen

Once more we face a national emergency. Who can foresee its final shape—total war, local wars, or continued and intensified "cold" war?

We are sure of one thing. We are committed to a vast mobilization of men, machines and money. Under defense production, our economy confronts drastic and sweeping changes. We are already far along the road.

Industrial output is the key to our national defense. Manpower is the key to output. Yet as the labor market tightens, thousands of untrained and unguided young people are pouring into factory and office, often into the wrong jobs. Other thousands are interrupting careers for military service. Still others, handicapped or otherwise unsuited to induction, are groping vainly for a place in a world that expects them to be productive.

Unless young people arrive at a satisfying choice of job or training, the fears and doubts of a war-threatened world may unalterably shake their confidence and their beliefs. Public understanding of this growing national problem is urgently necessary.

At all times, facilities for vocational advice are appallingly inadequate. Today, more and better counsellors must be trained to advise young people on a satisfactory work adjustment. Communities must establish new and improved services. This is the practical way to conserve our manpower and guide our future leaders in a time of emergency.

The Vocational Advisory Service has met the needs of young people through two wars, and through depression and inflation. It has pioneered as a demonstration center whose methods are widely studied and adapted by other American communities, industries and professional groups. The Service is prepared to extend its leadership and to offer a program adequate to help solve this problem for youth.

This is today's great challenge, not only to business and industry, but to public and private institutions. If you are interested in knowing about this program, write to us and we will send you at no obligation a copy of our plan, called "Youth in Crisis."

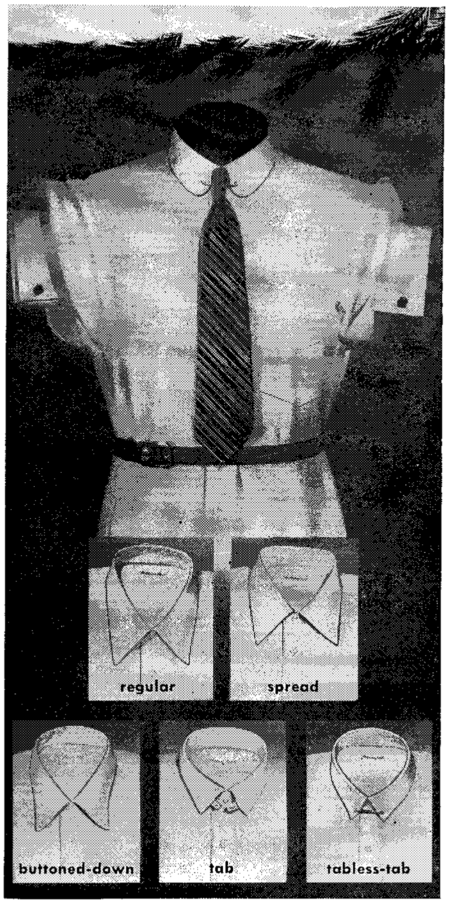
No one can do the job alone, yet everyone can help in some way. Any human energy, thought or financial support dedicated to taking up this challenge is also a dedication to the future strength and unity of this nation in our common struggle toward security and peace.

Sincerely,

Vocational Advisory Service
95 Madison Ave., New York City
MUrray Hill 3-7917

MRS. BEARDSLEY RUML, *President* • MISS HELEN R. SMITH, *Director*
LEONARD D. ADKINS, *Treasurer*

A man
on your mind?



$5.50 in white
others $5.00 to $8.95

Our Hathaway shirts
make ideal gifts

If you've a man on your mind who not only likes but *deserves* the best . . . then Hathaway shirts will surely rate a place on your Christmas check list.

He'll appreciate the custom-like details . . . the fine-point stitching . . . the superb handle. And a woman's eye will recognize that the luxury fabric fears no wash-day.

Collar styles have an *extra* Hathaway touch too . . . the new chin-slimming Low Slope neckband.

Broadstreet's
5th Ave. at 47th St. 5th Ave. at 33rd St.
50 East 42nd St. 61 Chambers St.
Broadway at Liberty St.

taken up by Lie's desk. Across from his desk, on a bare whitewashed wall, was a solemn oil painting identified by a plate on its frame as "Snow Flurries." Behind his desk was an equally melancholy landscape of snow-covered woods and stark trees. This one was called "Gray Day." My friend looked at the pictures and then at me, and for an instant I thought I detected a barren smile on his face. "Today we are at Flushing, tomorrow we will probably be back at Lake Success," he said. "It means a good deal of moving of things back and forth. We shuttle continually, carrying papers and folders and so on. It can be unnerving. Mr. Lie," he said, lowering his voice again, "has invited several delegates to his home for dinner tonight—*and* the Chinese Communist representatives." My friend was called to the telephone, and I thanked him and went back to the lounge.

A group of correspondents was again clustered near the sofa in the middle of the room. "Have you heard that Lie is giving a dinner tonight?" one of them asked me. "Something's up."

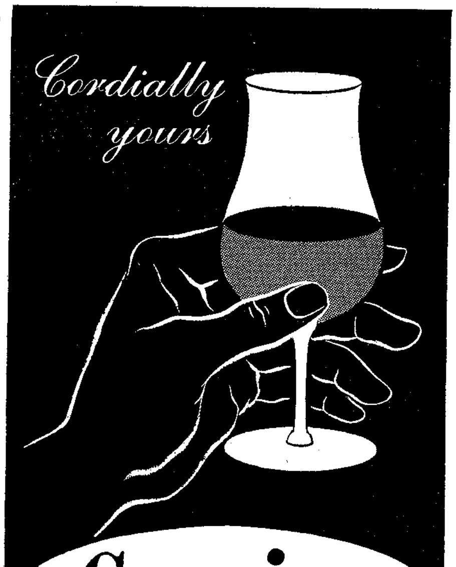
I said I had heard.

"Someone talked with the Indian press representative," said another man, "and he said to keep an eye on Mme. Pandit, down in Washington. Watch Mme. Pandit. She's up to something with Attlee."

"They're taking a vote in the Assembly!" a man at the door cried.

I hurried back through the moist, cold corridors to the moist, hot Assembly chamber, arriving there just in time to learn that paragraph 3 of the second, or operative, part of Draft Resolution A/1585 had failed to obtain a two-thirds majority, having received eighteen votes in favor and fifteen against, with twenty-one abstentions.

TODAY, Tuesday, the scene shifted to Lake Success, the six nations sponsoring the "item" concerned with Chinese Communist intervention having decided to ask the Steering Committee, which was to meet here, to place the item on the agenda. The meeting was to be held in the early afternoon, but I turned up in the forenoon. I found in the corridors and lounges the same deadly calm I encountered at Flushing Meadow yesterday. Small groups of correspondents stood about the Delegates' Lounge—a more intimate room than the lounge at Flushing Meadow—interviewing one another. They had uncovered a bit of news, and with pathetic desperation they were passing it back and forth. A small room



Garnier
liqueurs

Incomparable Quality is the key to the world-wide preference for exquisite Garnier Liqueurs. All popular varieties, plus exclusive specialties. Both French and American.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
Sole Agents for U.S.A.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.

AFRICAN Safari
GUEST CRUISE
Cairo to the Cape
Visit the land of unmatched beauty and exotic tradition. The Nile from the Pyramids to Abu Simbel . . . Mountains of the Moon . . . the Equatorial Lakes . . . The Congo . . . Pigmy Land . . . Zanzibar . . . Victoria Falls . . . Zimbabwe Ruins . . . Zululand . . . the Garden Route . . . Capetown. Under direction of an experienced African expert. Beginning in Cairo February 8, 1951. Terminating in Capetown, April 24, 1951.

SOUTH AMERICA
GUEST CRUISE
Leisurely visits to all of the best in Central and South America. Port of Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Panama Canal . . . at the loveliest time of the year—South American Summer. 52 days. Departure by steamer from New York, Mid-January, 1951.
Write:
The HOUSE of TRAVEL Inc.
47 EAST 47th St., N. Y. 17, MU. 8-0185

SERVING SMOKED FISH
Delicious Lake Sturgeon—
Nova Scotia Salmon—White Fish
DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

CHINESE RATHSKELLER
Originators of Chinese Specialties
Try CHICKEN IN CELLOPHANE—
Open to Midnight including Sunday
—Friday and Saturday to 3 a. m.
Midtown — 125 W. 51 St.
Chinatown — 45 Mott St.

had been discovered along one of the endless corridors. Stenographers had once worked in it, but this morning, mysteriously, a tiny card reading "Meditation Room" was placed on its door. Several of us decided to go to see it for ourselves. There were four rows of four brown chairs each in front of a table with a green baize cover, which was, in turn, covered with what appeared to be a white linen tablecloth. On the table, sixty miniature flags of the member nations had been prettily arranged in a flag holder. A potted palm stood in one corner, and the walls were hung with the blue banners of the United Nations. A dim floor lamp provided the only illumination. At the rear of the room was a narrow metal ladder leading to a trapdoor in the ceiling. The room smelled, I thought, of camphor. Some of the correspondents claimed that the odor was Oriental. Others said the room smelled of mice.

"That small ladder—that's the escape hatch for the world," somebody remarked when I was back in the lounge, and everyone who heard him laughed mildly.

"You go in there and you meditate, and then you just say, 'Aw, the hell with it,' and then you climb up the ladder," said somebody else, and everybody laughed again, mildly.

"The new expression around here is '*Je pense*,' " said a third man.

"Have you meditated today?" asked a newcomer to the group.

A press representative of the British delegation walked into the lounge and over to the bar. He was soon pushed up against the bar. "Yes, it is true that Sir Gladwyn is lunching with the Chinese Communist representatives," he said. He was a casual-looking, abstracted young man. "I was not to inform you of this until after lunch," he said, "but there is many a slip twixt the lunch and the lip. Sir Gladwyn will also have as his guests a member of his staff who speaks Chinese, and a Far Eastern expert. I have nothing further to impart." He made his way out of the room.

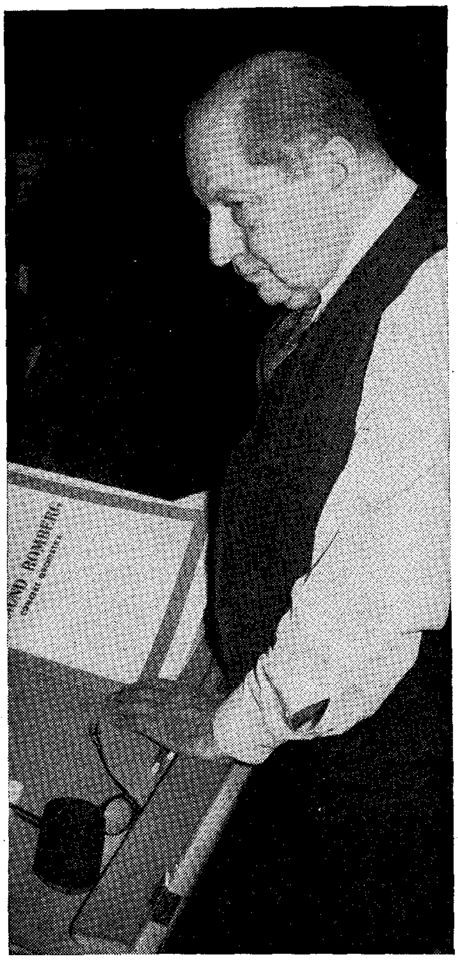
I HAD a sandwich in the cafeteria and returned to the lounge. The British press representative was again standing at the bar and again surrounded. "Yes, the luncheon was held," he said. "Sir Gladwyn had as guests at his Riverdale home, in addition to the Chinese representatives, a language expert and a Far Eastern expert, and they carried on a discourse with the Chinese, discussing English

"Mr. Melody himself" writes Fannie Hurst about Sigmund Romberg

"To hear him take an orchestra through his own scores is like having your brandy from the Emperor's own hands. And I don't think Napoleon brandy is any mellower or more prized. Think of all that's wonderful and unforgettable in *The Student Prince*, in *The Desert Song*, in *Blossom Time*—and raise a glass to Romberg! He not only writes the songs we love . . . he wings them into our hearts." —*Fannie Hurst*

Have you heard Sigmund Romberg conduct
GEMS FROM ROMBERG SHOWS (VOL. I, II, III)
WALTZING WITH ROMBERG

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 203, Camden, N. J.



By Appointment Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI

JINGLE BELLS; JINGLE BELLS

sweetness all the way!

This year . . . let yourself go! Tuck right in to delicious Huntley and Palmers' English Biscuits . . . savour the sweetness of butter-baked 'Shortcake' 'Milk & Honey', 'Nice' . . . feel how the luscious fillings of 'Custard Cream' melt on the tongue! And don't forget 'Cocktail Assorted'—creamy biscuit-fuls of tasty savouries, like *all* Huntley and Palmers' biscuits made with the rich produce of the English Berkshires. Oven-fresh, sealed and gift-packed for you and your friends.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

Imported English BISCUITS

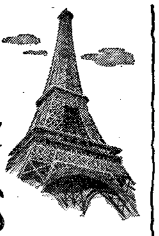
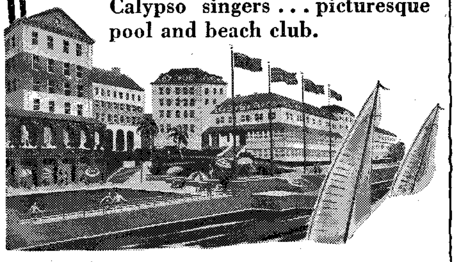
UNITED STATES AGENT:—THE HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO · 730 FIFTH AVE · NEW YORK

food. I have nothing further now."

Sir Benegal Rau, the Indian delegate, appeared in the lounge door, took one look at the pack descending upon him, and turned around and walked away. "I haven't the time now, I haven't the time now," he called out over his shoulder.

It was time for the meeting of the Steering Committee, which was to be held in one of the large chambers—a counterpart of the room in which Security Council meetings are held. The Steering Committee is composed of the president of the Assembly (who serves as chairman), the seven Assembly vice-presidents (including the five permanent members of the Security Council), and the chairmen of the six main Assembly committees; decisions are taken by a majority of the Committee members. I went into the chamber as the meeting was getting under way. The members were seated at a semicircular table, under bright lights. Facing them was the public section, and behind that was the press gallery, where I sat down. The room was filled. Mr. Austin was speaking. He spoke quietly and firmly. He seemed grimmer than he had been the afternoon before. He said he would speak briefly on the procedural question of adding the matter of the Chinese Communists' intervention to the agenda. The facts in the case, he said, were well known, not alone to the Committee but to the world. A United Nations victory had been in sight in Korea, he said, when the Chinese Communist forces attacked, and now "the United Nations is under attack." Since the Security Council had been thwarted in its discussion of the matter by a Soviet veto, he moved that it be considered by the Assembly. Mr. Austin looked neither to the left nor to the right as he made his remarks; he sat extremely upright in his chair. When he had finished speaking, a Czechoslovakian delegate spoke up. His voice was lacklustre, and although his words were fiery, he did not seem convinced of their validity. There have been "too many resolutions," he began. "The facts are simple: A great power—the United States—has gone halfway across the world to interfere in the internal quarrels of another nation. . . ." He spoke for several minutes and then sat back and folded his hands in his lap.

The chair recognized Mr. Vishinsky, who had been crouched low in his chair. Now he snatched off his glasses and sat up savagely. A great many papers were spread out before him. Behind him sat



in Paris...it's the Ritz
.. in Bermuda it's
the Princess
HOTEL AND COTTAGE COLONY

If you like the gaiety of Paris, the splendor of the Ritz – you'll welcome the vacation of your life at the magnificent Princess Hotel in colorful Bermuda! All sports at their best...fine French cuisine...dancing nightly to a famous London orchestra, Calypso singers . . . picturesque pool and beach club.

open all year
• *See your Travel Agent* or our N. Y. office 51 E. 42nd St. MU 7-3375

IT'S KODAK FOR COLOR

Kodachrome Film for color movies . . . or color slides for projection and prints . . .

Kodacolor Film for gorgeous color snapshots

See your dealer

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester 4, N. Y.

THREE GREAT AMERICAN RESTAURANTS
The Brass Rail
5th AVENUE at 43rd STREET
7th AVENUE at 49th STREET
NEVINS & FULTON
(Brooklyn)

HOW TO Dress A SALAD

Dress your salads in perfect taste—with YOU-ALL French Salad Dressing.

There's no muss, fuss or measuring with YOU-ALL . . . just shake and pour. And YOU-ALL is *always* the same.

This century-old recipe blends 24 choice ingredients—*including the very finest imported olive oil.*

Your food store has it.

YOU-ALL BRAND French SALAD DRESSING

THE FABULOUS FINGERS OF irving fields AND HIS TRIO
NO MINIMUM
NO COVER
NO TAX
Mermaid Room
PARK SHERATON HOTEL 202 WEST 56th ST.

The HEARTHSTONE
102 EAST 22 ST. • GR. 5-1889
Where New Yorkers have enjoyed good food and warm hospitality for over a quarter century.
Now our only restaurant in town.
Christmas Eve Candlelight Dinner Saturday, Dec. 23rd—$2.50
Closed Sundays

ENGINEERS!
• Bound for Arabia, Venezuela, Mexico? Special engineering vocabularies available in every spoken language. Rapid progress, easy mastery. Studios open 9 to 9.
BERLITZ
630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) Circle 6-0110

Mr. Malik, expressionless, and behind Malik sat three of their compatriots, also expressionless. Vishinsky put his glasses back on and began to speak in a shrill and grating voice, and suddenly I had a feeling that at last I was being driven from the dead center of the hurricane into the path of the frightening, punishing winds. Vishinsky was intensely aroused, but he was also in a sardonic mood. He made light of the whole affair. He complained that a memorandum explaining why the item should be placed on the agenda had not been submitted at the proper time and when the explanatory memorandum had been submitted the explanatory memorandum had explained nothing. "The only novelty," he shouted, "is to be found in the number of the memorandum. There are no facts. I had high hopes that when Mr. Austin just spoke, we would get some explanation, but all we get is this stark and emaciated communication." Vishinsky snatched off his glasses again and waved them. The chairman, Mr. Entezam, seemed to sink deeper into his chair. Mr. Austin stared straight ahead, and seemed, if possible, even grimmer. Several of the delegates fussed with their papers or moved uneasily in their seats. At one end of the table, Lieutenant General His Highness the Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar Rajpramukh of Saurashtra, a large man wearing a richly brocaded dark-purple coat, looked intently at Vishinsky. Vishinsky moved his fists rapidly up and down, as though he were hammering with them. "They are trying to confuse public opinion, they are trying to conceal the true aggressor, who is known the world over," he said. "The world knows who launched the brutal attack of June 25th, and who brought untold misery to the Korean people." Now, he said, the true aggressors were in an awkward situation. "MacArthur's legions" had been defeated by the brave Korean patriots. "A whipping boy is needed!" cried Mr. Vishinsky, his voice sounding as though it were coming from another planet. "And who is to be the whipping boy? The Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China!" I looked at the backs of the spectators sitting in the public section. Nobody was moving. "Mr. Austin tells us that the Security Council has discussed this question, but actually this is quite a different question from what was discussed in the Security Council. There was a charge that *Chinese Communist* forces were in Korea but certainly no charge that Chinese Communist *governmental* forces

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

Cast a Cold Eye, by Mary McCarthy (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.75*).

Four short stories and three reminiscence pieces. There is no doubt that Miss McCarthy's eye is sharp enough to see through smugness and affectation of any sort, but it is not likely that a detachment as complete as the title suggests could have produced "Yonder Peasant, Who Is He?" and the other pieces.

Monster Rally, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $2.95*).

That alarming family and other criminal types, all cheerfully engaged in a full-scale attack on the moral ramparts of society. The fact that Mr. Addams' pictures have, so far, met with no resistance whatever may be explained psychoanalytically, and often is, but the fact that they are funny doubtless has something to do with it, too. Introduction by John O'Hara.

The Running Pianist, by Robert Lewis Taylor (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

Profiles and short stories by a writer with an appreciation of human eccentricities and of those characters wherein they flourish. Biographical pieces, all as lively as their subjects, on Percy Grainger, Bobby Clark, Robert Flaherty, the Flying Concellos, and others.

The Other City, by John J. Espey (*Knopf, $2.75*).

A companion volume to "Minor Heresies" and "Tales Out of School," in which Mr. Espey, in a series of entertaining sketches, continues the story of his boyhood as the son of a Presbyterian missionary in Shanghai.

Cobean's Naked Eye, by Sam Cobean (*Harper, $2.95*).

An assortment of cartoons that, as admirers of the keen and roguish Mr. Cobean might expect, features (though not exclusively) any number of people happily envisioning other people without any clothes on.

Classics and Commercials, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus, $5.00*).

Sixty essays on a wide variety of books and authors. Mr. Wilson, in his examination of true and false literary and social values, ranges all the way from Ronald Firbank to Cain and Steinbeck. Anyone interested in the distinction between criticism and reviewing can find here admirable specimens of both.

Nuts in May, by Cornelia Otis Skinner (*Dodd, Mead, $2.75*).

Miss Skinner, as susceptible as the rest of us to nervous strain, elicits gaiety and humor from such experiences as visiting a son at prep school and bracing oneself for an interview with Dr. Kinsey. Highly satisfactory drawings by Alajálov.

The Ladies, God Bless 'em!, by Helen E. Hokinson (*Dutton, $2.75*).

Miss Hokinson's impulsive heroines, as civic-minded and as tripped up by feminine logic as ever. James Reid Parker, who provided them with many of their best remarks, has written for this posthumous volume an account of his association with the artist, and John Mason Brown's moving appreciation of her, which first appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has been reprinted as a foreword. The collection consists of about a hundred drawings that Miss Hokinson did for this magazine between 1928 and her death last year; none of them have appeared in a book before.

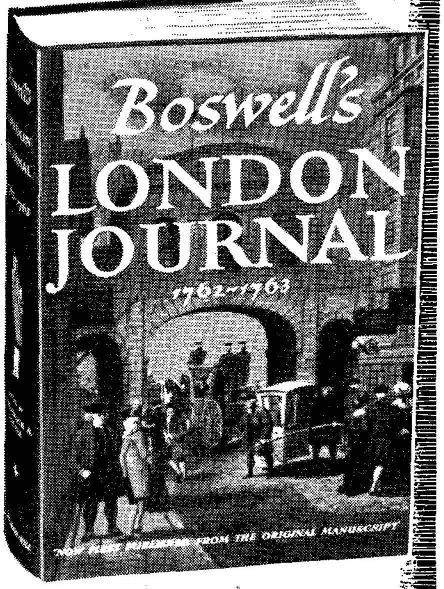
Mixed Company, by Irwin Shaw (*Random House, $3.75*).

Thirty-seven short stories by a writer whose sense of significant subject is supported by a reportorial discernment that is distinctly his own. Mr. Shaw is the eloquent apologist of the tightrope walker in the troubled circus of our time.

The Seal in the Bedroom, by James Thurber (*Harper, $2.75*).

A reprinting of Mr. Thurber's first collection of drawings, which demonstrated conclusively, back in 1932, how fragile and fraught with confusion is human sanity. Owners of that edition, which has been out of print for fifteen years, may want this one, too, for the Author's Memoir Mr. Thurber has appended to Dorothy Parker's original introduction.

"Here, by any reckoning, is THE book of the year!"
—Chicago Daily News


Boswell's
LONDON JOURNAL
1762–1763
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

"All the vigor, the crudity, the selfishness, the romance are here, caught forever by the genius of the young Scot who ran up and down the town 'just like a wild colt.' Modern readers may well be forgiven if they cannot lay down his vivid account until the last page, for this is a journal destined to be one of the classics of its kind." —JAMES L. CLIFFORD, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"In reading Boswell each of us is confronted by himself."—W. H. AUDEN, *The New Yorker*

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by
FREDERICK A. POTTLE
Sterling Professor of English, Yale University

Preface by
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

4th LARGE PRINTING
END PAPER MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
At all bookstores • $5.00
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc.
N. Y. 18

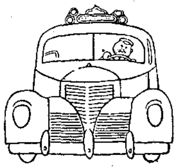
were there. The fact is that the Chinese troops in Korea are volunteers, and we have documents to prove it." At the word "documents," Malik dipped into a briefcase and came up with a sheaf of papers. These he passed to Vishinsky, who excitedly spread them out before him. "Anyway," he said, "any complaint of this sort should be brought to the Security Council and not to the Assembly." He drank a glass of water and sat back.

The chair recognized the Australian representative, who expressed the opinion that the Assembly should get on with its business. Next, the Chinese Nationalist representative quoted from a report by General MacArthur, and said that when MacArthur referred therein to "alien" forces, he meant the Chinese Communists.

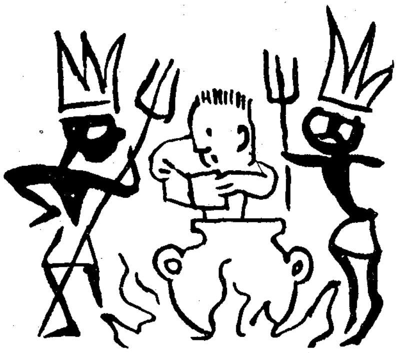
Vishinsky asked to be recognized again, and again he leaned forward savagely in his chair. He was like a boxer who had got a good rest between rounds. His voice rose to a new shrillness. He first said that the Chinese Nationalist representative had usurped the right to represent China, and went on to say that he just couldn't understand what the man was talking about—the man claimed to represent the Chinese government, yet also claimed that the Chinese government was fighting in Korea. Vishinsky evidently felt that he had made a witty point, for he kept repeating it. Malik smiled at Vishinsky's remarks and turned to the men behind him, and they immediately smiled, too. "What has the Chinese People's Republic got to do with it?" asked Vishinsky. "It has been dragged in by the hair. Admittedly, there are volunteers in Korea, but what is the urgency of this probe, anyway? We have another problem facing us—the invasion of Formosa by armed forces of the United States and the systematic bombings of Chinese territories." He paused for a moment, and when he resumed, his tone was arch. "What has happened to my raising of the problem of the invasion of Formosa by the armed forces of the United States and the systematic bombings of Chinese territories?" he asked. "Where has it gone? Has it become pickled and marinated? Is it in a deep freeze? Twelve days have passed since Mr. Dulles asked for a twenty-four-hour delay in discussing the matter." Vishinsky waved his arms and shouted. He said Dulles had showed him on a map where American planes had dropped bombs near the Manchurian border. "I didn't need that map of Mr. Dulles's, but it helped me, that map—it helped me prove my

Delightfully different
GIFT BOOK
Here's why—

VAN WYCK BROOKS in his introduction says: "Chiang Yee has given us a fresh New York that is different from all others . . . The companionable charm of a mind of great natural distinction." *The Silent Traveller's* highly original text, with 115 illustrations in line, and 18 pages *in 7, 8 or 9 colors! Just published.*
At all bookstores. $5.00
THE
Silent Traveller
IN
NEW
YORK



written and illustrated by
CHIANG YEE
THE JOHN DAY COMPANY



IRRESISTIBLE
at any time, but perfect for Christmas
THE
MARY BOOK
Assembled by F. J. Sheed
12 illustrations, 4 in full color

More than 30 authors, among them Sigrid Undset, Ronald Knox, Boccaccio, Belloc, Chaucer and Claudel—write powerfully and without rant on the woman who has affected human history more than any other. Christmas is not the only thing we owe to her.

$4.00 at your bookstore

There is more about this and 48 other books in the Christmas number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. It comes free and postpaid, on request to Anthea MacGill.

SHEED & WARD, NEW YORK 3

point," he said. Malik smiled. Something about Mr. Dulles's map struck him as amusing. "Is Mr. Dulles the master of this house?" Vishinsky continued. "Is the United States the master of this house? Why is Mr. Dulles so deafeningly silent about the aggression of the American ruling circles against China?" Vishinsky sat back once again.

The Columbian representative explained in a calm manner that the Formosan question would be taken up presently, and the Cuban representative said he deeply resented Vishinsky's remarks. The Cuban delegate was an intense man and he spoke with visible passion, but I had the feeling that he was simply expressing the opinion of everyone in that quiet, motionless audience. "The facts are well known, and no dialectical argument can deny them. The only reason the Soviet delegate does not wish this item brought into the Assembly," he said, shaking a finger at Vishinsky, "is that he cannot exercise his veto there, and thousands meanwhile are dying."

Vishinsky again claimed the floor. His fists again hammered up and down. He went over the same ground. "The United States ruling circles are trying to divert us from their aggression. . . . The warmongers' plans have become clear. . . . You think you hear the truth over the American radio, but everybody knows that the American radio is in the hands of the American interventionist forces. . . . Dulles . . . Dulles . . . Dulles. . . The United States supported the Japanese warmongers. . . . I have a letter written by Henry Stimson in 1940 to prove . . . The Koreans did not attack the United States. . . . The United States attacked the Koreans. . . . Dulles . . . Austin . . ."

Suddenly the chairman interrupted. He said he felt that Vishinsky was not sticking to the point, which was, he understood, the matter of Chinese Communist intervention in Korea. "We are not discussing other matters brought before the Security Council," he said.

"If you do not wish me to mention Mr. Austin and Mr. Dulles, I will not, but I will keep on talking," said Vishinsky. Malik laughed. He was terribly, terribly pleased with his superior's performance. "May I talk about Lafayette and Beaumarchais?" Vishinsky asked coyly. "They are not on the Security Council!" He reminded the group that French volunteers had aided the United States during its fight for freedom. This proved, he said, that there are such things as volunteers. "The Chinese are

VARVARA—*when found by Foster Parents' Plan for War Children in Greece*

VARVARA—*after months of receiving help from Foster Parents' Plan for War Children*

"I WANT A BLUE EYE . . ."

This is Varvara, a twelve-year-old Greek child. Her father and mother starved to death during World War II. Varvara was eight years old when she witnessed this ghastly death of her parents. She still talks about it. Three years later, during the civil war in Greece, Varvara was hit in the cheek by a mortar shell. She lost her right eye completely, and the vision in her left eye has been greatly impaired. Yet life holds great joy for Varvara: a hair-bow, a dress, a spoon, a meal—things hitherto unknown to this little girl. To say nothing of plastic surgery for her face. This means a series of operations, but eventually all the shell fragments will be removed and horrible infections cleared. Then Varvara will be able to wear an artificial eye. Although her left eye is brown, Varvara says joyfully, "I want a blue eye!" She says she loves Americans, "they are fixing my eye and my face, and they help children everywhere, not only Greece, Italy, France . . . everywhere."

This child is but one of thousands who have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes, and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or a group, can help the thousands of children now in desperate need overseas, by becoming a foster parent. You will receive a case history and photograph of the child, who remains in his own country. Correspondence through our office is encouraged.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and China. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in the homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

EDNA BLUE, *International Chairman*

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Nancy Craig, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Joan Bennett, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSueur, Ned Calmer.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LOngacre 4-6647 (NY-12)
55 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex..........
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payments will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $..........

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $..........

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State .... Date ....

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

World's best

EGG-NOG

tastes richer!*
costs ½ to ⅓ less!

If you want egg nog that's "ice cream" rich, then make it with TEN-B-LOW—the very same TEN-B-LOW used in making homemade ice cream. This easy recipe gives delicious flavor you can't get any other way—not even with the finest fresh ingredients. TEN-B-LOW makes the best egg nog you ever tasted. And here's the reason: before concentration more than half of TEN-B-LOW's volume is rich, heavier-than-whipping cream. Yet egg nog made with TEN-B-LOW costs ½ to ⅓ less than prepared egg nog or egg nog made at home from fresh ingredients!

1. Beat separately, white and yolks of 5 eggs.
2. Add ⅓ cup sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites.
3. Gradually add 1 quart milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract to 1 can TEN-B-LOW.
4. Add well-beaten egg yolks to TEN-B-LOW mixture. Fold in beaten egg whites.
5. When 1 pint whiskey is added, this recipe makes 2¾ quarts.
6. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve ice cold.

Complete egg nog recipe on label of every can of Ten-B-Low.

*Before concentration, more than half of Ten-B-Low's volume is fresh, heavier-than-whipping cream. Other ingredients: egg yolks, sugar, milk.

Ten-B-Low

CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

Sh-h-h-h
sleep in quiet comfort

HOTEL
Mayfair
8th & St. Charles Streets
ST. LOUIS, MO.

TELETYPE SL 139

volunteers!" he cried. "They have gone into Korea to succor their Korean brothers. Four hundred and seventy-five million Chinese have been spontaneously aroused by American aggression!" Vishinsky sat back and drank another glass of water. He was through for the day. Mr. Malik leaned forward and congratulated him.

The Dutch representative said that much of what he had heard that day was clearly out of order, and asked that the question be put to a vote. A vote was taken and the item was placed on the Assembly agenda, with ten votes in favor, Russia and Czechoslovakia against, and the chairman and the Maharajah abstaining. The chairman said he would call the Assembly into session the following morning, and adjourned the meeting. The audience rose slowly and moved toward the doors. Most of the people were women of middle age, and they looked frightened and troubled and shaken.

I FOLLOWED Vishinsky down a long corridor to an outer door, where his limousine was awaiting him. He must have felt that he had done a good day's work, for he was smiling and evidently joking with the group of associates who trailed along with him. He spied a Chinese woman standing near the door and stopped to chat amiably with her for a minute or two. He then went out the door, followed by a short, squat, thick-faced man who turned around and glanced swiftly down the corridor before he went through the door. His coat fitted him tightly. "That's the trigger man," said a man beside me. "Notice the outlines of the pistols in his two back pockets."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

If a door bumper is broken, the wall can be protected by this improvised bumper until a new one can be obtained. Cut one of the flanged ends from a thread spool and fasten it to the baseboard with a long wood screw. Then, simply press a crutch tip over the end of the spool.—*Newark News.*

If you can't find a crutch tip, break a leg.

•

OUR ANTHROPOPHAGICAL AUTHORS

[*Marva P. Shearer in House Beautiful*]

The route is Houston-Havana-Panama-Ecuador-Peru, and if this isn't the greatest airline buy since the Wright Brothers purchased the flying concession at Kitty Hawk, then we will eat Mr. Braniff bone by bone.

Business men Like Quiet, too

After busy days of conferences and calls, many visiting executives like returning to the relaxing calm of The Westbury at night. It's in the convenient East 60's, where smart New Yorkers live—aloof from the crowds—more like stopping at a fine private home than a hotel. Why not try it?

SINGLE AND DOUBLE ROOMS.
ALSO SUITES.

POLO COCKTAIL LOUNGE
and RESTAURANT

Hotel
Westbury

Curtis Sawyer, Managing Director
MADISON AVE. AT 69TH ST.
RHinelander 4-5350

DINING OUT?
WIN $100.00

Here's All You Do! Next time you dine out, just write a letter in fifty words or less telling why you enjoyed eating in that particular restaurant. If possible, enclose a menu, a match-book cover, a business card (something with the name and address of the restaurant on it).

For the best letter postmarked before midnight of the last day of each month, we will send our check for $100.00. Enter today! Send your letter to "$100 Contest," G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn., makers of famous A. 1. Sauce. Remember, always ask for A.1. Sauce when dining out. It's the dash that makes the dish.

(*Advertisement*)

A little girl's imagination creates
THE MOST WONDERFUL DOLL IN THE WORLD
By PHYLLIS McGINLEY
32 drawings in full color and wash by Helen Stone

The most wonderful book for girls from six to ten!
At all bookstores
$1.75
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

It's always a pleasure

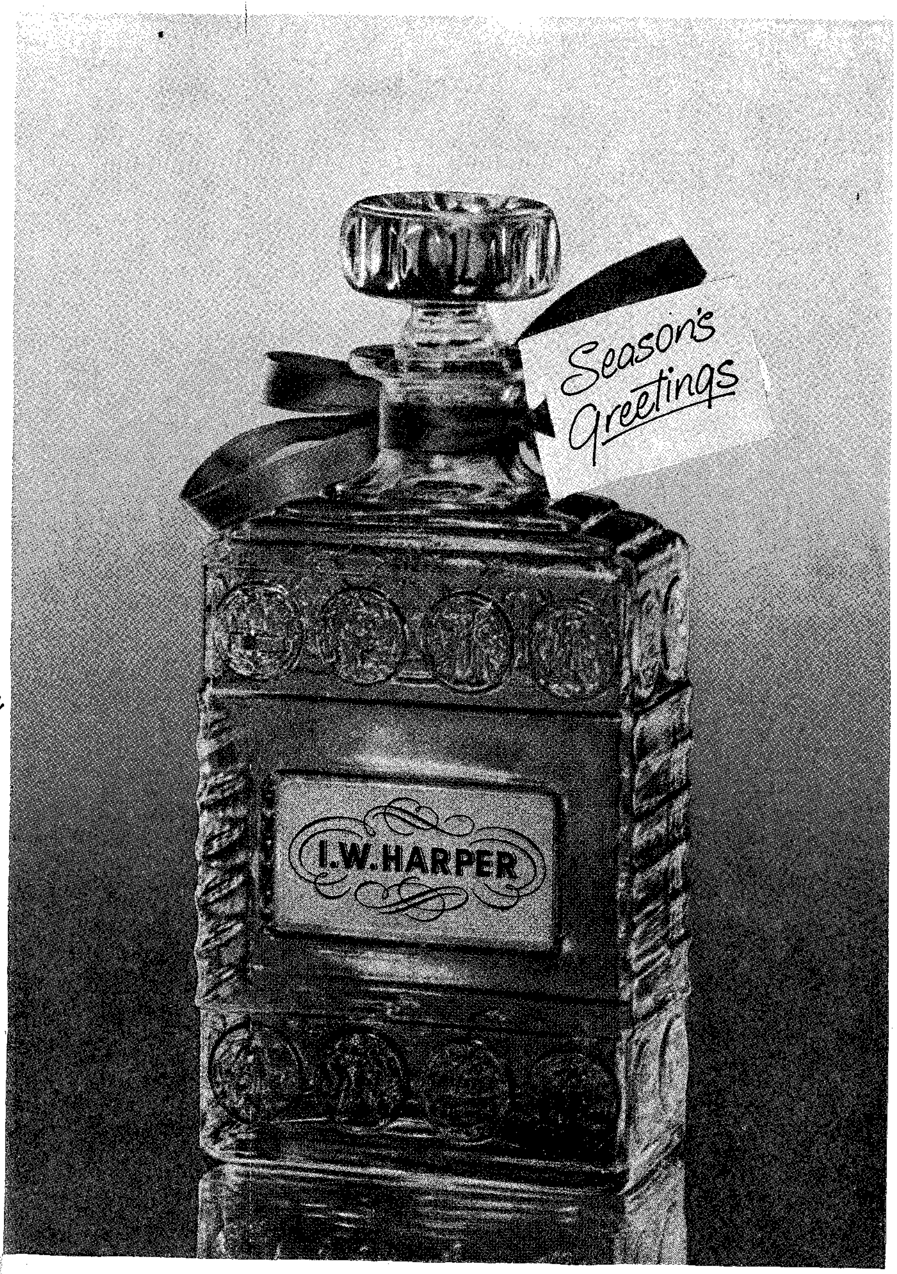
to give...to receive...

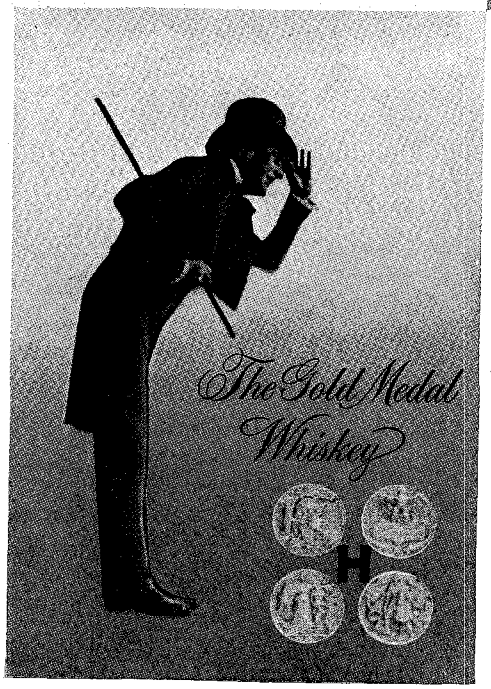
the

Magnificent Whiskey

in the Magnificent

Gift Decanter


Season's Greetings
I.W.HARPER


The Gold Medal Whiskey
H

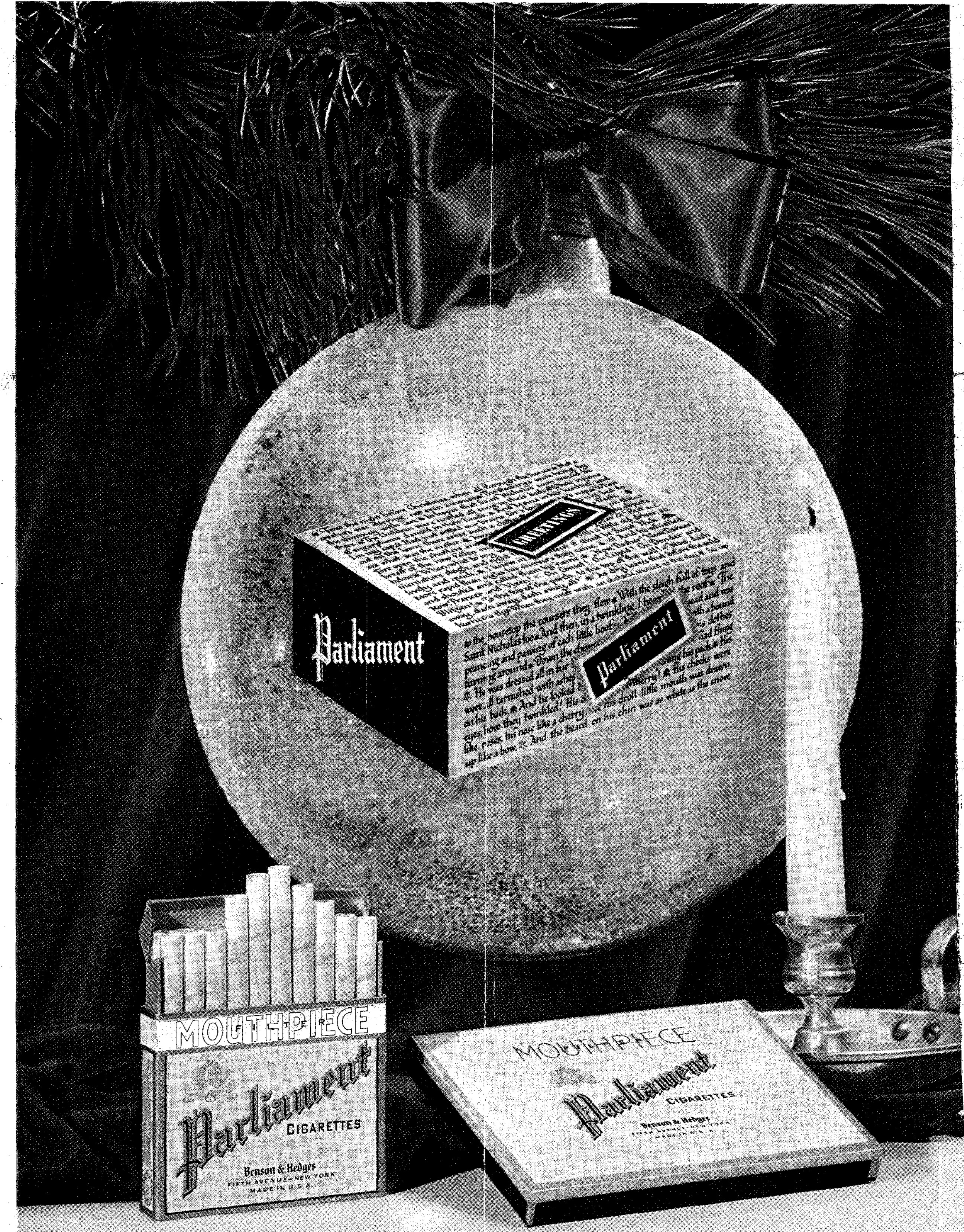
I. W. HARPER

since 1872

Bottled in Bond — Kentucky Straight Bourbon in the DeLuxe Decanter

...at no extra cost!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO.
KENTUCKY REGISTERED DISTILLERY NO. 1, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY


Parliament
Parliament
MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.
MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges

For discriminating smokers—a gift of Parliaments, the superior cigarette with the built-in filter mouthpiece. What could be more appropriate or more deeply appreciated on Christmas Day? In sparkling new 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS holiday cartons containing packages of twenty or flat tins of fifty.

Clement Clarke Moore's beloved poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," is included in every Christmas carton of Parliaments.

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF **Benson & Hedges** —FIFTH AVENUE, NE